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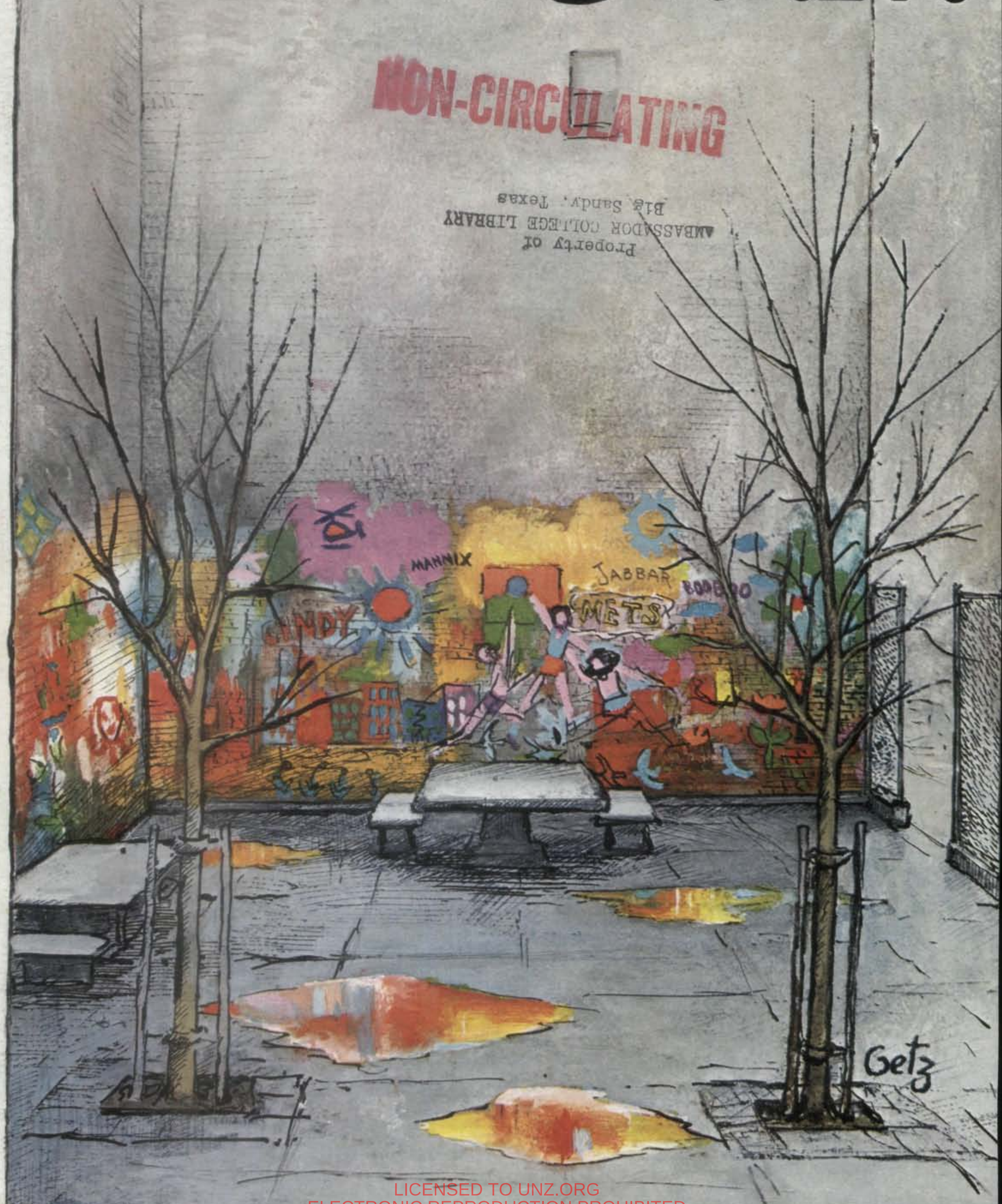
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Barbary Shore—A workshop production of a play by Jack Gelber, adapted from the novel by Norman Mailer. With Verna Bloom, Rip Torn, Lane Smith, and David Clennon. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday through Friday, Nov. 7-9, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 10-11, at 3:30 and 8. Free.)

Black Theatre Alliance Festival—A three-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, poetry readings) by sixteen groups. Wednesday, Nov. 7: Bed-Stuy Theatre, Inc. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8: Voices, Inc. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9: Cornbread Players. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10: Black Vibrations and Weusi Kuumba Troupe. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14: Brownsville Lab Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15: New Heritage Repertory Company. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16: The East River Players. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 17: Theatre Black. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 17: Urban Arts Corps. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Saturday matinée, Nov. 17, at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Boom Boom Room—David Rabe's play will be the initial presentation of the New York Shakespeare Festival at Lincoln Center. Madeline Kahn, Charles Durning, Charlotte Rae, and Robert Loggia head a cast directed by Joseph Papp. Previews Wednesday, Nov. 7. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 8, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 9. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

A Breeze from the Gulf—Mart Crowley is the author of this pointless arrangement of episodes about a drunk, his drug-addicted wife, and the son they use and abuse. Scott McKay, Ruth Ford, and Robert Drivas are the good actors, poor souls. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Contractor—David Storey's hypnotic play about some Yorkshire workmen who erect a tent on their boss's lawn and then take it down. The acting, under Barry Davis's direction, is flawless. With Kevin O'Connor, Joseph Maher, Neil Fitzgerald, and John Wardwell, among other stalwarts. (Chelsea/Manhattan, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Crown Matrimonial—Eileen Herlie as Queen Mother Mary and George Grizzard as Edward VIII in a cleverly dramatized recapitulation of the sad events of 1936 by which Edward lost his throne and gained "the woman I love." The playwright is Royce Ryton and the marvellous setting is by Finlay James. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of CALL ME MADAM (music and lyrics by Irving Berlin, book by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse) will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Opens Thursday, Nov. 8, and will run through Sunday Nov. 25. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Faggot—Al Carmines, resident pastor of the Judson Memorial Church, has applied his prodigious talent for music and lyrics to a humorous and merciful oratorio on the subject of homosexuality. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 674-8420. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Father—Robert Lansing plays the title role in this revival of Strindberg's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Full Circle—The only play by the late Erich Maria Remarque, adapted by Peter Stone and starring Bibi Andersson and Leonard Nimoy. Directed by Otto Preminger. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 7. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Gigi—Lerner and Loewe's new musical version of any number of film, stage, and literary predecessors. With Alfred Drake, Agnes Moorehead, Maria Karnilova, Daniel Massey, and Karin Wolfe. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Previews through Monday, Nov. 12. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 13. (Uris, 51st St., W. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, except Nov. 14, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 15, at 2.)

Good Evening—An English comedy revue with music, created by Peter Cook and Dudley Moore, who make up the entire cast. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews through Tuesday, Nov. 13. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 9; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Nov. 15, at 3.)

Hard to Be a Jew—Joseph Buloff in a Yiddish musical taken from Sholom Aleichem's play. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-

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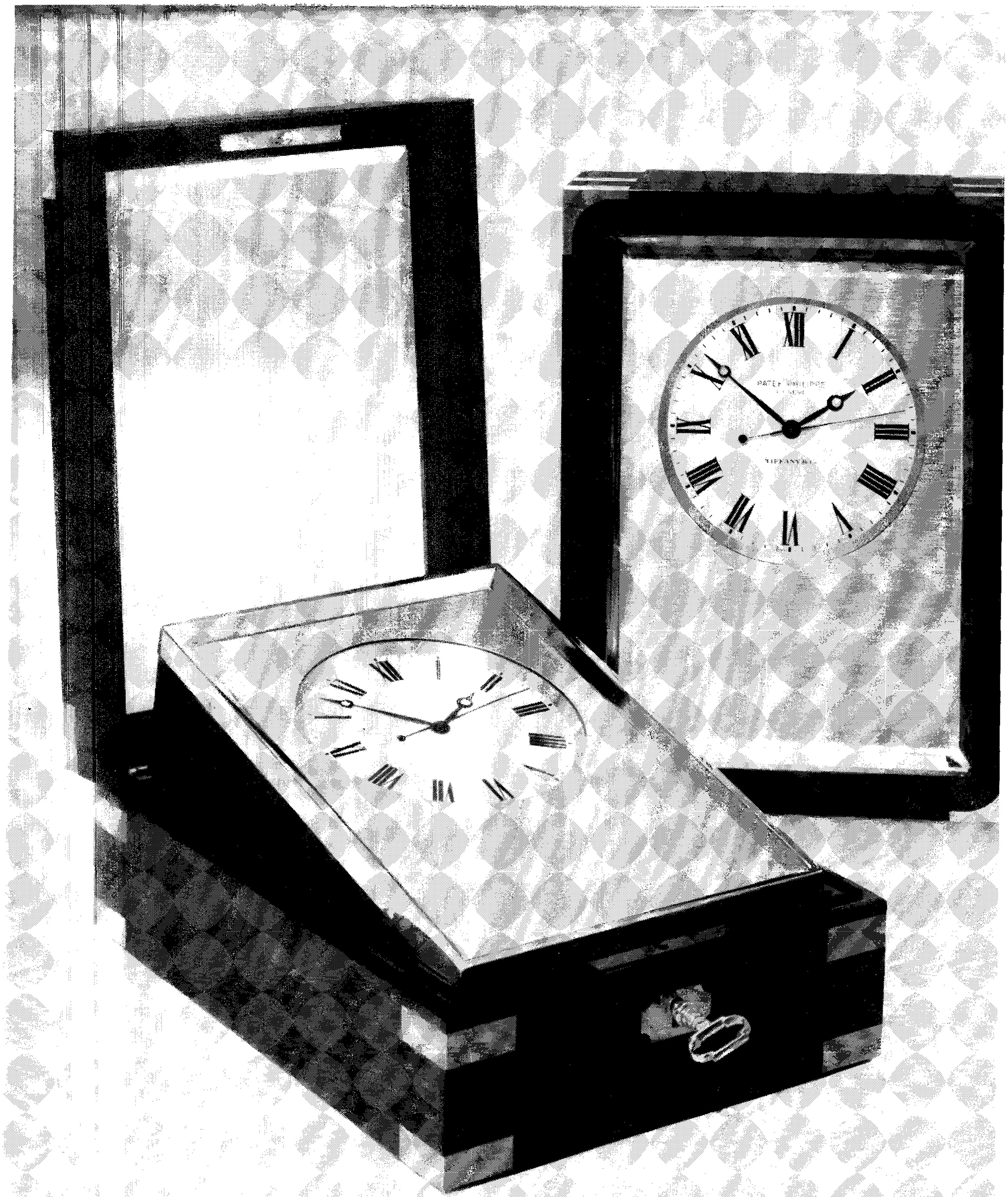

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

5200. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 6.)

Here Comes the Groom—A Yiddish musical, with Leo Fuchs. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

The Hot l Baltimore—Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. All the action takes place in the lobby, a wonder of decayed splendor by the scenic designer Ronald Radice. The actors, many of them fairly inexperienced, shine, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

House Party—A play by Ed Bullins, with music by Pat Patrick and lyrics by Mr. Bullins. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8; on Thursday, Nov. 8, at 6:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 24.)

Irene—A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St., W. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Little Night Music—As captivating a musical as you could hope to see and hear. Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, Len Cariou, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Mein Mama der General—A Yiddish musical. (Burstein, 250 W. 43rd St. 354-5616. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Molly—The bottom of the barrel. Kay Ballard is the star. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Moonchildren—A play, by Michael Weller, that originated in London and was seen last year on Broadway. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Nourish the Beast—Steve Tesich's comedy, formerly known as "Baba Goya," about an eccentric family in Queens. At times, the humor seems strained, but when Mr. Tesich is funny, he is funny indeed. The acting, under Edwin Sherin's direction, is good. With Olympia Dukakis, R. A. Dow, and Randy Kim. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its charming and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Religion—A new oratorio by Al Carmines, with a cast of more than eighty. (Judson Memorial Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. GR 7-0351. Fridays through Mondays at 8:30. Closes Monday, Nov. 19.)

Seesaw—A reworking, in musical-comedy form, of William Gibson's sentimental play "Two for the Seesaw." The big production numbers work, but the sentiment doesn't. Starring Patti Karr and John Gavin, who get much help from a lively young man ramed Tommy Tune. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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A Streetcar Named Desire—Jules Irving has directed a version of the Williams play that derives from, but is very different from, the Ellis Rabb production given earlier this year at Lincoln Center. Starring Lois Nettleton, Alan Feinstein, Biff McGuire, and Barbara Eda-Young. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 18.)

Three on Broadway—Ronald Rogers, Jan McArt, and Richard Otto in an anthology of the American musical theatre, with a special tribute to George Gershwin. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Nov. 12, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

Veronica's Room—Eileen Heckart and Arthur Kennedy in an implausible failed thriller. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A somewhat too American, somewhat too slapstick version of the charming Anouilh play, in which we are made to see how sad and comic it is that we grow old without growing up. With Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)

What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?—A merry satirical revue, with a young and refreshing cast of five. Words by Ira Gasman and music by Cary Hoffman. (Jimmy's 33 W. 52nd St. 757-8484. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30.)

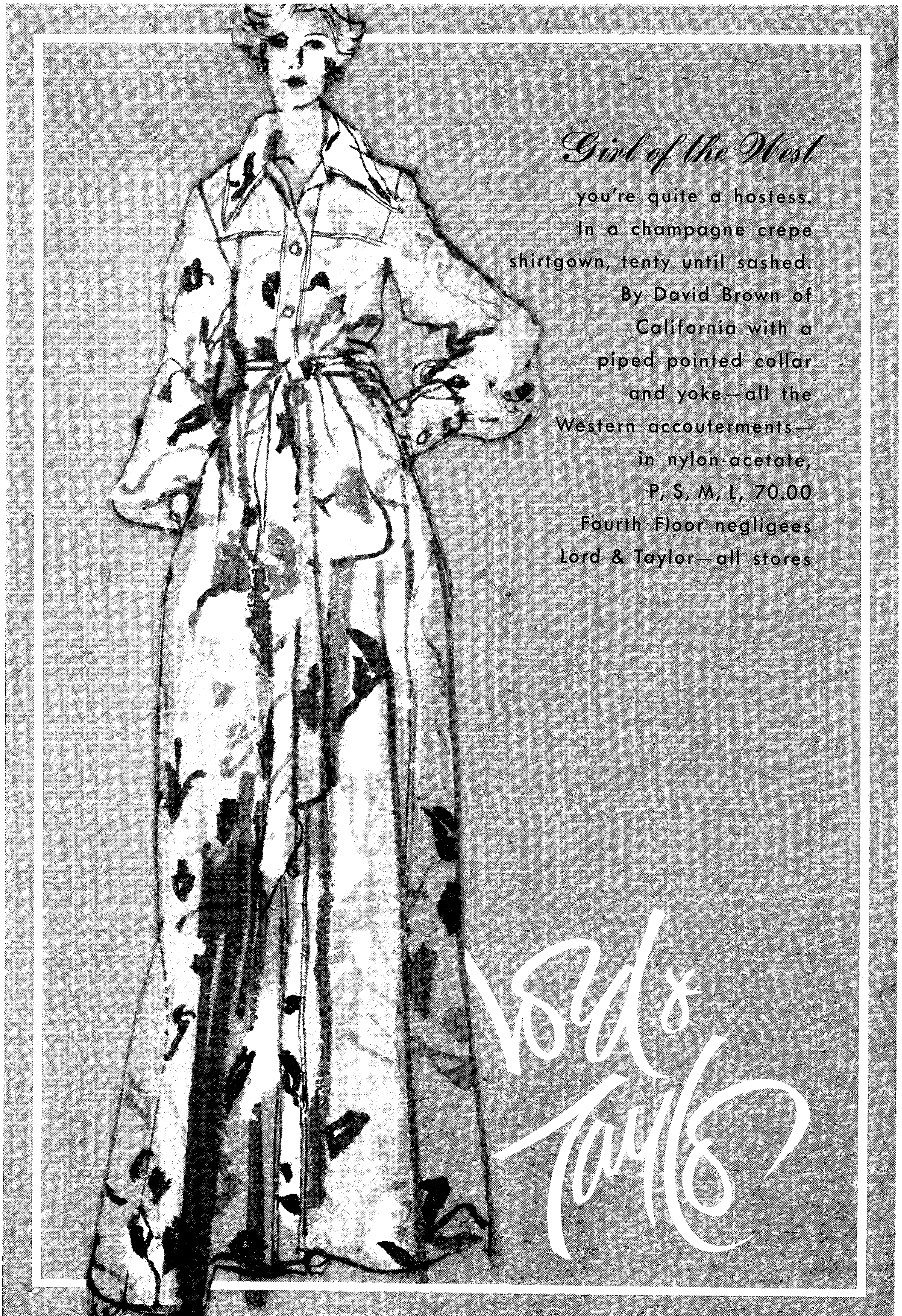
Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 47th St., W. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,633 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras, where a local family, untouched by talent, attempts to pass itself off as a troupe of international stars. The show was conceived by Ron House and Diz White. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** a musical, (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S LEMMINGS:** The second half of this revue is a very funny, dead-shot parody of the Woodstock Rock Festival, with satiric impersonations of Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Joe Cocker, among others. John Belushi and Alice Playten head a bright, nimble young cast. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5612. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE PROPOSITION:** An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but there are a few bright spots of mimicry. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 861-7362. Thursdays at 7:30 and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2.)... **THE RIVER NIGER:** Joseph A. Walker's bountiful, satisfying play about a family in Harlem and the crises that beset it is very well performed by the Negro Ensemble Company. With Arthur French, Roxie Roker, Frances Foster, and Graham Brown, among others. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 25.) ... **THE SUNSHINE BOYS:** A pair of old vaudevillians sourly pecking away at each other, but because Neil Simon has written their lines and because Jack Gilford and Sam Levene are playing their roles, the consequences of their misery are almost always funny. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEASON:** This well-written comic tragedy by Jason Miller is about the reunion of an old basketball coach and four of the five players who, years ago, won a trophy for him, and about many other matters besides. A. J. Antoon directed. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 17—Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Four Bagatelles," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Dances at a Gathering," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Duo Concertant," "The Concert," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Harlequinade," and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering" and "Cortège Hongrois." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

National Ballet—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Jungle," "Harlequinade Pas de Deux," "Eaters of Darkness," and "Raymonda."... ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Bartók Concerto," "Eaters of Darkness," "Esmerelda Pas de Deux," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Bartók Concerto," "Water Study," "Courante," and "Graduation Ball."... ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2 and 7:30: "The Sleeping Beauty." The closing performance will be a benefit, with, among others, Margot Fonteyn, Gwen Verdon, and, as window dressing, a number of theatrical celebrities. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Ivo Lola Ribar Yugoslavian National Folk Ensemble—A company of fifty dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday at



Girl of the West

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7:30, and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 11.)

Inbal—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of sixteen dancers, singers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Nov. 13, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 18. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 2: "Madrigalesco," "Quartet," "After Eden," and "Raymonda Variations." . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8: "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers," "In Retrospect," and "Scotch Symphony." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

MISCELLANY

A Review of Revues—A single benefit performance of highlights from various revues and musical comedies from 1909 to 1969, with, among others, Arthur Schwartz, Ray Bolger, Barbara Cook, Paul Draper, Nancy Dussault, Hermione Gingold, and William Warfield. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call MU 6-7456.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley. Venerable Dixieland. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Bobby Hackett—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading a sextet that includes Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. From eight to one-thirty, *through Saturday, Nov. 10.*

Jim Hall—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar, with bassist Jay Leonhart, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Woody Herman—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Clarinet, alto, and soprano saxophone, leading a band, from eight. Beginning Sunday, Nov. 11.

Eddie Heywood—Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Piano, at nine and eleven-thirty, through Saturday, Nov. 10.

Earl Hines—Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000). Piano, with a quintet, from eight to one-thirty, beginning Monday, Nov. 12.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. Monday, Nov. 12, at ten. . . . ¶ Jimmy's, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484). Starting Wednesday, Nov. 14, at nine and eleven-thirty.

Ellis Larkins—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Piano, with bassist Al Hall, Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, plus a program of works by Jimmy Van Heusen, Hugh Martin, and Jimmy McHugh on Sunday, Nov. 11, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five.

Nellie Lutcher—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Singing at the piano, along with guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Junior Mance—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Piano, with a trio, from ten-thirty, through Sunday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Top of the Six's, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662). Beginning Monday, Nov. 12, from nine-thirty to one.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, with a quartet. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from nine to three.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, from nine-forty-five nightly, except Sunday and Monday.

Billy Taylor—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a trio, through Saturday, Nov. 10. From nine-thirty; on Saturday from nine.

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McCoy Tyner—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, Nov. 11.

Dick Wellstood—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Piano, with clarinettist and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern and drummer Panama Francis. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

•

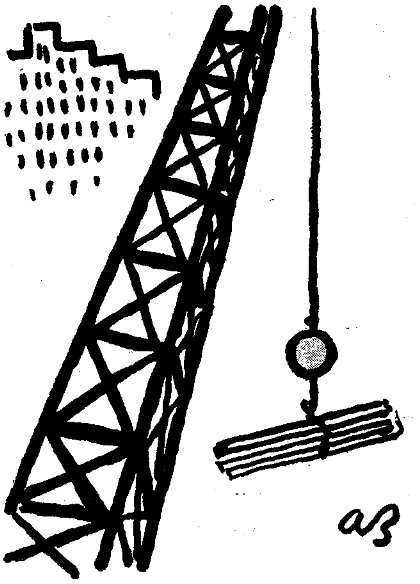
(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Docked several blocks from the nearest pier, this seaworthy enterprise fully realizes the ordinarily abused concept of nautical décor. On Fridays and Saturdays, the Bernard Small trio entertains the passengers, who vary from jazz patrons to local Chelsea folk. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty Fridays and Saturdays only. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Connected rows of grammar-school-type desks (no more comfortable now than they were then) border three sides of a small stage occupied by tearful earful Dory Previn. She sings with her heart on her sleeve from Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 8-10. Dan Hicks, a guitarist and a singer of some humor, comes in with his group on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 11-12. Flugelhorn player Chuck Mangione, a zealous eclectic, takes his band through some accessible jazz beginning Wednesday, Nov. 14. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea are staples. Closed Wednesday, Nov. 7.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—The white-brick walls flaunt a strange collage of photo clips and no fewer than two blown-up musings by R. D. Laing about Jack and Jill and R. D. Laing. There are also, however, succulent collard greens and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who play here from time to time.



Wednesdays through Saturdays, trumpeter Joe Newman heads up a quartet consisting of guitarist Ted Dunbar, bassist Bob Cranshaw, and drummer Freddie Waits. Guitarist Sam Brown's trio takes over on Sunday and Tuesday, Nov. 11 and 13. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma exchange lyrical guitar solos through Saturday, Nov. 10. Beginning Monday, Nov. 12, pianist John Bunch works with a bassist. Al Haig, a solid pianist who came up during the bop years, plays on Sundays. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, Sundays from nine until one. Dinner.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties are in safe hands here. Bobby Short knows how to choose them, how to play them, and, what's more, how to sing them. Mr. Short's respectfully enthusiastic voice and piano are well served by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. Nightly at nine-forty-five, except Sundays and Mondays. Dinner and supper.

Churchill's, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (RH 4-9921)—A small, bright restaurant with an exuberant crowd and two musicians who hold its attention—pianist Brooks Kerr and trombonist Mathew Gee. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven to four. Dining.

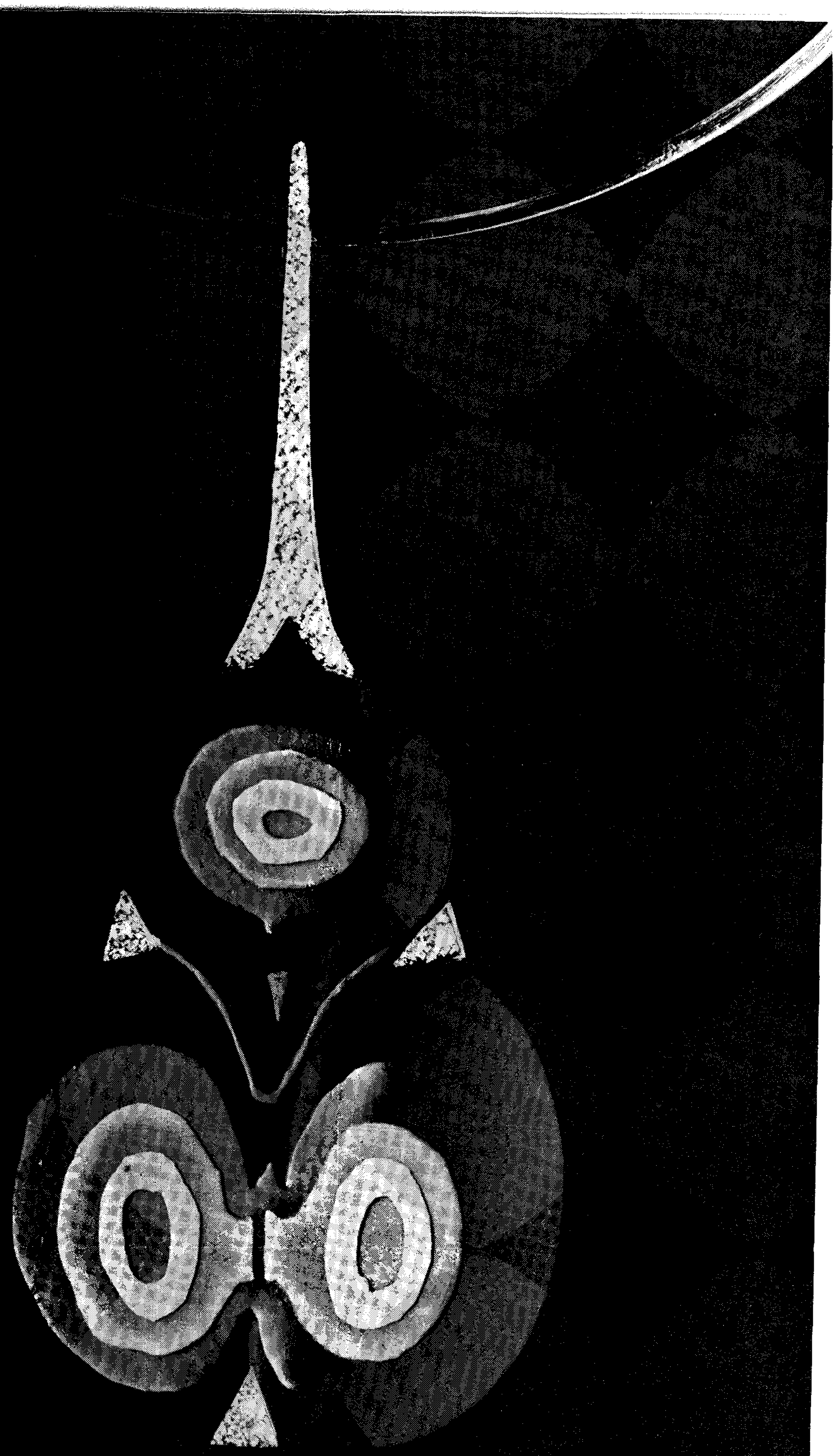
Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Suspend your disbelief as Nellie Lutcher, still as cheerful and preoccupied as a pecking hen, sings love songs in pig Latin. She is assisted by guitarist Skeeter Best and bassist Morris Edwards nightly, except on Sundays when Dick Hyman flourishes at the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St. (254-8449)—This large and casual bar-and-backroom comes up with a mixed bag of performers. Sounds from nine. Sundays are a sort of hootenanny. Closed Mondays.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—One of the quainter historical facts of the Big Apple is that this little club used to be a hamburger stand. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Al Hall, play together Tuesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty. They'll concentrate on music by Jimmy Van Heusen, Hugh Martin, and Jimmy McHugh on Sunday, Nov. 11, from five-forty-five to seven-forty-five. Norma Shepherd sings at the piano on Monday evenings, and Tad Bruce takes over from six to nine Mondays through Fridays. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—This guitarists' pleasure dome has reopened in the ground floor of a modern apartment house. Umbrellaed tables are scattered just outside the door, and the interior is relatively unadorned—molded-metal chairs, hanging white-metal lamps, plastic butcher-block tables, and lots of space. Jim Hall's mastery of the guitar is acclaimed by musicians, critics, record producers, and listeners, and it is on display here now. Aided by bassist Jay Leonhart, Hall plays Tuesdays through Saturdays. Flamenco guitarist Anita Sheer strums away on Sunday and Monday, Nov. 11-12. The strings vibrate from nine to one.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—It's hard to imagine sitting back and relaxing in this sombre, modern, almost Tati-inspired setting. (The waiters stand around stiffly, as grim-faced as subscribers to "Casket and Sunnyside.") Nevertheless, the double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables. Vastly experienced Billy Taylor leads a trio opposite singer Sylvia Syms and the Mike Renzi trio through Saturday, Nov. 10. They begin at nine-thirty and on Saturday at nine. After thirty-seven years as a bandleader, Woody Herman is still smiling. The youthful partisans who serve in his latest organization—the Young Thundering Herd—have obligingly taken up Herman's stage-band tradition. They play standards reset to rock or Brazilian rhythms, and new numbers by Carole King and Herbie Hancock aptly arranged to suit the band's needs. With Her-



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TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ELIZABETH II
JEWELLERS

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STICKS AND STONES
Andrew Grima's latest designs based on precious stones and minerals he found in Brazil. The collection will be on exhibition at the Grima Gallery, Georg Jensen, Madison Avenue, New York from 12 through 17 November. Daily 10.00 – 6.00, Thursday 10.00 – 7.00.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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man out in front playing reeds or vocalizing, they'll be here beginning Sunday, Nov. 11, from eight. Singer-pianist Mel Dancy is on the same bill.

JACQUES, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard (with bassist Lyn Christie on Fridays and Saturdays) every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Music from nine-thirty to three.

JAZZBOAT, 101 Ave. A, at 6th St. (677-9721)—Whatever is evolving in the jazz world can usually be sampled here. Long, narrow, and darkly lit, this club might pass for a silent-movie theatre—until the music starts. The Harold Vick band works out through Sunday, Nov. 11. Vibraharpist Bobby Hutcherson embarks with his quintet on Tuesday, Nov. 13. Music from nine to three. Closed Mondays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Cyril Haynes, Joe Muranyi, Eddie Locke, and Major Holley play from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—Some solidly grounded jazz emanates from the bar (which is as round as a quoit); i.e., Barry Harris is on piano with Lawrence Evans on bass Mondays through Saturdays, from eight until one. Substantial dining. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the downstairs **52ND STREET ROOM,** Dakota Staton, a very expressive jazz singer, trades sets with the deft pianist Eddie Heywood through Saturday, Nov. 10. On Wednesday, Nov. 14, the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band—an assemblage of some seventeen first-rate musicians—will gather in these spacious quarters. They are usually found on Mondays squeezed onto the Vanguard's tiny corner stage, and now, along with their pert and gifted singer, Dee Dee Bridgewater, they will have enough room to break loose and stretch out. Shows begin at nine and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ On the mezzanine, the lively little revue called "What's a Nice Country Like You Doing in a State Like This?" is still functioning.

KENNY'S CASTAWAYS, 211 E. 84th St. (734-9892)—Intended to resemble a ship, the ropes, riggings, and crowded tables recall instead the ambience of a circus or country fair—all in all, an air of make-believe. Singer-guitarist John Lucien and his band stick around through Sunday, Nov. 11. Lynyrd Skynyrd, a country-rock septet, arrives on Tuesday, Nov. 13. Mondays, various other musical types drop in. Music starts at nine-thirty. Snacks.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—More humid than the jungles of Borneo, more crowded than the Sistine Chapel, this enterprise nonetheless usually offers sturdy, reliable entertainment. Bruce Springsteen, a country singer from the Jersey Shore, sings through Thursday, Nov. 8. J. F. Murphy & Salt plays snap-your-fingers-and-party music from Friday through Monday, Nov. 9-12. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. The entertainment is upstairs, above the street-level steak-and-lobster palace. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an overly solicitous wine list, this newly established club has become another Village haven for folk, rock, and the like. The bluegrass artisans in the string band Country Gazette pick and fiddle breakdowns and ballads Wednesday, Nov. 7. Thursday through Tuesday, Nov 8-13, Ellen McIlwaine lambastes her guitar while she sings, loudly and strongly, American and Latin folk music. Oregon, a group that works with raga, rock, and jazz, takes over on Thursday, Nov. 15. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Wednesdays provide a showcase for new talent, from nine.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—A pleasantly Anglomanic restaurant with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box. The music, by pianist Dick Wellstood and his trio, is strictly American, from well-played ragtime to swing. Nightly from nine to one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A corner restaurant with a glassed-in sidewalk gallery and space enough for lounging and listening. Ray Bryant, a pianist with a soft touch, and his trio hold forth Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (CH 2-1366)—A lively West Village cabaret. Warholian female impersonator Holly Woodlawn conjures up images from the forties and other times with torch songs and ballads through Saturday, Nov. 10. The accomplished Novella Nelson (she's been praised as director, actress, and singer) delivers her unusual repertory of songs—which includes a dirgelike "Happy Talk"—in a strong, assured manner beginning Tuesday, Nov. 13. Mel Dancy will race downtown between his Half Note sets to share the stage with her. Shows at nine-fifteen and eleven-forty-five. Comic pianist Edward Morris plays from eight-thirty to two between shows. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining. Closed Sundays.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Bucky Pizzarelli, a chord-oriented guitarist of subtle wit, has the place to himself and his listeners nightly. Music from nine-thirty until one, except on Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by pianist Jimmy Sidey's trio Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, and by Richard Clay on flute with a quartet Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, from ten until three-thirty. Snacks.

TOP OF THE SIX'S, 666 Fifth Ave. (757-6662). Americana on the thirty-ninth floor. Maple walls, china closets, bookshelves, and shutters make this high-flying Stouffer's a homey place. Singer and pianist Diane Leslie provides the music through Saturday, Nov. 10. The more rollicking sounds of the Junior Mance trio liven things up beginning Monday, Nov. 12. Music from nine-thirty to one. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—All the character of a Spanish Renaissance refectory. Funky bluesman Junior Mance and his trio are sequestered here through Sunday, Nov. 11, from ten-thirty. Brazilian guitarist Sivuca bossa novas in on Tuesday, Nov. 13. Harpist Daphne Hellman's trio is also featured on Wednesdays. Closed Mondays.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A murky red-walled basement of a night club that keeps tabs on the best jazz around. The brilliant McCoy Tyner guides his quartet through labyrinthine sets through Sunday, Nov. 11. Gary Bartz, a young, talented, and quite serious tenor player, descends the stairs with his sextet on Tuesday, Nov. 13. Monday, Nov. 12, is given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Undistinguished soul food.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

DANGERFIELD'S, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A Mermaid Tavern redivivus. The owner of the tavern is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old mace. The speechmaking starts around eleven, and an hour earlier on Fridays and Saturdays. Mr. D. will be away Monday through Thursday, Nov. 12-15. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

IMPROVISATION, 358 W. 44th St. (765-8268)—A blend of beer garden and bear garden, but now and then one comes upon a novice humorist being himself, and being very funny about it. It's potluck for the customers, but, then, what isn't nowadays? Closed Sundays.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX,** trumpeter Bobby Hackett is on deck, with a hearty crew of musicians, including Vic Dickenson on trombone, Hank Jones on piano, Remo Palmier on guitar, George Duvivier on bass, and Grady Tate on drums. They alternate with the Peppi Morreale trio for dancing, from seven-thirty to one-thirty. On Monday, Nov. 12, pianist Earl Hines and his quintet (with singer Marva Josie) will succeed the Hacketts. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ,** Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Phil Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. In addition, Lou Kovack provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The **PERSIAN ROOM** is occupied at ten during the week, and at dinner and supper Friday and Saturday by British singer Leoni Page. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky. Singer Bobby Rydell is on deck at nine and eleven-fifteen every night but Sunday. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—From this sixty-fifth-floor height, every prospect pleases and only the smog is vile. The piano duo of Johnny DeMaio and Fred Silver present an anthology of musical-comedy numbers Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to midnight.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The **MAISONETTE,** still a fair copy of a royal palace, amuses its house guests with dinner and supper visitations by Irish singer John MacNally. On Monday, Nov. 12, he will be replaced by Julie Budd, a native songbird. The Anthony Terini orchestra does the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA BOITE RUSSE,** the next-door sylvan glade, offers violin-and-piano music as well as a Russian singer named Aelita, from eight to one, every night but Sunday and Monday. A Russian menu. . . . ¶ The **ST. REGIS ROOM** is host to the songs and piano of Hugh Shannon Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-thirty until two. Snacks. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—As of Thursday, Nov. 8, Gladys Knight and the Pips will be carolling and careening in unison in the **EMPIRE ROOM** at dinner and supper. The dance band of Bob Rosengarden will play all evening long. Closed Sundays and Wednesday, Nov. 7.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Recent paintings by a Belgian member of the "Cobra" group. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

THEODORE ARGEROPOLOS—Paintings and prints by

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THE MAN/GOD TEZCATLIPOCA
From the Aztec Culture,
Postclassic Period, 1200 A.D.–1500 A.D.

In the Aztec civilization, Tezcatlipoca was one of the most powerful of all gods...the god of night.

Each year a great ritualistic sacrifice was made to him, in the person of a young man who was chosen by the priests from among captive slaves to serve as the human personification of this deity.

During the man/god's reign of one year, he paraded before the people, accompanied by servants, and outfitted in splendid attire which included a clay flute and a bouquet of flowers. His position was superior to the supreme priests, and he was paid homage even by the Emperor.

Twenty days before his appointed year-end sacrifice, the man/god was married to four chosen maidens who were given the names of earth goddesses.

Their duty was to persuade him to remain with them, earth-bound. But his duty was to overcome and leave the earth, represented by the four maidens.

After four last days alone with them, Tezcatlipoca emerges victorious over the maidens. He now journeys with them to the temple and climbs to the priests awaiting him at the top. He is quickly flung on his back on a stone slab, a knife plunged into his breast. In this moment of victory, Tezcatlipoca is again free of the earth.

The great ceremony is completed with the selection of a new young man/god who will reign in the same manner for one year.

The Man/God Tezcatlipoca
Sterling silver and 22K gold electroplate,
9¼" high. $1450.
Numbered issue of 300 pieces.

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Comprised of 12 figurines, all in tarnish-proofed Sterling silver and 22K gold electroplate. Most are scale replicas of famous museum pieces whose reproduction by Lunt Galleries has been authorized by The Mexican National Institute of Anthropology and History. Each piece is superbly detailed and painstakingly hand-finished. Each stands on its own, not only as an investment in itself, but as a showpiece for one's home.

Figurines vary in size and price, beginning at $145.

To tell you more about The Mexican Collection and Lunt Galleries we've created a full-color catalogue. With pictures and descriptions like the one for Tezcatlipoca, above. For your copy, send $1.00 to: Lunt Galleries, Dept. A, Greenfield, Mass. 01301.

LUNT GALLERIES *A Division of Lunt Silversmiths.*

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a formalist; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ariane R. Berman—Plastic constructions and paintings in acrylic, both with simplified figures. Through Nov. 24. (Kuhlik, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Varujan Boghosian—Constructions and sculptures. Through Dec. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bernard Cathelin—Still-lifes and landscapes with figures by a School of Paris painter. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Paul Cézanne (1839-1906)—Sixteen watercolors. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Martin Chirino—Forged-steel sculptures. Through Nov. 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chuck Close—Drawings. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Ad Dekkers—Wood reliefs and incised-wood pieces. Through Nov. 30. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Avel de Knight—Paintings suggestive of landscape, some with figures. Through Nov. 28. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

William F. Draper—Realistic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jud Fine—Sculptures in stone, bamboo, string, and other materials. Through Nov. 30. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Joseph Floch—Interiors and landscapes. Through Friday, Nov. 9. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—Recent paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Abby Goell—Paintings and lithographs combining natural and geometric shapes. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Automation House, 49 E. 68th St.)

Morris Graves—Flower paintings. Through Dec. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Stephen Greene—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 29. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Hockney—A retrospective of prints of landscapes, portraits, and still-lifes. Through Nov. 28. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Friedrich Hundertwasser—Temperas, watercolors, and woodcuts. Through Dec. 29. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Bronzes, plaster models, and drawings. Through Nov. 29. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

June Leaf—Drawings and collages. Through Nov. 24. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

André Masson—Paintings from 1923 to the present, with related drawings. Through Dec. 1. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—A benefit loan show of fifty-seven paintings representing all phases of his development. Through Dec. 1. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Joan Miró—Two hundred graphics in a show that is running concurrently with the Miró exhibits at the Museum of Modern Art and (ending Friday) at the Pierre Matisse Gallery (41 E. 57th St.). Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Emil Nolde (1897-1956)—Paintings and graphics by the German Expressionist. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yutaka Ohashi—Paintings on celestial themes. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Nordness, 236 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jerry Okimoto—Multi-sectioned canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Lorraine Perigord/Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Abstract landscapes. Through Nov. 24./Twenty gouaches from 1930 to 1955. Through Dec. 15. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Robert Rohr—Small, detailed works in encaustic and acrylic. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Stella—Recent paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

Rufino Tamayo—A new series of paintings by this Mexican artist. Through Dec. 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Objects (headboards and dustpans), paintings, collages composed of Tarot cards, and works on paper by the Spanish artist. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Wayne Thiebaud—Paintings of figures and objects. Through Dec. 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Cristóbal Toral—Paintings of still-lifes, nudes, and train stations. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Cora Kelley Ward—Abstract paintings. Through Nov. 30. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Wells—Marble and bronze figure sculptures, plus drawings and etchings. Through Nov. 24. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Kim Whanki—Paintings. Through Nov. 24. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Peruvian artists from 800 B.C. to 1700 A.D. Through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)... **DANENBERG**, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Picasso, Vlaminck, O'Keeffe, and other French and American artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Matisse, Picasso, Tanguy, Rothko, and other twentieth-century artists. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: American landscape paintings by O'Keeffe, Bluemner, Hofmann, Burchfield, Avery, and others. Through Dec. 1.... **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: A benefit show of French and American paintings sold by the gallery during the past twenty years. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Closed Mondays.)... **KORNBLEE**, 58 E. 79th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Indian miniature paintings. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Closed Mondays.)... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery group, including Leonard DeLonga, Kenneth Callahan, William Kienbusch, and Peggy Bacon. Through Nov. 24.... **SOLOMON**, 959 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: American paintings and European graphics, with examples by, among others, de Kooning, Gottlieb, and Picasso. Through Nov. 30.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: "Twelve Years of Collecting," a benefit loan exhibition of fifty paintings from the Museum of Art, Carnegie Institute, Pittsburgh; it encompasses Old Master, Impressionist, and Post-Impressionist works. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Jane B. Armstrong—Stone sculptures of animals. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Elise Asher—Oil and mixed mediums on Plexiglas, incorporating calligraphy and figures. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Watercolors done in 1938 on the Gaspé Peninsula. Through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Baynard—Landscapes in oil and still-lifes in pencil and watercolor. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Marcelo Bonevardi—Abstract painted constructions that hang on the wall. Through Nov. 24. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Coiner—Paintings of England, Scot-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

land, and Wales. Through Nov. 24. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Davis—Stripe paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sam Francis—Two shows of Abstract Expressionist paintings. Both through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Emmerich, uptown at 41 E. 57th St., and downtown at 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jacqueline Gourevitch—Oils of cloud formations. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Hinman—Shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Andrew Jansons—Color-field paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alfred Jensen—Thickly textured paintings, most of them incorporating numbers or words. Through Nov. 24. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

A. Raymond Katz—Abstracts in impasto. Through Nov. 30. (Weinger, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Lipchitz (1891-1973)—A benefit show of sculptures done in America from 1941 to 1972. Starts Friday, Nov. 9. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joan Miró—"*Sobreteixims*" (textile creations) in a show that is running concurrently with his shows at the Museum of Modern Art and (ending Saturday) at the Weintraub Gallery (992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.). Through Friday, Nov. 9. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)

William Moïse—Expressionist paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Harold Stevenson—Paintings combining black figures and classical subjects. Through Dec. 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Turku Trajan (1887-1959)—Sculptures and reliefs. Through Dec. 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **CRISPO**, 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Demuth, Dove, Marin, O'Keeffe, and other pioneer American abstractionists. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Drawings by Beckmann, Corinth, Feininger, Matisse, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Saturday mornings.) . . . **JANIS**, 6 W. 57th St.: American prints and graphics from Pollock and Newman through the Pop artists and sharp-focus realists, including Warhol, Segal, and Oldenburg. Through Dec. 1. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Twentieth-century American paintings, watercolors, and sculptures by Hopper, de Creeft, and others. Through Dec. 1. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculptors Guild—Their thirty-sixth annual, composed of about sixty-four pieces (by Roy Gussow, Minoru Niizuma, Helen Beling, and others) in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 18. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Arman—This artist engages in such activities as collecting garbage from the studios of his contemporaries and packaging it for display, blowing up motorcycles with dynamite and reassembling the fragments, and stomping on selected debris until it arranges itself to his taste, and this exhibition of the results is accompanied by photographs showing him in the throes of creativity. Through Nov. 21. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Christian Boltanski—Photographs, an installation of objects from a New York apartment, and vitrines. Through Saturday, Nov. 17. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cooke / Rosalind Hodgkins—Large abstract steel sculptures. / Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 24. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Charles DuBack—Structured canvases. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Closed Mondays.)

Vincent Inconiglios / Arlene Sklar-Weinstein—Abstract paintings. / Abstract figure paintings with a humanist treatment. Through Thursday, Nov. 15. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Stevan Jennis—Paintings, sculptures, and collages depicting dogs in various situations. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Buffie Johnson / Carol Haerer—Representational paintings. / Abstract paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Steve Keleman / Jim Youngerman—Large lyrical abstract wall hangings. / Witty figurative drawings. Through Nov. 22. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Gene Matthews—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, Nov. 16. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Mario Merz—One large sculpture in wood and cloth. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alf Svendsen—Bronzes. Through Nov. 21. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

John Walker—Ten large silk-screen prints. Through Nov. 30. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Williams—Abstract sculptures; first one-man show here. Through Nov. 24. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Jackie Winsor—Abstract sculptures in wood and rope. Through Wednesday, Nov. 14. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Sculptures by Robert Rohm and paintings by Douglas Bond and John Fawcett. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Reginald Case—Paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 6.)

John Chamberlain—Three constructions made of crushed automobile parts. Through March 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, 2 Hammarskjöld Plaza, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

E. E. Cummings (1894-1962)—A retrospective of paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Gotham Book Mart, 41 W. 47th St.)

George McNeil—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings from 1968 to the present. Through Dec. 3. (Pratt Institute Manhattan Center, 46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Margot Robinson—Paintings and sculptures; first solo show here. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Benevy, 542 LaGuardia Pl. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Tran Tho—Stone sculptures and paintings on wood by a Vietnamese artist. Through Nov. 30. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

Group Shows—At the **NEW SCHOOL**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Erotic Art," an exhibition of paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints by eighty artists, including Beckmann, Chagall, Rivers, and Segal. Through Dec. 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Some Things They Never Told You About the 1940's, '50's and '60's," a show of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Julian Beck, Frederick Kiesler, Landes Lewitin, and Phillip Pavia, selected by the art historian and critic Thomas B. Hess. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5 and 6:30 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Laura Gilpin / Leland Rice—Mainly photographs of Navajo Indians. / Portraits and interiors. Through Dec. 2. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946)—Reproductions of approximately thirty of the Bauhaus Master's experimental photographs of the twenties. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—Photogravures. Through Dec. 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77) **and David Octavius Hill** (1802-70)—Calotypes made in the eighteen-forties by two pioneers of photography. Through Saturday, Nov. 10. (Scott Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Group Shows—At the **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th

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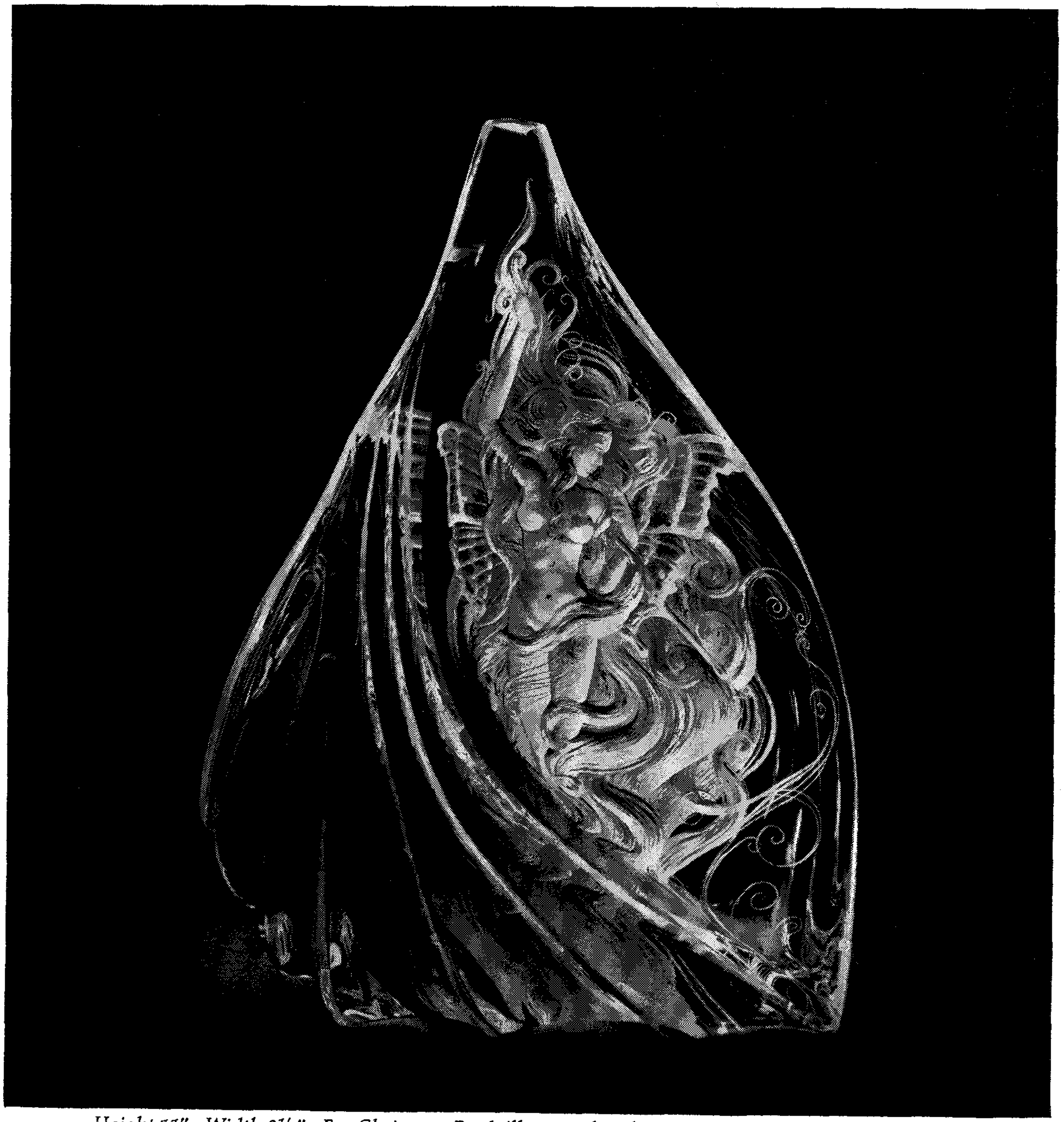

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St.: André Kertész, David Chalk, Dan O'Neill, Alix Olivera, and Mark de Mello. Through Dec. 4. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.). . . **UNDERGROUND**, 134 Fifth Ave., at 19th St.: Photographs by students and faculty of Montclair State College, some reverting to processes used in the nineteenth century. Through Nov. 21. (Closed Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Newly acquired Chinese paintings (album leaves, an album of poetry, and hand scrolls and hanging scrolls) from the eleventh century through the fourteenth. Through Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Oils, pastels, and prints by Mary Cassatt from the museum's collection. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Two hundred objects of the North, Central, and South American Indians, spanning four thousand years, on loan from the Museum of the American Indian. Through Jan. 1. . . . ¶ Thirty Japanese prints representing two hundred years of Japanese printmaking, exhibited along with a hundred netsuke and inro. Through Jan. 30. . . . ¶ Four paintings borrowed from the Minneapolis Institute of Fine Arts, worth seeing if you can find them dispersed among four galleries in the European Painting section. . . . ¶ About a hundred specimens of early Renaissance sculpture from northern Italy, on display—and looking as if they belonged there—in the Blumenthal Patio from the Castle of Vélez Blanco. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Paintings by van Gogh and his contemporaries, accompanied by passages from letters van Gogh wrote to his brother Theo and others, which contain comments on artists, schools, paintings, and theories. Through Jan. 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, sculptures, collages, and drawings spanning the career of Joan Miró from 1921 to 1972. Through Dec. 10. A complementary show of graphics (ending Saturday) is at the Weintraub Gallery, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St. A complementary show of "*Sobreteixims*" (ending Friday) is at the Matisse Gallery, 41 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ Forty-seven prints, published in Germany in 1923, by Arp, Moholy-Nagy, Schwitters, Chagall, and others. Through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Floor sculptures and wall pieces by Barry Flanagan, a British sculptor who works with cloth, rope, sand, and other materials. Through Dec. 9. . . . ¶ Architectural models, drawings, and objects from the museum's collection. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6. At press time, employees were still picketing the museum, but the exhibit rooms were open.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Sixty-nine American Impressionist paintings. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Architectural constructions by Tony Berlant. Through Sunday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, sculptures, prints, drawings, and photographs, in a show labelled "Extraordinary Realities," mainly by artists who have not exhibited in New York. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ Abstract black-and-white collages and drawings by Mahler B. Ryder. Starts Thursday, Nov. 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ In the museum's new downtown branch, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St., mosaics from New York City subways. Through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—More than a hundred and seventy Egyptian reliefs, statuary, and other objects dating from 1378-1362 B.C., the period of Akhenaten and Nefertiti. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ English prints and drawings from the eighteenth century to the present. Through Jan. 6. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display on the subject of curassows and related tropical birds, including mounted specimens, paintings, drawings, maps, and tape recordings. Through Jan. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

AMERICAN ACADEMY AND NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF ARTS AND LETTERS, Broadway at 155th St.—Paintings by such artists as Morris Broderson, Lois Dodd, and Raymond Saunders, eligible for purchase under the Academy's Childe Hassam Fund for presentation to museums in the United States and Canada. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Sculptures and graphics by thirty-five members of the Academy and Institute. Starts Saturday, Nov. 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Shah 'Abbas and the Arts of Isfahan," an exhibition of paintings, manuscripts, imperial artifacts, and calligraphy from seventeenth-century Persia. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sunday, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of porcelains designed in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries for trade to the West. Through Jan. 27. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Nearly two hundred paintings, sculptures, drawings, and prints from the Martha Jackson collection. Through Nov. 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit (for both addicts of detective novels and for the uninitiated) honoring Edgar Allan Poe as father of the genre. It opens with the original manuscript of his first detective story and includes books and manuscripts by Arthur Conan Doyle, Ross Macdonald, Agatha Christie, and other master obfuscators. Through Dec. 12. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—Ukiyo-e master prints (fashion-figure drawings), from the sixteen-eighties to the eighteen-forties, from the Ledoux collection. Through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5. A contribution, optional in amount, is required for admission.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Seventy bronze and steel sculptures, many on religious subjects, by Luise Kaish, along with some of her drawings. Through Dec. 2. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Printed books; from 1455 to 1955, reflecting achievements and changes in the art of typography. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ European and Persian manuscript leaves from the twelfth century through the seventeenth. Through Dec. 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

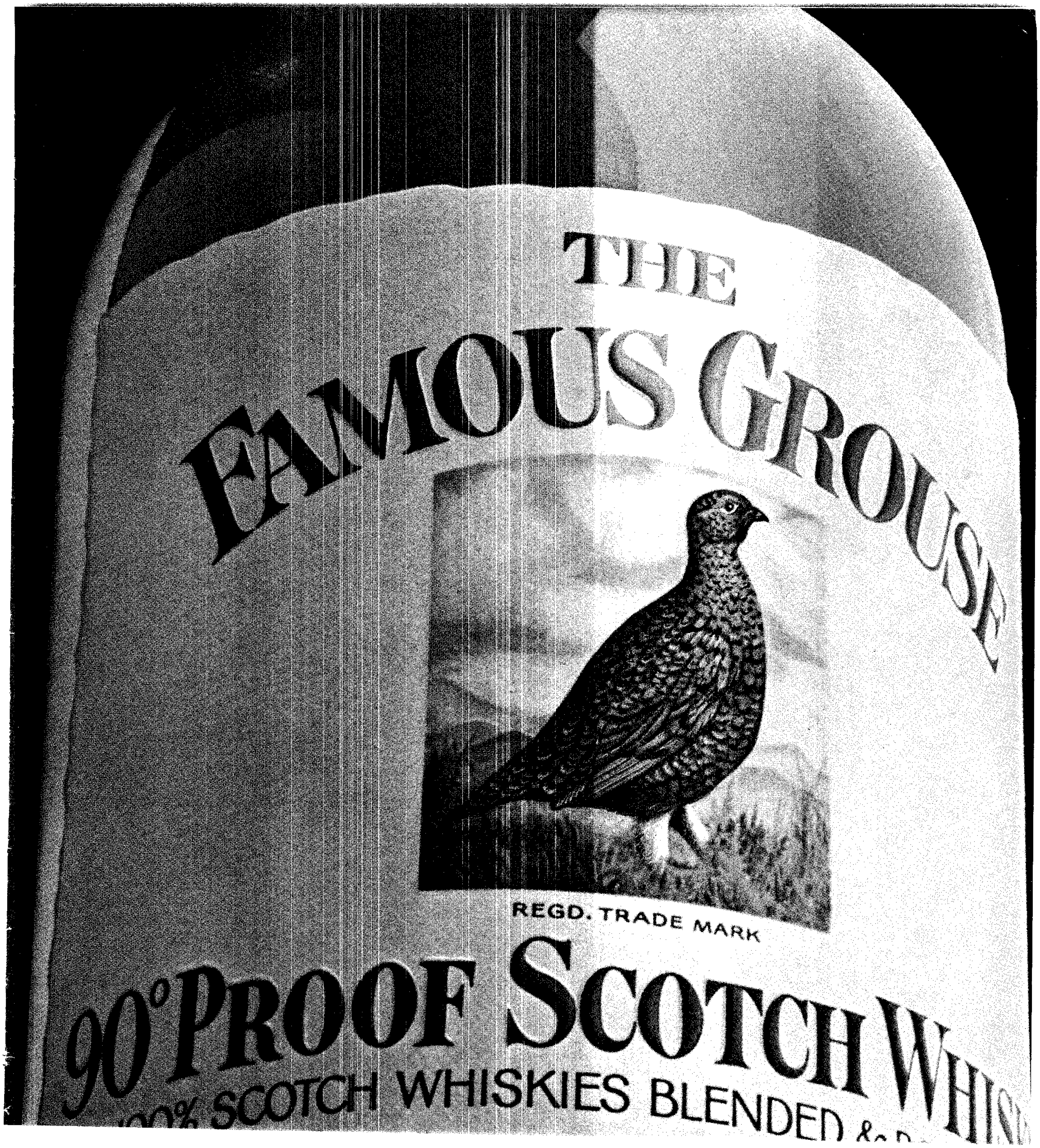
MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A handsomely mounted exhibition of historical and contemporary objects that were designed to be portable, including furniture, camping equipment, vehicles, and "body extensions," such as a necklace which registers air pollution and body temperature. Through Jan. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Twenty-seven masterpieces of African sculpture acquired under the guidance of the late Robert Goldwater, who directed the museum from its inception, in 1956, until his death, in March. Through Feb. 28. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixtieth annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by the Allied Artists of America. Through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—The high point of an exhibition called "Blacks: U.S.A.: 1973" is twelve paintings by the late Palmer Hayden (1890-1973), illustrating verses from the folk epic "The Ballad of John Henry." Through Thursday, Nov. 15. . . . ¶ Over fifty primitive Haitian paintings from the nineteen-forties to the present. Through Dec. 16. . . . ¶ Bread sculptures, by John Fischer. Through Friday, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Forty prints, from 1961 to the present, by Marisol. Through Nov. 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"New York to 1765: River,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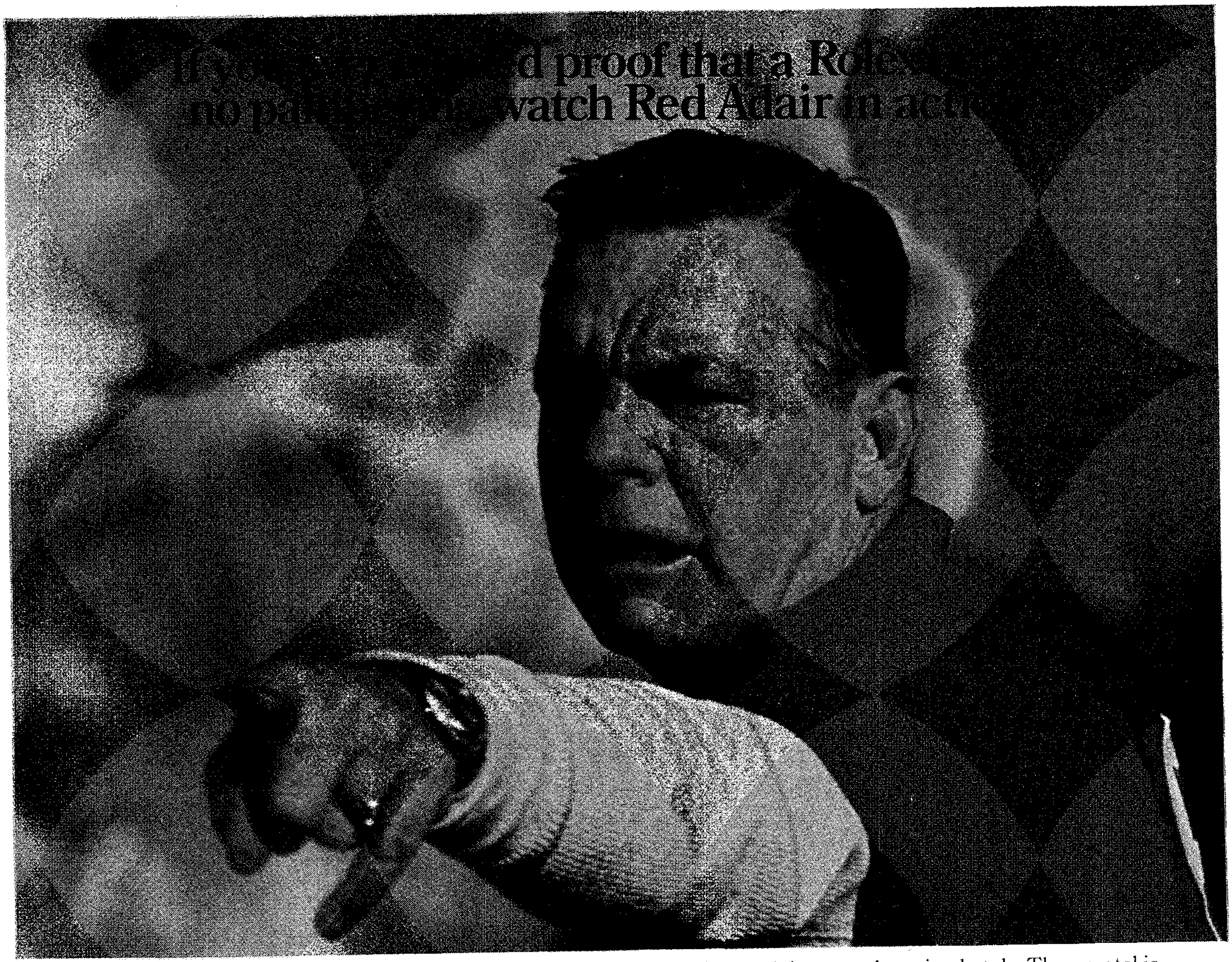

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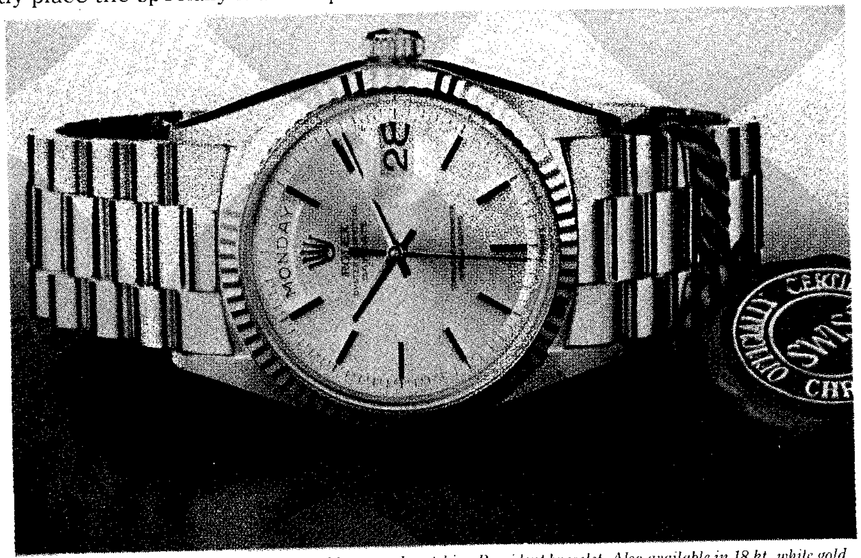

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MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1011. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marina Krilovici, Nedda Casei, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Andrea Velis; conducted by Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Carmen," with Rosalind Elias, Colette Boky, William Lewis, and John Reardon; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: A new production of Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 12, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Il Trovatore," with Martina Arroyo, Nell Rankin, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, and Raymond Michalski; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7: "Les Troyens," with Shirley Verrett, Christa Ludwig, Mignon Dunn, Judith Blegen, Jon Vickers, Louis Quilico, John Macurdy, William Lewis, Kenneth Riegel, and Leo Goeke; Rafael Kubelik. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Jean Kraft, William Lewis, Robert Goodloe, and Robert Schmorr; Serge Baudo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 2: "La Traviata," with Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Robert Merrill; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Marilyn Horne, Christine Weidinger, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, and Fernando Corena; Gabor Otvös.

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Judith Lynn, Gary Glaze, Richard T. Gill, and Jerold Siena; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8: "The Barber of Seville," with Cecilia Albanese, Beverly Evans, Vittorio Terranova, Richard Stilwell, and Michael Li-Paz; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 9, at 8: "Faust," with Carol Bayard, Beverly Evans, Hilda Harris, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Judith Lynn, Gary Glaze, Richard T. Gill, and Jerold Siena; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Helene Guilet, Deborah Kieffer, Raymond Gibbs, and Richard Fredricks; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 11, at 1: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Muriel Greenspon, Franco Marini, and John Darrenkamp; and "Pagliacci," with Judith Anthony, Herman Malamood, Vasile Martinoiu, and Dominic Cossa; Giuseppe Morelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 11, at 7: "The Barber of Seville," with Ruth Welting, Diane Curry, Vittorio Terranova, Richard Stilwell, Michael Li-Paz, and Samuel Ramey; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

(At press time, picket lines were still around Avery Fisher Hall because of the labor negotiations involving the New York Philharmonic, and some concerts have been moved to other halls, so you would be wise to check the situation before making plans.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Pierre Boulez directing performances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust" on Thursday, Nov. 8, and Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30 (all with Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Thomas Stewart, bass-baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Westminster Choir). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting on Friday, Nov. 9, at 8:30 (with Agustin Anievas, piano).

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Georg Solti conducting two programs. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Seiji Ozawa conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 14, and Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30.)

BOSTON POPS ORCHESTRA—Arthur Fiedler conducting an all-Gershwin program. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 8:30, with Zino Francescatti, violin, and Pierre Fournier, cello. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 11, at 5:30, with Itzhak Perlman, violin; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 16-17, at 8, with Murray Perahia, piano. All seats have been sold for the Nov. 10 concert, and only standing room is left.)

FRENCH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Jean-Pierre Wallez conducting and acting as violin soloist, with Michele Pena, soprano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30.)

BRANDENBURG ENSEMBLE—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra and playing the violin, with Peter Serkin, piano, and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

FESTIVAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Frédérique Petrides conducting, with William Masselos, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 4:30. No tickets necessary.)

VIRTUOSI DI ROMA—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

CLARION CONCERTS ORCHESTRA—Newell Jenkins conducting a semi-staged performance of Agostino Steffani's opera "Tassilone," with Elaine Bonazzi and Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-sopranos; Sidney Johnson, tenor; Andrew Foldi, bass-baritone; Clayton Garrison, narrator; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

MANHATTAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC—Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8: David Simon conducting the Manhattan Wind Symphony. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 16, at 8: Anton Coppola conducting the Manhattan Orchestra. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

LONDON BACH SOCIETY—Paul Steinitz directing a company of eighty musicians and singers in a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing a program of antiphonal music, with Anthony Newman, organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:30.)

"THE ST. MATTHEW PASSION"—Byrne Camp directing the Byrne Camp Chorale and Orchestra in a performance of the Bach work, with Eleanor Steber, soprano; Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; William Warfield, bass-baritone; the Newark Boys Chorus; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 12, at 7:30.)

"ANI MAAMIN" ("I BELIEVE!")—A benefit première of a dramatic poem, with music by Darius Milhaud and text by Elie Wiesel.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lukas Foss will direct the Brooklyn Philharmonia, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Mr. Wiesel, narrator; actors David Opatoshu, Phillip Sterling, and Joseph Wiseman; the New York University Chorale; and the Zamir Chorale. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

RECITALS

Nathan Milstein—Violin, in a concert postponed from Oct. 19. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Claudette Sorel—Piano, in an all-Rachmaninoff benefit concert. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

The Haddens—Duo piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Andrius Kuprevicius—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 5.)

Alexander Schneider, Peter Serkin, and Richard Stoltzman—Violin, piano, and clarinet. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Ernesto Bitetti—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8:30.)

Theodore Lettvin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 2:15.)

Isaac Stern and His Friends—The first in a series of three concerts, this one played by Mr. Stern, and Jaime Laredo, violin; Eugene Istomin, piano; and Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3.)

Joseph Fuchs—Violin, with Lillian Fuchs, viola, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Composers String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts entitled "A Century of Masterpieces," this one with William Masselos, piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Peter Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in a program of Mozart trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—Principals of the Boston Symphony. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. LT 1-2311. Thursday, Nov. 15, at 8:30.)

Arthur MacKenzie—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Zino Francescatti, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Gaby Casadesus, piano; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8:30, and Sunday, Nov. 18, at 5.)

Oleg Kagan and Victoria Postnikova—Violin and piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

Velma Richter—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 5:45: GRETA KELLER. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 5:45: EARL HINES.

Countsmen—A benefit concert, with Earle Warren, Doc Cheatham, Buddy Tate, Franklin Skeete, Chuck Folds, and Jo Jones. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Hot Tuna and the James Montgomery Band—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 9-10, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.

Tom Rush, Jesse Colin Young, and Janis Ian—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 9, at 8.

Charles McPherson Quartet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3. No tickets necessary.

Vermeer Quartet and Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Quintet—Chamber music and jazz. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 4.)

Ashford & Simpson—Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 11, at 8.

The Persuasions—Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 16, at 8.

Mount Airy—Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Wishbone Ash and Argent—Academy of Music. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8.

Vinnie Burke's Quartet and Thad Jones—Town Hall. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8:30.

Herbie Mann—With the Family of Mann. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 9.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 8: Knicks vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Seattle. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 15, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Buffalo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 8: Knicks vs. Milwaukee.

College Football—SATURDAY, NOV. 10 (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Trinity, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Army vs. Miami, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Dartmouth, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Princeton, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Syracuse, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Williams, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Pennsylvania, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 17: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Harvard, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover, at 1. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Rutgers, at Worcester, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Yale, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Boston College, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Amherst, at Williamstown, at 1:30.

Professional Football—Sunday, Nov. 11: Jets vs. New England Patriots, at Shea Stadium, at 1. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, at the Yale Bowl, New Haven, at 1.

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston Bruins. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 1:30: Golden Blades vs. Quebec Nordiques. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 11, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Islanders. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 17, at 1:30: Golden Blades vs. Houston Aeros.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Dec. 29. The Knickerbocker Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 10, and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 17. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 24. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays; last day Monday, Dec. 31. Through Saturday, Nov. 10, post time will be 1; after that, it will be 12:30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 10.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN: "The Mikado," Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 10-11, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Pirates of Penzance," Saturday, Nov. 17, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. There will be no performances if the Philharmonic's labor problems have not been resolved. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Nov. 17, at 12:10 and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . MERI MINI PLAYERS: "Behalf of the Laugh." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.) . . . POKO PUPPETS: "Aesop's Fables." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Nov. 10, at 1:30. Children under three not admitted, and children under five must be accompanied by an adult.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Richard Shelton and Peter Wild reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30. Admission is free.)

ANTONI GAUDÍ (1852-1926)—Photographs of the architect's designs, including furniture, streetlamps, fireplaces, partitions, porticos, and even an elevator, plus his interior environments. Through Nov. 30. (Spanish Institute, 684 Park Ave., at 69th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

BUS TOURS—Saturdays, Sundays, and holidays, the Culture Bus Loop is in operation from ten in the morning until six in the evening. Buses make twenty-two stops, serving virtually every museum and cultural institution of note in Manhattan, and ticket holders may get on or off at any point along the route. For information about tickets, and bus-stop locations, call 852-5000, Ext. 4060....¶ Sundays, at 12, 1:30, 3, and 4:30, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (where riders may also board at 12:50, 2:20, and 3:50), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555.

AUCTIONS—At Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, Nov. 7, at 2: Jewelry, including the Idol's Eye, a 70.20-carat diamond, belonging to Harry Levinson....¶ Thursday and Friday, Nov. 8-9, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century and Old Master prints, from many owners....¶ Saturday, Nov. 10, at 2: English furniture and decorations, from several collectors....¶ Tuesday, Nov. 13, at 2: Wedgwood and other English pottery, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 8....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 10:15 and 2: Ethnographic and pre-Columbian art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 9....¶ Wednesday, Nov. 14, at 8, and Thursday, Nov. 15, at 2: The Edith G. Halpert folk-art collection, belonging to Terry Dintenfass. Exhibition starts Friday, Nov. 9....¶ Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 15-17, at 10:15 and 2: American furniture and decorations, from the American Heritage Society. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 10.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—What can we say? Union-management negotiations were still in progress at our press time. All we *do* know is that if they have film showings, they will be from the Warner Brothers retrospective.... NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 7 at 3 and 6: "Dynamite" (1929), directed by Cecil B. De Mille, with Kay Johnson and Charles Bickford....¶ Nov. 8 at 4 and 6: "Alibi" (1929), directed by Roland West, with Chester Morris and Regis Toomey....¶ Nov. 9 at 5 and 7:30: "Fig Leaves" (1926), a silent film, directed by Howard Hawks, with George O'Brien and Olive Borden....¶ Nov. 10 at 3 and 6: "Trader Horn" (1931), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Edwina Booth and Harry Carey....¶ Nov. 11 at 4 and 6: "Red Dust" (1932), directed by Victor Fleming, with Clark Gable and Jean Harlow....¶ Nov. 14 at 4 and 6: "Lost Squadron" (1932), directed by George Archainbaud, with Richard Dix and Mary Astor....¶ Nov. 15 at 4 and 6: "Flesh" (1932), directed by John Ford, with Wallace Beery and Karen Morley. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)... WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Nov. 14: "Sunseed," directed by Frederick Cohn....¶ Starting Nov. 15: "The Innerview," directed by Richard Beymer. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6, 7:45, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

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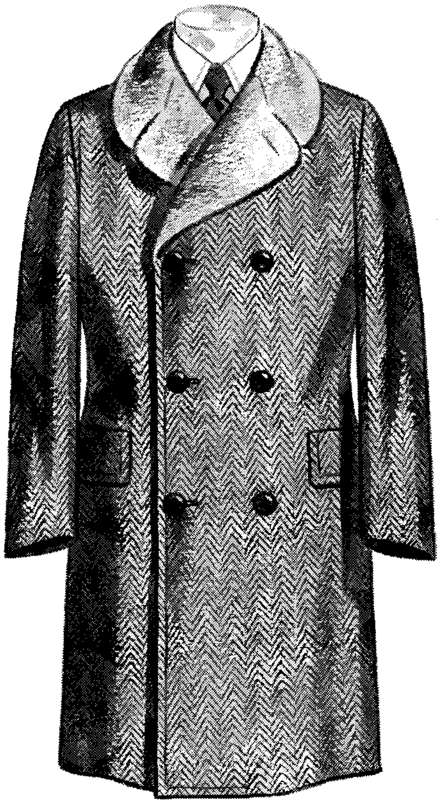

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 11: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Slither."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "The Day of the Jackal" and "Slither."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 10: "Swing Time" and "The Gay Divorcée."
Nov. 11-13: "Delicious" and "Love Among the Millionaires."
From Nov. 14: "The Quiet Man" and "The Hurricane."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through Nov. 10: "State of Siege" and "The Conformist."
Nov. 11-13: "Cabaret" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From Nov. 14: "Theatre of Blood" and another feature, to be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Sex Shop" and "A New Leaf."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 11: "Visions of Eight."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "Visions of Eight."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Theatre closed.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"A Touch of Class."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 13: "The Inheritor."
From Nov. 14: "The French Conspiracy."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Jonathan Livingston Seagull."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Long Goodbye."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Day for Night."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The All-American Boy."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Executive Action."

East 59th Street I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Italian Connection."

East 59th Street II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Heavy Traffic."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Nov. 11: "Le Sex Shop."
Nov. 12-14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 15: "Le Sex Shop."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Mean Streets."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Bang the Drum Slowly."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
Through Nov. 14: "I. F. Stone's Weekly."
From Nov. 15: "A Day at the Races" and "At the Circus."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Paper Chase."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Valachi Papers" and "Shamus."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"American Graffiti."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Nov. 13: "The Inheritor."
From Nov. 14: "The French Conspiracy."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Way We Were."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Nov. 11: "The Last American Hero."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "A Doll's House."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Triple Echo."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Screaming Tiger."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 11: "Billy Jack."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 11: "Nurse's Report" and "The Roommates."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "The Don Is Dead."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through Nov. 13: "Charley Varrick."
From Nov. 14: "The Way We Were."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through Nov. 11: "A Touch of Class."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "Charley Varrick."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Massacre in Rome."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"The Italian Connection."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Five on the Black Hand Side."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Nov. 11: "The Grande Bouffe."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Inheritor."

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Nov. 13: "Last Tango in Paris."
Nov. 14-15: "The Householder."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Nov. 11: "A Touch of Class."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 13 at one or another of the theatres: "A Clockwork Orange" and "Get to Know Your Rabbit"/"It Happened in Hollywood" and "Is There Sex After Death?"/"The Devil in Miss Jones" and "Heat"/"Billy Jack" and "Cisco Pike."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Nov. 10: "Repulsion" and "Macbeth."
Nov. 11-12: "Cul-de-Sac" and "Rosemary's Baby."
Nov. 13: "The Battle of Algiers" and "This Man Must Die."
From Nov. 14: "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca."

23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Nov. 11: "Billy Jack."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "Midnight Cowboy" and "Where's Poppa?"

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through Nov. 11: "A Touch of Class" and "Traffic."
Nov. 12-14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 15: "The Optimists."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 7: "The Optimists."
From Nov. 8: "Robin Hood."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 11: Theatre closed.
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: Theatre closed.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Don Quixote."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through Nov. 11: "Triple Echo."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "Triple Echo."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The New Land."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through Nov. 8: "Ulysses" and "The Balcony."
Nov. 9-11: "Singin' in the Rain" and "An American in Paris."
Nov. 12-13: "The Confession" and "The Conformist."
Nov. 14-15: "The Passion of Anna" and "Shame."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through Nov. 10: "The Tall Blond Man with One Black Shoe."
From Nov. 11: "England Made Me."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 8: "Der Rosenkavalier."
From Nov. 9: "A Clockwork Orange."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Sleuth" and "The Heartbreak Kid."

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Visions of Eight" and "Traffic."

Beacon, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through Nov. 13: "Billy Jack."
From Nov. 14: "Last Tango in Paris" and "Take the Money and Run."

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 11: "A Touch of Class."
Nov. 12-13: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 14: "Mary Poppins" and "Snowball Express."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 11: "Pygmalion" and "Citizen Kane."
Nov. 12-14: The American Film Theatre (subscription only): "The Homecoming."
From Nov. 15: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Nov. 13: "The Valachi Papers" and "Shamus."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through Nov. 13: "Last Tango in Paris" and "The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight."
From Nov. 14: To be announced.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
"The Inheritor."

Note: A few specialist film houses—**THE THOUSAND EYES**, 425 W. 43rd. (541-5282): Postwar Westerns. Daily except Wednesdays starting at six, sometimes at two. . . . **FILM FORUM**, 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Fridays through Sundays. . . . **PAGODA**, 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

The All-American Boy—The only movie on record in which you can watch boxers working out in a gym while you hear a Gregorian chant. This movie was on the shelf for a few years and has been taken down by mistake. It stars Jon Voight, looking very puffy, and it was written and directed by Charles Eastman. (Baronet.)

The American Film Theatre—The second presentation in this by-subscription-only series will be Harold Pinter's "The Homecoming," with Cyril Cusack, Ian Holm, Michael Jayston, Vivien Merchant, Terence Rigby, and Paul Rogers, directed by Peter Hall. The film will be shown on Nov. 12 and 13 only, at 2 and 8, at the Art, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., U. A. East, Loews Ciné, Waverly, Greenwich, 23rd St. Cinema, Ziegfeld, Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; and Nov. 12-14, at 2 and 8, at the Ciné Malibu, Guild, and New Yorker. For information, call 489-8820.

American Graffiti—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes

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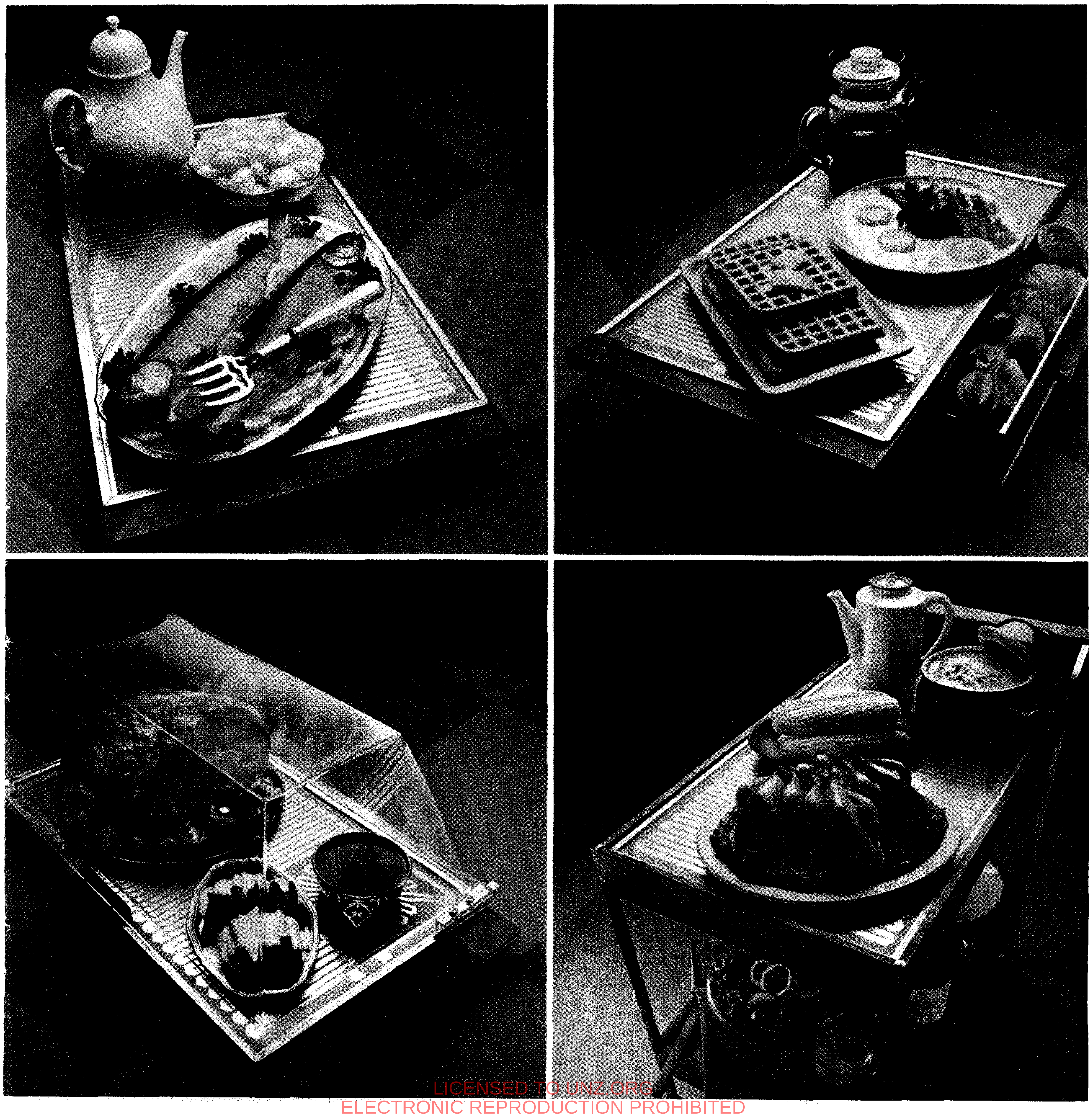

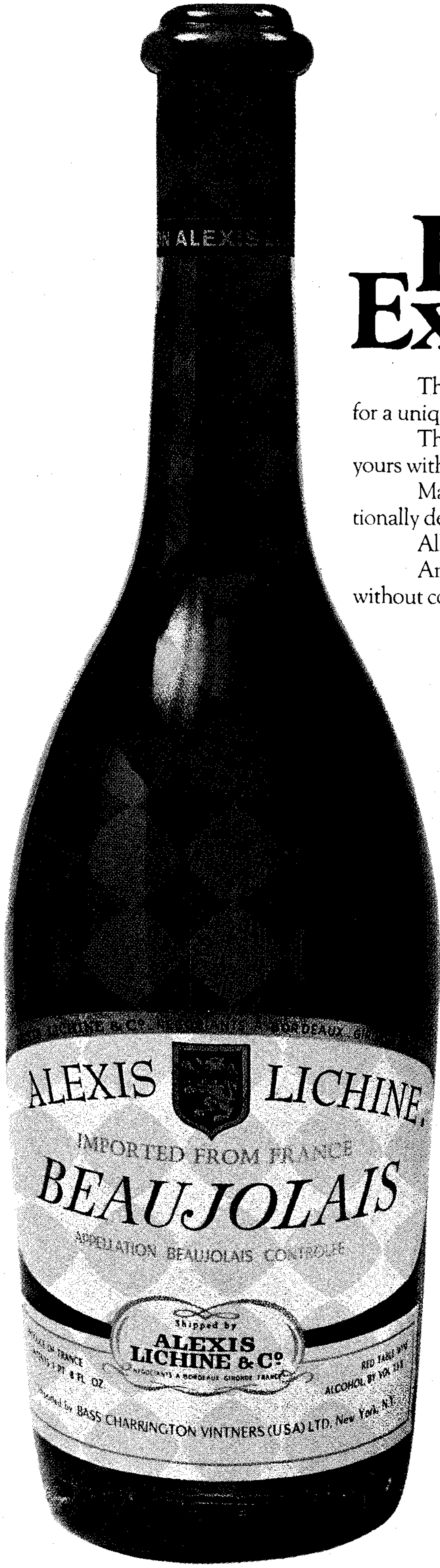
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Beekman.)

An American in Paris (1951)—The Academy Award-winning musical, directed by Vincente Minnelli, about a romance between an American painter (Gene Kelly) and a French girl (Leslie Caron). Too fancy and overblown (there's a ballet with scenes in the styles of Dufy, Renoir, Utrillo, Rousseau, van Gogh, and Toulouse-Lautrec), but the principal performers are in fine form and the Gershwin music keeps everything good-spirited. Georges Guétary sings a super-elegant version of "I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise." With Nina Foch as a rich, decadent American, and Oscar Levant thumping away happily on the piano. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9-11.)

At the Circus (1939)—The Marx Brothers. They do get to fire Margaret Dumont out of a cannon, but it's all fairly ponderous. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 15.)

The Balcony (1963)—Jean Genet's dark comedy, erratically directed by Joseph Strick from a screenplay by Ben Maddow. With Shelley Winters (miscast), Jeff Corey, Peter Falk, Lee Grant, and Kent Smith. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 8.)

Bang the Drum Slowly—A fictional story with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Cinema II.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic that stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

Billy Jack (1971)—A fascinating, mixed-up movie, made by Tom Laughlin and his wife, Delores Taylor. They star in it, he as Billy Jack, a half-breed who is also half man of action, half mystic, and she as a pacifist Southwestern woman who runs an experimental "freedom school." There's a sweet, naive feeling to the movie even when it's violent and melodramatic and atrocious, and when it's good it's good in an unorthodox, improvisatory style. The picture has a special appeal to very young audiences, in part because Billy Jack uses his mystical powers on behalf of the young. (Trans-Lux 85th St., and 23rd St. Cinema; through Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Beacon; through Nov. 13.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11-13.)

Casablanca (1942)—Humphrey Bogart as Rick, the most famous saloonkeeper in screen history, and Ingrid Bergman as the love of his life. Dooley Wilson sings "As Time Goes By" while an international parade of actors gets in and out of scrapes. Not really a very good movie but wonderful romantic fun. Michael Curtiz directed. (Elgin; starting Nov. 14.)

Charley Varrick—With Walter Matthau and Joe Don Baker, directed by Don Siegel. (Loews Orpheum; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; starting Nov. 14.)

Cisco Pike (1972)—With Gene Hackman, Karen Black, and Kris Kristofferson; directed by Bill L. Norton. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

Citizen Kane (1941)—The Orson Welles film is generally considered the greatest American film of the sound period, and it's more fun than any other great movie. Based on the life of William Randolph Hearst, it is an exuberant, muckraking attack on an archetypal economic baron. With Welles, of course, and Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane. (New Yorker; through Nov. 11.)

A Clockwork Orange (1971)—Cold and repellent. Stanley Kubrick's film might be the work of a strict and exacting German professor who set out to make a porno-violent sci-fi comedy. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting Nov. 9.)

The Confession (1970)—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12-13.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12-13.)

Cul-de-Sac (1966)—A slapstick comedy of horrors about an ugly, bald, whimpering, middle-aged homosexual (Donald Pleasence) whose beautiful young French wife (Françoise Dorléac) dresses him up in her nighties. This strange form of connubial bliss is interrupted by an American gangster (old gravel-voiced Lionel Stander himself). Roman Polanski directed this freak show. (Elgin; Nov. 11-12.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning-after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The cast includes Margaret Dumont, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Allan Jones; the teen-age Dorothy Dandridge may be glimpsed among the kids in the "All God's Chillun Got Rhythm" number. Sam Wood directed. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Nov. 15.)

Day for Night—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately conventional in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Day of the Jackal—Fred Zinnemann directs a story about the attempted assassination of de Gaulle by a hireling of the O.A.S. (Edward Fox, looking blond and bland). Some of the high-level talk by cabinet ministers is hilariously and unreally sedate but probably exact. The original novel was by Frederick Forsyth, the screenplay by Kenneth Ross. The disguises are brilliant. (Art. No performances on Nov. 12-13.)

Delicious (1931)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a Fox musical with Ira and George Gershwin songs (not enough of them). David Butler directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-13.)

A Doll's House—Ibsen's play, sensibly adapted by Christopher Hampton without leaning on the women's-lib aspects of the play, which are built in, anyway. Directed by Patrick Garland. Claire Bloom is a ravishingly pretty Nora, taking shelter in the humiliating wheedles and flirtatiousness that finally make her slam the door on husband, children, and the Victorian ideal of femininity. Anthony Hopkins is her aptly torpid husband; Denholm Elliott is Krogstad, wearing pince-nez and mittens. He is a marvellous actor, and this is a memorable study in the savagery of weaklings. (72nd Street East; starting Nov. 14.)

The Don Is Dead—With Anthony Quinn, directed by Richard Fleischer. (U. A. East; starting Nov. 14.)

Don Quixote—The Petipa ballet to the music of Minkus, staged by and starring Rudolf Nureyev, with Robert Helpmann as the Don and with dancers of the Australian Ballet. It has the cushioned impact of all ballets filmed in studios, and its air of unreality may make you drowsy, but Nureyev, aided by the multiple takes that this process makes possible, disports himself with inhuman zest, and the bewitching Marilyn Rowe appears in two of the featured roles. (Festival.)

England Made Me—From a novel by Graham Greene, with Peter Finch, Michael York, and Hildegard Neil. Directed by Peter Duffell. (Paris; starting Nov. 11.)

Executive Action—With Burt Lancaster, Robert Ryan, and Will Geer, directed by David Miller. (Coronet.)

Five on the Black Hand Side—With Clarice Taylor and Leonard Jackson, directed by Oscar Williams. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The French Conspiracy—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Jean Seberg, directed by Yves Boisset. In French. (Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse; starting Nov. 14.)

The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight (1971)—When farce isn't expertly played and directed, it becomes just stupid, and that's what happened to this Mafia farce, from the Jimmy Breslin book. Lionel Stander, Jo Van Fleet, and Jerry Orbach are among the clownish crooks; molestable Leigh Taylor-Young and the talented young Robert De Niro are the romantic leads. Directed by James Goldstone. (Thalia; through Nov. 13.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's finest film in many years—a lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; Nov. 11-13.)

The Gay Divorcée (1934)—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" in 1933, but this was their first co-starring film. The plot is trivial French farce, but the dances are among the wittiest and the most lyrical expressions of American Romanticism on the screen. It may be ac-

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curate to say that no one who saw them do "The Continental" or watched the great, tense, seductive dance they perform to Cole Porter's "Night and Day" has ever quite forgotten "The Gay Divorcée"—even if he thinks he has. With Alice Brady, Edward Everett Horton, and Eric Blore; directed by Mark Sandrich. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 10.)

Get to Know Your Rabbit—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (Waverly; through Nov. 11.)

The Heartbreak Kid—One of the rare new comedies with a director's style and personality. Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dreamgirl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Cinema Studio.)

Heat (1972)—A slack, depressive Morrissey-Warhol version of "Sunset Boulevard," with Joe Dallesandro as a stud hustler and Sylvia Miles as the predatory star in the big mansion. It's meant to be a funny exploitation movie, but the comic moments are rare. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

Heavy Traffic—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about lives in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The sound track of the drawn sections of the semi-realistic film is an innovation, with dialogue spoken, muttered, and yelled by unseen people who are audibly in motion and acting whatever their cartoon selves are doing. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (East 59th Street II.)

The Householder (1963)—A romantic comedy about a college professor and his bride, with a special flavor because, although the language spoken is English, the young couple are Indian. With Shashi Kapoor and Leela Naidu. James Ivory directed, in India. (5th Ave. Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

The Hurricane (1937)—Handsome and exciting adventure film with some exteriors shot in Samoa, directed by John Ford; the tall-story corn seems to enhance this particular movie. Dorothy Lamour, in her sarong singing "Moon of Manakoora," is the native girl, and chesty Jon Hall is her sweetheart, who is unjustly sentenced to prison by a vicious European governor (Raymond Massey). With Mary Astor, Thomas Mitchell, Jerome Cowan, John Carradine, and C. Aubrey Smith. The hurricane itself is a knockout. Dudley Nichols did the screenplay, from a Nordhoff and Hall novel; Samuel Goldwyn produced, lavishly. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 14.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly—A documentary on the journalist, directed by Jerry Bruck, Jr. (First Avenue Screening Room; through Nov. 14.)

The Inheritor—There's so much going on in this talky French thriller—flashbacks and cross-cutting, plus gadgetry and split-second cityscapes—that you're never allowed any peace. It's a traffic jam of a movie. The director, Philippe Labro, has flash and expertise, but the story (centering on Jean-Paul Belmondo as the inheritor of steel factories and a weekly newsmagazine) is just a glamour fantasy, synthesized from the Bond pictures and the Costa-Gavras political melodramas. It's more exhausting than entertaining. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, and Midtown. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and 68th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 13.)

Is There Sex After Death? (1971)—Porno-spoof with the usual sex scenes and the usual sex jokes. And the usual fatigue sets in, because the scenes and jokes in films of this type are repetitive and interchangeable. However, this one has some funnier-than-usual skits involving Buck Henry, Jim Moran, and Marshall Efron. Written and directed by Jeanne and Alan Abel. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 13.)

The Italian Connection—With Henry Silva and Woody Strode, directed by Fernando Di Leo. (East 59th Street I, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

Jonathan Livingston Seagull—Based on the Richard Bach novel, directed by Hall Bartlett. (Sutton.)

The Last American Hero—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't just about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (72nd Street East; through Nov. 11.)

Last Tango in Paris—A movie that people will be arguing about for as long as there are movies. Bernardo Bertolucci and Marlon Brando have altered the face of an art form. In French and English. (5th Ave. Cinema, and Thalia; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Beacon; starting Nov. 14.)

The Long Goodbye—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. A movie about the city that made the movies and was made by them, it's probably the best American movie ever filmed that almost didn't open in New York. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (Trans-Lux East.)

Love Among the Millionaires (1930)—Clara Bow is "Pepper" the waitress, and Mitzi Green is her little sister; Skeets Gallagher and Stuart Erwin are both in love with Pepper, but she's in love with Stanley Smith, a railroad magnate's son, incognito. This happy nonsense from Paramount has a batch of songs (including "Don't Be a Meanie") and dialogue by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Theodore von Eltz is the sneaky villain; Frank Tuttle directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 11-13.)

Macbeth (1971)—Roman Polanski shows such literal horror that there is no horror left to imagine. He treats the play not as a great cautionary nightmare but as an illustration of how power normally changes hands. The handsome, intelligent, and well-acted production succeeds as vivid melodrama but reduces Shakespeare's meanings to something almost complacently lucid. (Elgin; through Nov. 10.)

The Maltese Falcon (1941)—The star is Humphrey Bogart, in his most exciting role, as Sam Spade, the private detective who is an ambiguous mixture of avarice and honor, sexuality and fear. This brilliant first film directed by John Huston is hard, precise, and economical—an almost perfect visual equivalent of the Dashiell Hammett thriller. Bogart is backed by an impeccably "right" cast: Sydney Greenstreet, Mary Astor, Peter Lorre, and Elisha Cook, Jr., as Wilmer. (Elgin; starting Nov. 14.)

Mary Poppins (1964)—Julie Andrews is Miss Poppins; Dick Van Dyke is her singing and dancing co-star. They don't try to out-act the animated talking pigs, laughing horses, and urbane turtles that Walt Disney, in his commercial wisdom, mingled with them. This cheery, picture-postcard version of the P. L. Travers stories was a great success with children, and with many parents, too. The cast includes Glynis Johns, David Tomlinson, Reginald Owen, and Arthur Treacher; Robert Stevenson directed. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 14.)

Massacre in Rome—With Richard Burton and Marcello Mastroianni, directed by George Pan Cosmatos. (86th St. East.)

Mean Streets—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese, who is thirty, has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. He suggests an American Buñuel steeped in Verdi. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (Cinema I.)

The Merchant of Four Seasons—With Irm Hermann, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Greenwich; starting Nov. 14.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy, and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 14.)

The New Land—At the end of "The Emigrants," the viewer wanted to go on and discover if the survivors of the mid-nineteenth-century emigration from Sweden found what they had hoped for. In this second half, the master director Jan Troell shows what happened to them in Minnesota. Together, the two halves offer the pleasures of a rich, overflowing epic novel. Troell has a ravening appetite; it almost seemed as if he loves nature so much that he wants to plunder it all; the viewer is the beneficiary. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann have never been better—that's saying a lot. With Eddie Axberg and Monica Zetterlund. In Swedish. (Little Carnegie.)

A New Leaf (1971)—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau?*) who must marry a fortune in six weeks and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Cinema Village.)

The Optimists—With Peter Sellers, directed by Anthony Simmons. (Music Hall: Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Guild; starting Nov. 15.)

The Paper Chase—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (Columbia I.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Pygmalion (1938)—First-rate romantic comedy, and certainly the best G. B. S. picture ever done. Wendy Hiller made her triumphant film début as Eliza, and Leslie Howard is in great form as that fatuous snob Higgins. With Wilfrid Lawson as Doolittle, and Marie Lohr as Mrs. Higgins. Shaw supervised, Gabriel Pascal produced, Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard directed, David Lean edited, Arthur Honegger did the score, and Harry Stradling shot it. (New Yorker; through Nov. 11.)

The Quiet Man (1952)—One of John Ford's most popular films—but fearfully Irish and green and hearty. John Wayne plays an American who returns to Ireland and courts a fiery beauty, Maureen O'Hara. In the best scene, after they break down their wedding bed, Barry Fitzgerald comes in and says something indecipherable that sounds like "positively Homeric." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 14.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Elgin; through Nov. 10.)

Robin Hood—An animated version from the Disney studios. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 8.)

Rosemary's Baby (1968)—Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon in a Gothic-gynecological horror film, some of it shot in the expensive brown depths of the Dakota, on Central Park West. Directed by Roman Polanski: funny, horrible, spiked with knowingness and thriller twinges. (Elgin; Nov. 11-12.)

Der Rosenkavalier (1963)—A Salzburg Festival performance, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Anneliese Rothenberger. (Paramount; through Nov. 8.)

Le Sex Shop—A French film written and directed by Claude Berri, with English subtitles, starring Berri as Claude, a disconsolate husband with an adored wife and two small children. He goes to work in a place called Le Sex Shop, which sells sex manuals, fetishists' gadgetry, and lovers' armory that looks like cart-horse harness. A funny picture about a man who is physically in love with his wife but haplessly goes along with the idea that progress in sex should keep up with the moon walk. (Cinema Village. . . . ¶ Ciné Malibu. No performances on Nov. 12-14.)

Shame (1968)—Ingmar Bergman's simple, masterly vision of normal war and what it does to survivors. Set a tiny step into the future, the film has the inevitability of a common dream. Liv Ullmann is superb in the demanding central role—one that calls for emotional involvements with her husband (Max von Sydow) and her lover (Gunnar Björnstrand). In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14-15.)

Shamus—With Burt Reynolds and Dyan Cannon, directed by Buzz Kulik. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Nov. 13.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9-11.)

Sleuth—At first, the elation of seeing Laurence Olivier in a big role is sufficient to give this Joseph L. Mankiewicz transcription of the Anthony Shaffer play (about an eccentric author of detective novels and his prey—Michael Caine) a high spirit, and Olivier seems to be having a ripsnorting old time. But the cleverness of Shaffer's excessive literacy wears down, and the stupid tricks the two characters play on each other keep grinding on. It's Olivier in the kind of material he outgrew more than thirty years ago. (Cinema Studio.)

Slither—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and off-beat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (Art. No performances on Nov. 12-13.)

Snowball Express—From the Disney studios, with Dean Jones and Nancy Olson. Directed by Norman Tokar. (Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 14.)

State of Siege—The new Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 10.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—With Joanne Woodward, Martin Balsam, and Sylvia Sidney, directed by Gilbert Cates. (Plaza.)

Swing Time (1936)—Rogers and Astaire at their peak as a team. The continuity is functional and uninspired, but the numbers are sublime ("The Way You Look Tonight," "Bojangles of Harlem," "A Fine Romance," "Pick Yourself Up," "Never Gonna Dance"). George Stevens directed; the songs are by Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern; and the cast includes Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, and Betty Furness. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 10.)

Take the Money and Run (1969)—Woody Allen as a sweetly incompetent gangster with gentle manners and an inability to write holdup notes that anyone can read. (Beacon; starting Nov. 14.)

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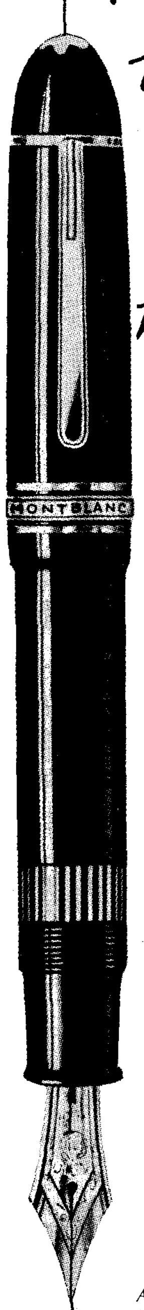

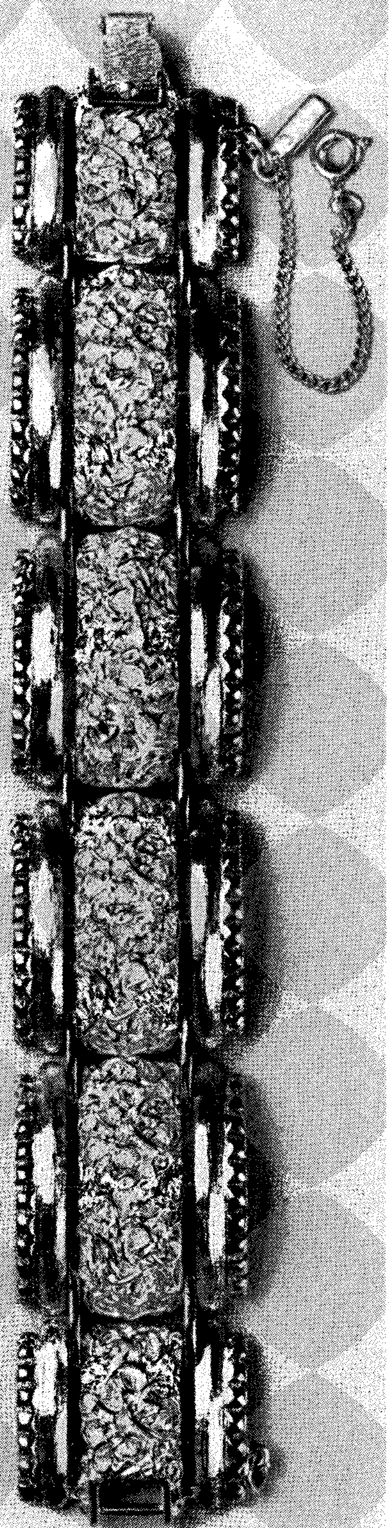

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Theatre of Blood—Vincent Price as a Donald Wolfitish actor taking a comically dastardly revenge on critics. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 14.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel. "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Elgin; Nov. 13.)

A Touch of Class—Directed by Melvin Frank, written by Mr. Frank and Jack Rose. Glenda Jackson is a young divorced English dress designer with a wit that flickers like an anteater's tongue and a capacity to be wounded that the film's muddled throwback to forties love-comedies doesn't manage to transmit. George Segal, showing a matching gift for sophisticated comedy, plays a flappy American. The girl here is prototypical Woman as seen by the Male Chauvinist Pig—brainy, too alert, de-manning—and the man in the film is the women's lib prototypical Man: expecting working women to do their jobs without talking about them and to get on with the cooking. Mild, muddled fun; interesting thesis material. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné, Greenwich, Guild, and Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 11.)

Traffic—M. Hulot is a car designer on his maundering way to an international automobile exposition in Amsterdam. Jacques Tati's new and rather precious film is fuzzy and only vaguely comic. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Guild; through Nov. 11.)

Triple Echo—With Glenda Jackson and Oliver Reed, directed by Michael Apted. (Juliet 1. . . . ¶ Playboy. No performances on Nov. 12-13.)

Ulysses (1967)—An act of homage to Joyce's novel that is reasonably successful in providing a surface map of the comings and goings in town and "Nighttown" but that lacks the sensuality of the novel's prose. Joyce gives us the drama within Stephen's consciousness; the Joseph Strick film stays on the outside, and so Leopold Bloom, who is easier to represent, takes over. With Maurice Roeves as Stephen, Milo O'Shea as Bloom, and Barbara Jefford as Molly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Nov. 8.)

The Valachi Papers (1972)—With Charles Bronson and Lino Ventura, directed by Terence Young. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Symphony; through Nov. 13.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Gramercy. No performances on Nov. 12-13.)

The Way We Were—Barbra Streisand as a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right and Robert Redford as a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but it's enjoyable the rest of the time. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; starting Nov. 14.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (23rd St. Cinema; starting Nov. 14.)

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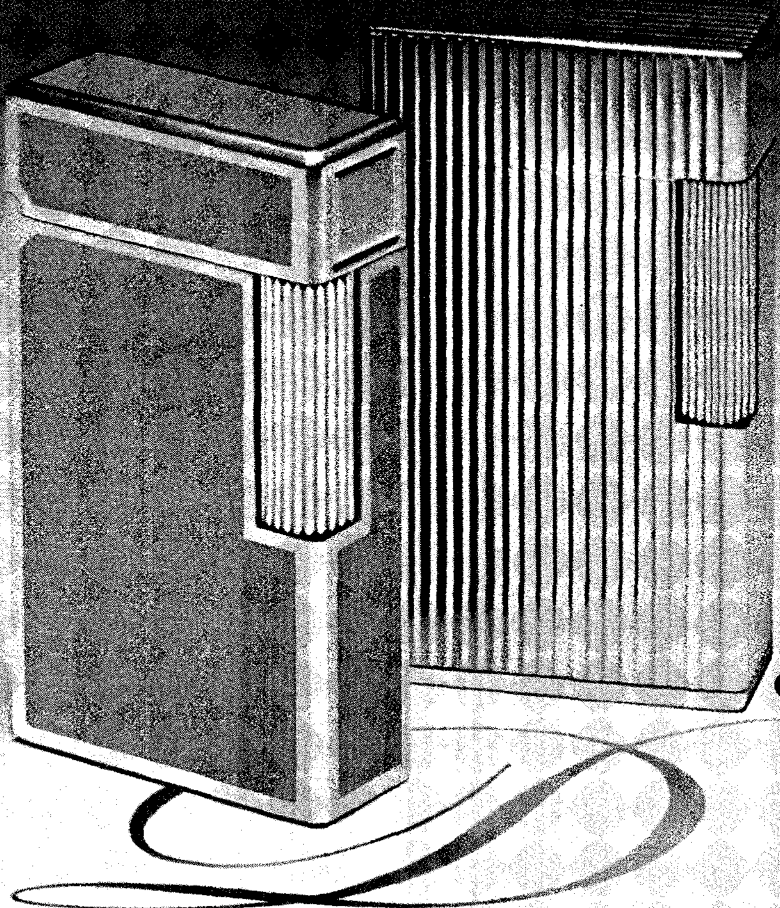

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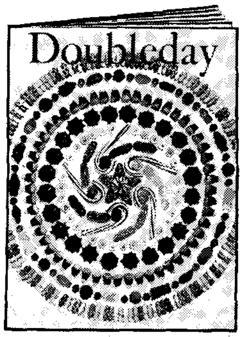

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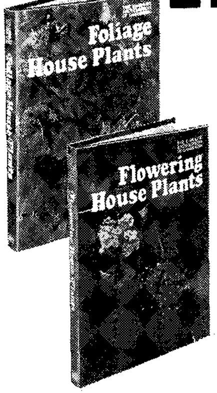

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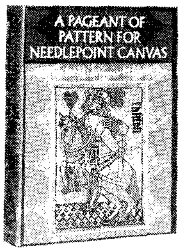

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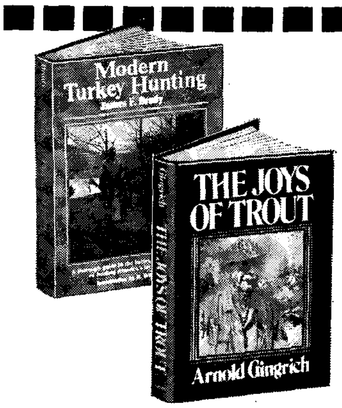

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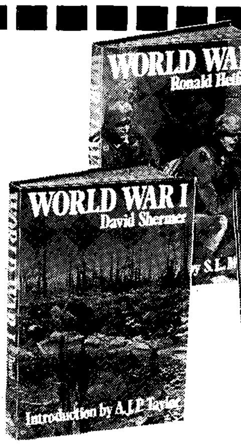

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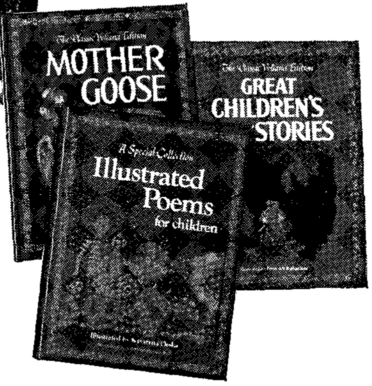

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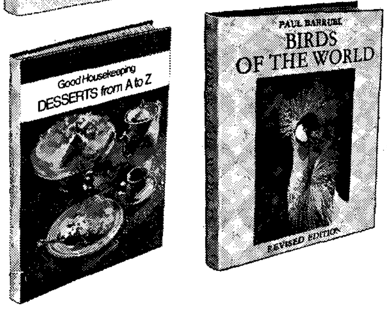

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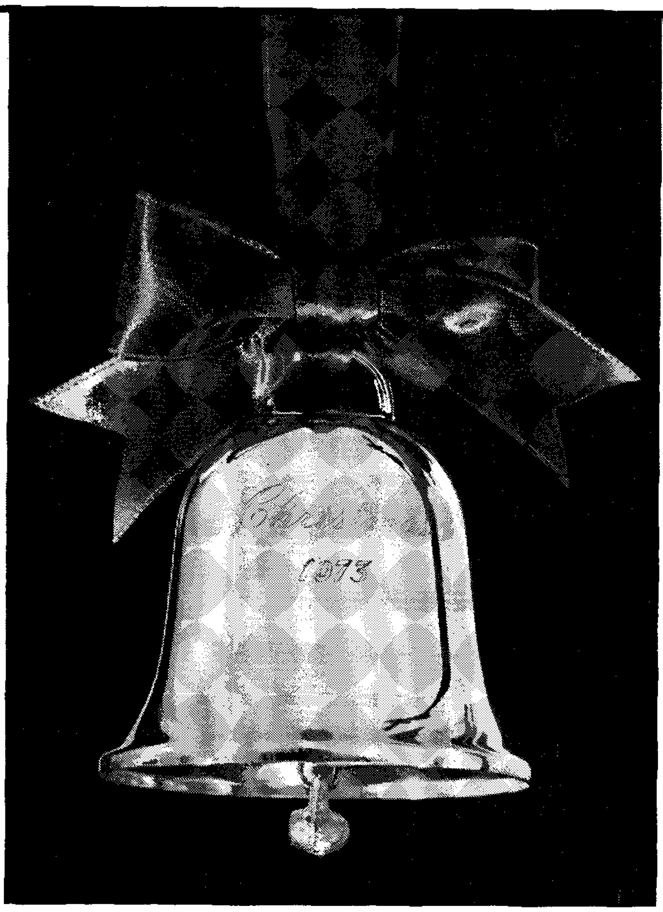

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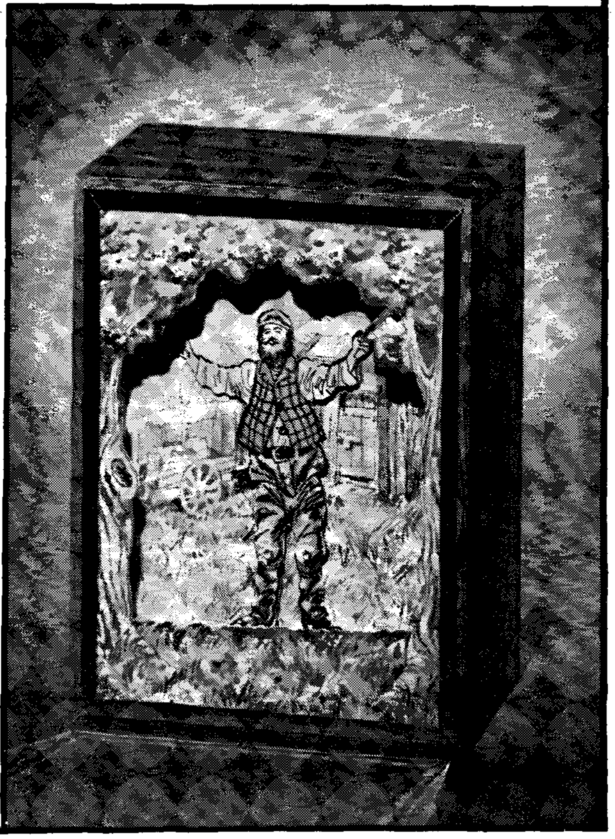

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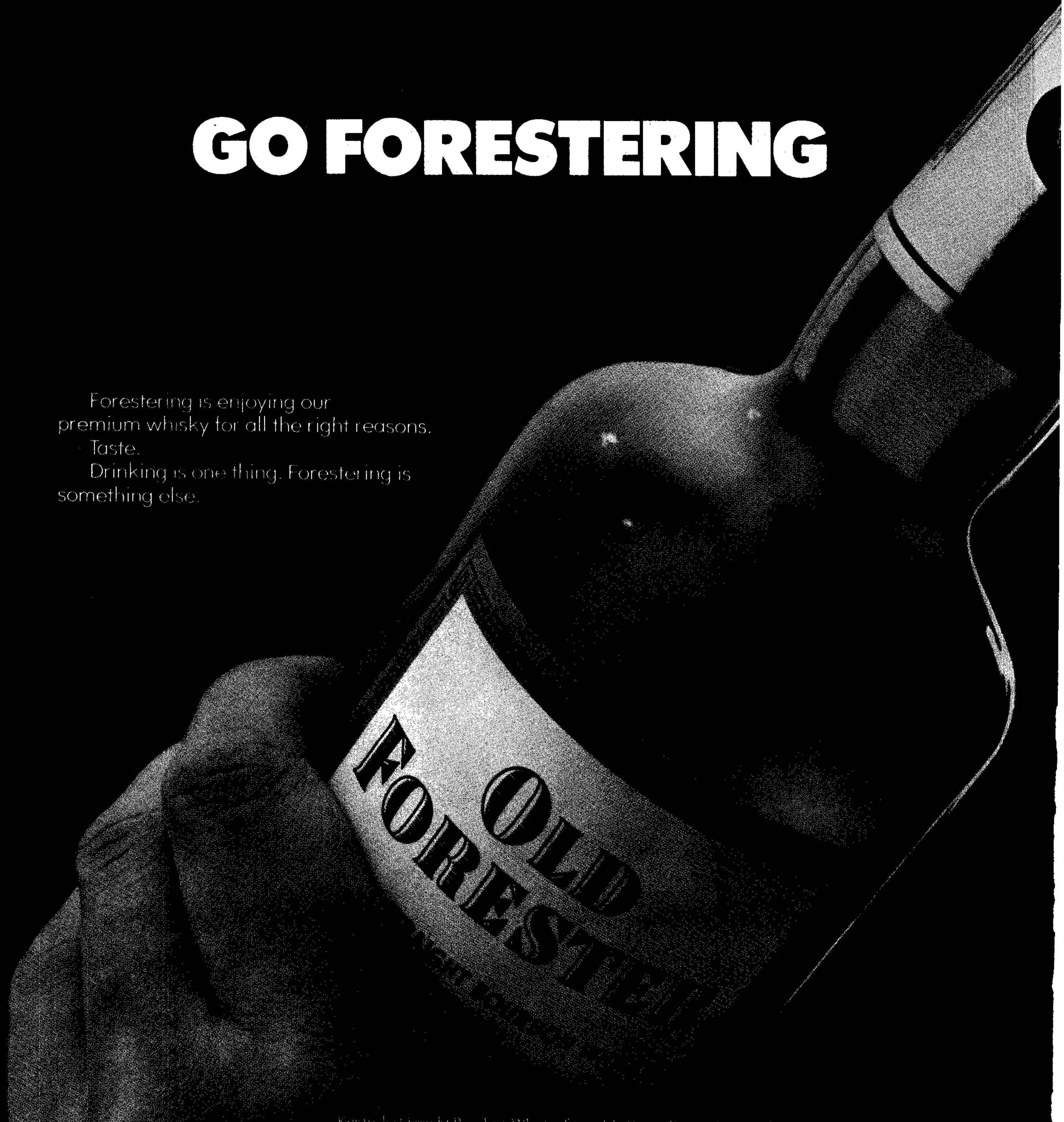

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How the war was lost but the wine was won

Long, long ago, when knights were bold and kingdoms were personal property, a 15-year-old girl named Eleanor was married to Louis VII, King of France. What she lacked in maturity she made up in her dowry. She was heiress to Aquitaine, an area equal to almost one-quarter of modern France. But even that didn't help, and the marriage was dissolved by the Pope in 1152.

Because she retained her property, Eleanor was very popular and she soon accepted the proposal of Henri Plantaganet, Duke of Anjou. Being a Plantaganet and a descendant of William the Conqueror, it came to pass that Henri became Henry II, King of England.

So, Eleanor, who had been Queen of France at 15, found herself Queen of England at 30. This marriage was successful to the tune of ten children, two of whom became kings. One was Richard the Lion Hearted, of Crusader fame. The other was King John and his best claim to fame was that he was forced to sign the Magna Carta.

Meanwhile, the proud French resented having so large a part of their country being held as personal property of a Queen of England. Especially since Eleanor's lands included the thriving seaport of Bordeaux and all the Bordeaux wine region as well.

Finally, after mulling it over for 100 years, the French started the Hundred Years War to get it back. In a last great battle at Castignon in 1453, the English were forced to leave the Continent . . . never to return.

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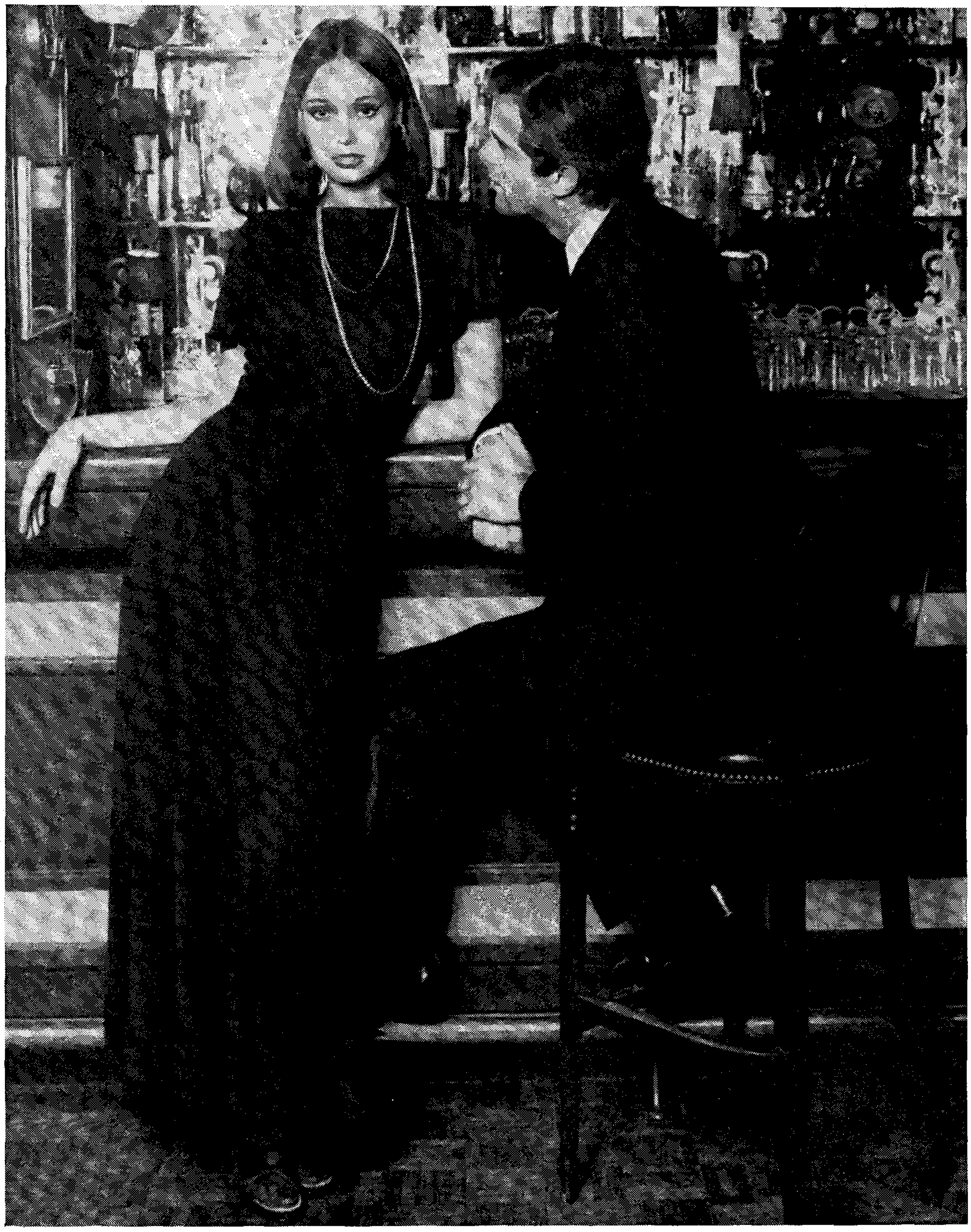

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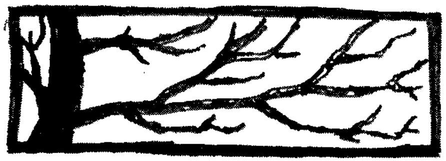
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SIXTEEN months ago, five men (in case anyone hasn't heard) were caught in the headquarters of the Democratic National Committee carrying wiretapping equipment. Whom could they have been working for? The country awaited evidence. In one man's pocket were consecutively numbered hundred-dollar bills that were soon traced to the Committee to Re-elect the President. In another man's pocket was a notebook that contained the entry "W. House." One of the men turned out to be the chief of security for the Committee. It became known that a Committee counsel had planned their action. Could it have been the Committee to Re-elect the President that the men were working for? The President said he thought not. The F.B.I. thought not. The Criminal Division of the Justice Department thought not. And the public thought not. Six months passed. The men were indicted and convicted. As far as the public knew, they had committed their crime for no reason and had been paid by nobody. Then, four months later, in what has turned out to be one of the great understatements of world history, the President announced "major developments" in the case. Soon it became apparent that the men *had* been working for the Committee. And that the entire top echelon of the President's staff for domestic affairs as well as most of the top people in the Committee to Re-elect the President had been busy for most of a year trying to conceal this fact. But had the President known of the coverup? The public awaited further evidence. And soon it came. The President's former legal counsel reported that the President had known. The former acting director of the F.B.I. told of warning the President about the possible implication of White House aides. The deputy director of the C.I.A. reported that he had been ordered in the President's name to call the F.B.I. off the evidentiary trail. The President's campaign director said that the President had never asked him what was going on. At the same time, a mountain of other dismaying information was piling up. The public learned of the sabotage of Presidential election campaigns, of the secret, Presidentially approved Tom Charles Huston plan for an illegal domestic espionage agency controlled by the White House, of the secret use of the United States Air Force in Cambodia, of public money poured into the President's private property, of extortion and influence-peddling on a grand scale, of politically inspired prosecutions and politically inspired reprieves. And while all this evidence about what the White House had done in the past was coming out, the White House went to pieces before the public's eyes. The White House staff was scattered to the four winds. The Cabinet was thrown into disarray as its members rushed from post to post. The Vice-President fell. And now the special prosecutor on whom the nation's last hopes for justice rested has been fired; the Justice Department has lost its Attorney General and its Deputy Attorney General; and millions of people at home and abroad believe that when the President called a nuclear alert he was toying with the survival of mankind in order to protect his own survival in office. Again, the public awaits more evidence. We find ourselves in an atmosphere that has no precedent. In broad outline and in fine detail, the portrait of misrule is complete. Yet many of us still decline to "prejudge" the situation. The very fact that for sixteen months we have failed to judge the situation and to take corrective measures has come to seem like evidence that nothing is seriously wrong—for if we are in serious trouble, why have we not acted to save ourselves? Meanwhile, the national life turns to farce. A second-rate detective story—that of the tapes—installs itself at the heart of our national affairs. It is as if, unwilling to take measures ourselves, we had turned our fate over to a tape recorder. Our tragedies repeat themselves to the point of absurdity. (The man now on his way to Capitol Hill for confirmation as Attorney General would be—if we count Acting Attorneys General—our sixth in two years.) But, even with talk of resignation in the air, many of us avert our eyes from all this and go on searching for evidence—evidence that can only prove for the thousandth time what we already know. Hypnotized by investigations, we have not, as a people, found the will to press for a resolution. Even in our extremity, we wait, it seems, for evidence that is more than evidence, as if some final memo or tape from the White House could free us of our obligations, and make for us the solemn decision we must now make for ourselves.



CONGRESS almost never does the right thing, and when it does the right thing it almost always does it at the wrong time or for the wrong reason. Although eight Vice-Presidents have succeeded to the Presidency, Congress continues to view the second-highest office in the nation as merely a ceremonial post—recently adding the requirement that its occupant not be indictable. And although it seems to be widely believed in Congress that Gerald R. Ford, the Minority Leader in the House of Representatives, is not qualified to serve as President, his nomination to be Vice-President under a severely, and perhaps mortally, weakened President was widely praised by members of both legislative bodies; indeed, despite advance reports that President Nixon had no intention of listening to the advice of Congress—any more than he had in the past—when he solicited suggestions from its Republican members about whom he should nominate to succeed Agnew, he may actually have listened this time, for Ford was the overwhelming choice in the House, where he is best known. At the same time, however, Congress determined to have a long, hard look at the nominee before confirming him, to make certain that he was "clean," and would not subject the nation to the humiliation of a scandal like the one that led Vice-President Agnew to resign. But then, after the "firestorm" of public demands for President Nixon's impeachment swept across Capitol Hill a few days after he submitted Ford's nomination there, Congress was suddenly overcome by an urgent desire to confirm at once as Vice-President the man who it felt was unqualified to be President, so that he could succeed to the Presidency.

In political terms, as opposed to the best interests of the nation—which are rarely the same—Mr. Nixon's choice of Ford was probably inevitable: Ford would be readily confirmed, without the kind of political warfare that would follow the nomination of John Connally or, for that matter, Nelson Rockefeller or Ronald Reagan; members of the President's party in the House, who resented his failure to support them either financially or politically in the 1972 campaign, when he had an endless supply of both political money and political clout, would be mollified by his turning to them for a recommendation and won over to his side if he took it; Ford would, as one member put it, "serve the White House like Agnew without the spleen;" Ford would be adequate to the Vice-Presidency but would not inspire Congress to consider putting him in Mr. Nixon's chair; if any impeachment move should arise, Ford would be sufficiently aware of his limitations and of his debt to the President to ward off such an attempt by appealing to the scores of members of the House who were beholden to Ford; and, finally, Ford would not be a threat to any of the multitude of Republican governors and senators who see a President whenever they look in a mirror. All these advantages, of course, applied to Ford as nominee for Vice-President, not as successor to the President. But now that he has been nominated for the second-highest post and acclaimed by his colleagues, they are unwilling to admit by refusing to confirm him how little they think either of that post or of Ford as holder of the highest post, even though every day brings Mr. Nixon closer to resignation or impeachment. And, naturally, Mr. Nixon is not going to withdraw the nomination and present Congress with a nominee who would be highly qualified, and thus likely, to replace him. In short, we may be facing the gravest crisis in the history of the United States, but still everyone in Washington seems to be thinking more about politics as usual than about the good of the nation, and unless another firestorm—this one opposing Ford's nomination—arises, which is so remote a possibility that it is virtually nonexistent, Mr. Ford will probably be President of the United States within a matter of weeks or months.

If Ford becomes President, he will have a constituency not of two hundred million people but of five hundred and thirty-five people—the members of Congress who put him in office. And the failure of Congress to provide any guidance to the nation during the five years that President Nixon usurped *all* the power that he could usurp and corrupted *all* the public institutions that he could corrupt, or to try to stop him as he obviously set out to destroy this nation's precious system of checks and balances, does not inspire much confidence in Congress as a safeguard against attempts by some ruthless future President to undermine the Republic. "My colleagues in the House are not representatives of the people, they are mailweighers," a man who has served in Congress for fifteen years said the other day. "It has been clear for months now that Nixon should be impeached, or at least seriously threatened with impeachment, to stop him from pursuing his mad dictatorial course. But there was hardly any support here for impeachment until the voters *forced* us to consider the public interest." No one in Congress expects the public to similarly demand that it reject Ford's nomination and insist on a nominee who would have the confidence both of the members of Congress and of the voters. And no one in Congress or out expects Congress to act in the public interest without such a public demand. In other words, a new President is consciously being chosen by Congress, without any role in that choice being given to the people and without any attempt by Congress to devise a means of letting the people share in the decision about who is to be their leader. Instead, Congress will more or less automatically approve the choice that the most discredited President in the nation's history made after he was discredited. And, finally, the standards by which that choice will be judged are the standards by which Congress assesses its own members—namely, Is he honest? Is he clean?—rather than the standards of character, strength, and philosophy that the voters test candidates by when they choose a President.

Congressman Ford

LAST week, we went down to Washington on the first day of the confirmation hearings on the nomination of Congressman Ford to be Vice-President, and talked with a number of people who have worked with him or have watched him at work over the years. Our first stop was at the Rayburn House Office Building, on Capitol Hill, where we had arranged to see Richard Bolling, who has served as a Democratic representative from Missouri since 1949, the year Ford arrived in the House as a Republican from Michigan. "Jerry Ford got into politics, and he became a congressman and has never wanted to be anything else," Bolling said. "His goal was the goal of most old-line Republican congressmen from the Midwest and Democrats from the South—simply to stay in the House. The liberals here have never had that simple a goal. They're always reaching out for something besides what they're supposed to be doing, and, as a result, they have never been as effective. In that context, I'm one of Ford's great admirers, and, despite our many differences in outlook, which are especially deep on all domestic matters, I have had a close professional relationship with him over the years. Jerry is not the standard political hack that some people here claim. He takes some risks, he has an adequate mind, and he is able to grasp the nation's problems. Also, I think he's clean, which right now is the most important thing. While he hasn't the brilliance or the depth of a man like our Speaker, Carl Albert, he is steady, capable, able to see the other fellow's view, and willing to compromise. Maybe he is a plodder, as some people here say, but right now the advantages of having a plodder in the Presidency are enormous. God knows, we don't need another devious, divisive manipulator. Anyone who has studied Ford's job and seen his success at it could not conclude that he's a mediocrity. From where I sit, I'd say that Ford is a hell of a good public servant. I think that as President he would plow ahead and come up with reasonable compromises on our problems after wide consultation and careful thought."

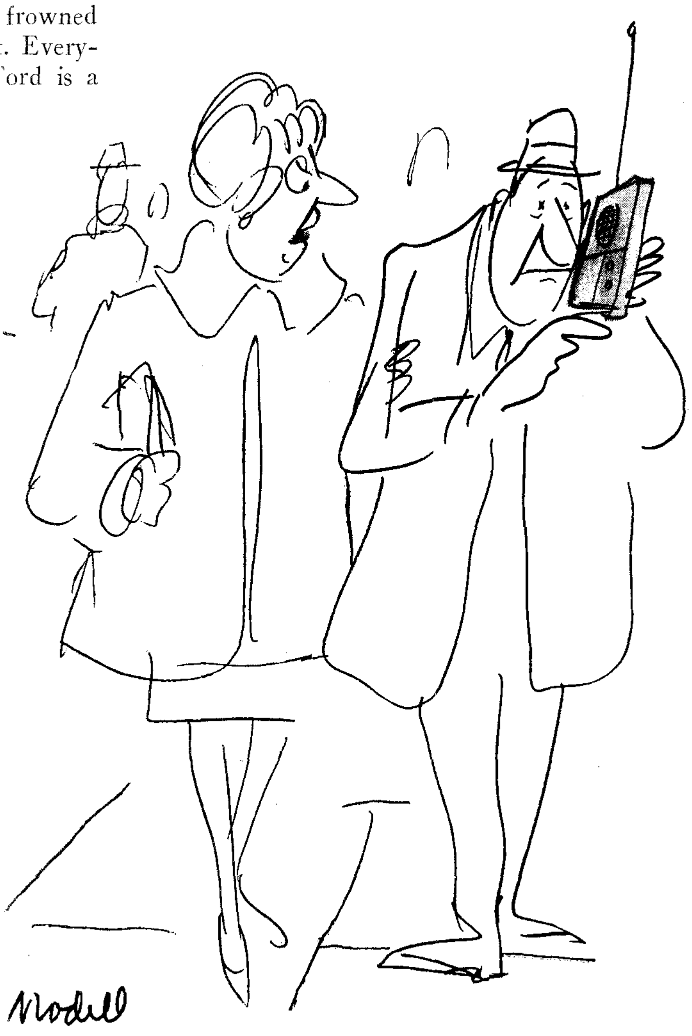
Leaving the Rayburn Building, we made our way to the nearby office of a labor lobbyist who has worked on the Hill for many years. After he had elicited a promise from us that his identity would be concealed, so that he could continue to work at his trade, we mentioned Bolling's enthusiastic endorsement of Ford. The man smiled, and said, "Of course, Bolling is very, very close to Carl Albert, and wants to do his bidding. Albert is scared silly that the Presidency might land on him, so he wants to see Ford's nomination confirmed as soon as possible."

We asked the lobbyist what he thought about Ford, and he replied, "Jerry is quiet-spoken—he's rather a sweet person, actually—but he's a bumbler. He has very poor judgment, no grasp of the nation's problems, and not the faintest idea of where we are going. Also, his record is appalling. According to the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s tabulation, he voted wrong—that is, against the workingman's interests—ninety-four per cent of the time through last year. Only two other members of the House had a more anti-labor record. He follows Nixon blindly, and mouths the same clichés. For instance, Ford will rant on about quality education, like Nixon, and then will quietly try to gut education bills on Nixon's orders."

We asked if it wasn't Ford's duty as Minority Leader to carry out his President's policies, and the lobbyist frowned and said, "Only up to a point. Everyone is fond of saying that Ford is a man of integrity. Well, a man of integrity can't be a mere water carrier for the team. Take Congressman John Anderson, of Illinois, who is the leader of the House Republican Conference, and who probably stands more squarely for true Republicanism than any other man in the House. Well, he stood up to the President on Cambodia, and was called a traitor to the Party. On the other hand, he led the fight for the Administration's proposal that the highway trust fund be opened up to let some of those billions be used for mass transit—which was one of the few decent positions this Administration has taken on domestic matters. He got no credit for that. And Ford, who opposed the Administration, for the first time, on the trust-fund issue—because he's from the automobile state—and led the fight against it, wasn't blamed at all. Apparently, it's all right to break with the Administration where your constituents are concerned, but if you break with it because your conscience is concerned, you're a traitor."

A couple of minutes later, we got on the subject of what might be expected of Ford if he succeeded to the Presidency, and the lobbyist said, "He will probably reverse Nixon's foreign policy and break off the move toward a détente. When Ford says, as he does, that he's a 'dyed-in-the-wool internationalist,' he means that he's a dedicated Cold Warrior. Last week, during the House Republican caucus, members were discussing the need for an independent special prosecutor and the need to make the tapes available not just to the court and the grand jury but to the public as well. Suddenly, Ford jumped up and charged in, talking about how vital it was to sustain President Nixon's veto of the war-powers-limitation bill. That was pure stupid water-carrying, because the Party is split one for one on that issue, so he antagonized half the members. It also hurt him with the Judiciary Committee, which will hold his confirmation hearings in the House, because it has become increasingly worried and sensitive about the rights and independence of Congress. All in all, he couldn't have shown worse judgment politically." Returning to what Ford might do as President, the man said, "On the domestic front, Ford would probably continue Nixon's policies, so in terms of economics, social programs, unemployment, and so on, we'd continue to flounder in the mess we have now."

In the course of the day, we visited a number of Republican congressmen, and they stated, for the record, that Ford was "decent," "never vindictive," "accessible," "a sort of gentle person," "honest," "calm," "not one to polarize people," "fair," "effective," "hard-working," and "a very nice, sometimes even warm, fellow." But some of the same people described him, off the record, as "unimaginative," "a doctrinaire conservative," "an unwavering partisan," and "essentially such a negative person that he is simply more comfortable voting no rather than yea." One of them, speaking off the record, said, "Jerry is basically a decent man. He tries to be a good, moderate human being—he exercises every day, he's nice to his wife and kids, he doesn't do anything extreme. But he is not an adventurous man. Within limits, a President should be intellectually adventurous. If he's not open to new ideas, new concepts, he may be unable to grasp the influences that are moving and shaping the country, and get left behind." Another member of Congress, also speaking off the record, observed, "I see no evidence that Ford really understands the damage that Nixon has done to the country. Nixon was determined to make the executive No. 1, and to suppress the two other branches, in a way that has never been attempted before in this country. I'm sure that Ford wouldn't consciously carry on that attempt, but I see no sign that he would try to make amends for what Nixon has done, or try to repair the damage. For instance, the best thing he could do as President would be to appoint a moderate Democrat—say, someone like Mike Mansfield—as Vice-President, in order to create a coalition and bring the nation back together after



"Why can't you wait for the six-o'clock news, like everybody else?"

the terrible time we've had. But Ford is too much a partisan and too shortsighted for that. He would probably listen to leaders of the Party, who would convince him that he had to build up a new candidate for 1976 through the Vice-Presidency. In sum, I'm afraid that Ford simply is not a very thoughtful man."

One senior and leading member of the Republican Party in the House who spoke to us about whether Ford would be a suitable Vice-President said, "I think he would be very good at it—at attending rubber-chicken dinners, spouting clichés for the Party faithful, cutting ribbons at opening ceremonies, shaking hands in reception lines." We asked how he felt about Ford's being President, and he answered, "He doesn't have the stature." We pressed him for his reasons for this judgment, and, after a few moments' thought, he said, "Ford never became at all effective as a leader until he had someone to follow—that is, until Nixon became President. Before that, when Ford was Minority Leader and, as such, one of the Party's foremost spokesmen, he had nothing to offer except blind opposition, without focus or pattern. That is the best indication of what he would be like as the nation's leader."

We arrived at the hearing room being used by the Senate Committee on Rules and Administration for Representative Ford's confirmation hearings just as he said, "President Eisenhower had a very simple rule—I have never heard of a better one for people in public office who have to make decisions: Get all the facts and all the good counsel you can, and then do what's best for America." A middle-aged woman sitting behind us said to a companion, "But doesn't everyone think they're doing what's best for the country?" We listened to the rest of Ford's statement and to some of the senators' questions and his answers, and then went off to keep an appointment that we had with a Republican senator—Charles McC. Mathias, Jr., of Maryland—who had served in the House with Ford, to get his opinion of his colleague.

"One must appreciate the terribly limited arena provided by the Republican Party in the House," Senator Mathias told us. "Take the Party breakdown on a variety of votes, and you'll see how terribly conservative the Republican Party there is. There will be twenty-five liberals and moderates on one side, a handful of extreme right-wingers on the other side, and a hundred and fifty or sixty conservatives in the middle. To hold any position as leader, you have to be within the parameters of the bulk of the membership. These parameters have limited Ford's ability to operate as freely as people often do when they come on the national scene and face the kinds of problems that exist beyond their narrow primary experience. Another limiting factor, Jerry once told me, was that in his home town he was viewed as too liberal. So he was restricted both by the members of the House and by his constituency. The question he faced was: Do you live in the world or do you try to change it?"

A little later, we got onto the question of what Ford would be like as President, and Senator Mathias thought for a minute and then said, "The greatest thing to Jerry's advantage in that office would be that he has always been willing to work with associates and colleagues. This is a tremendous safety valve—as long as the people he gathered around him were sound. The greatest trouble we have now is that President Nixon is so isolated from reality, and I can't see Ford being like that. But the basic question, in my view, is whether Ford understands what has happened under Nixon. I don't know the answer to that. If he does, and if he is a good man, as I think he is, and if he is strong enough to make the troublemakers go lie down, he would do as President."

• •

Joseph Rauh, the driving force behind Americans for Democratic Action and one of the heads of the Leadership Conference on Civil Rights, told us over lunch, "The worst thing about Gerald Ford is his record on civil rights. He is the perfect modern example of a 'doughface'—the word used before the Civil War to describe a Northerner with Southern sympathies. Here he is, a man who didn't have to fight blacks but fought them. What is a white man from Grand Rapids, Michigan, doing when he tries to stop a black man in Mississippi from voting?"

In the House, Rauh's question was answered by a senior Republican member, who explained to us, "Ford's lifelong dream, as he has said, was to be Speaker of the House. He figured that if he could persuade enough Democrats from the South to come over to the Republican Party, he would create a majority and might become Speaker." Ford became Minority Leader in January, 1965, and since that time he has voted, in one way or another, to gut almost every civil-rights bill that has come before the House. According to another prominent Republican there, his anti-civil-rights voting record can also be attributed to a deal he made with the conservative coalition in the House in order to get the necessary votes to become Minority Leader.

Toward the end of the day, we stopped in to see Congressman Donald W. Riegle, Jr., a young man from Flint, Michigan, who was elected and three times reëlected as a Republican, and who switched to the Democratic Party this year in part because of his feelings about President Nixon's policies on the war in Vietnam. "A couple of times, Jerry went out of his way as Party leader to defend me against charges that I was disloyal and a threat to the Party," he told us. "He said that what I was doing was within Republican bounds. I supported Pete McCloskey in his primary fight in New Hampshire against the President, and three weeks before the election there Jerry came to Flint and endorsed me and said a lot of nice things about me publicly. It was a very awkward position for him, and he could have got out of it, but he didn't. He was very decent. My opinion of him is probably higher than most people's, because I've had a close political relationship with him, and I've had a chance to see a part of Jerry Ford that others haven't had a chance to see. Underneath it all, he's really a human being. He has the kind of sensitivity that gives him a potential for growth. He can grow in terms of national leadership because he's a human being. That's very important at this particular time. Of course, to take him out of the narrow, conservative group of Republicans that he has been used to dealing with and drop him into a broad national constituency of various persuasions would be such a stunning change that none of us would know what to expect. The whole question of whether Jerry Ford can change from being a partisan battering ram to being a national conciliator can be answered only by his taking on the job. For myself, I know that if I could trade Nixon for Ford, I would do it in an instant."

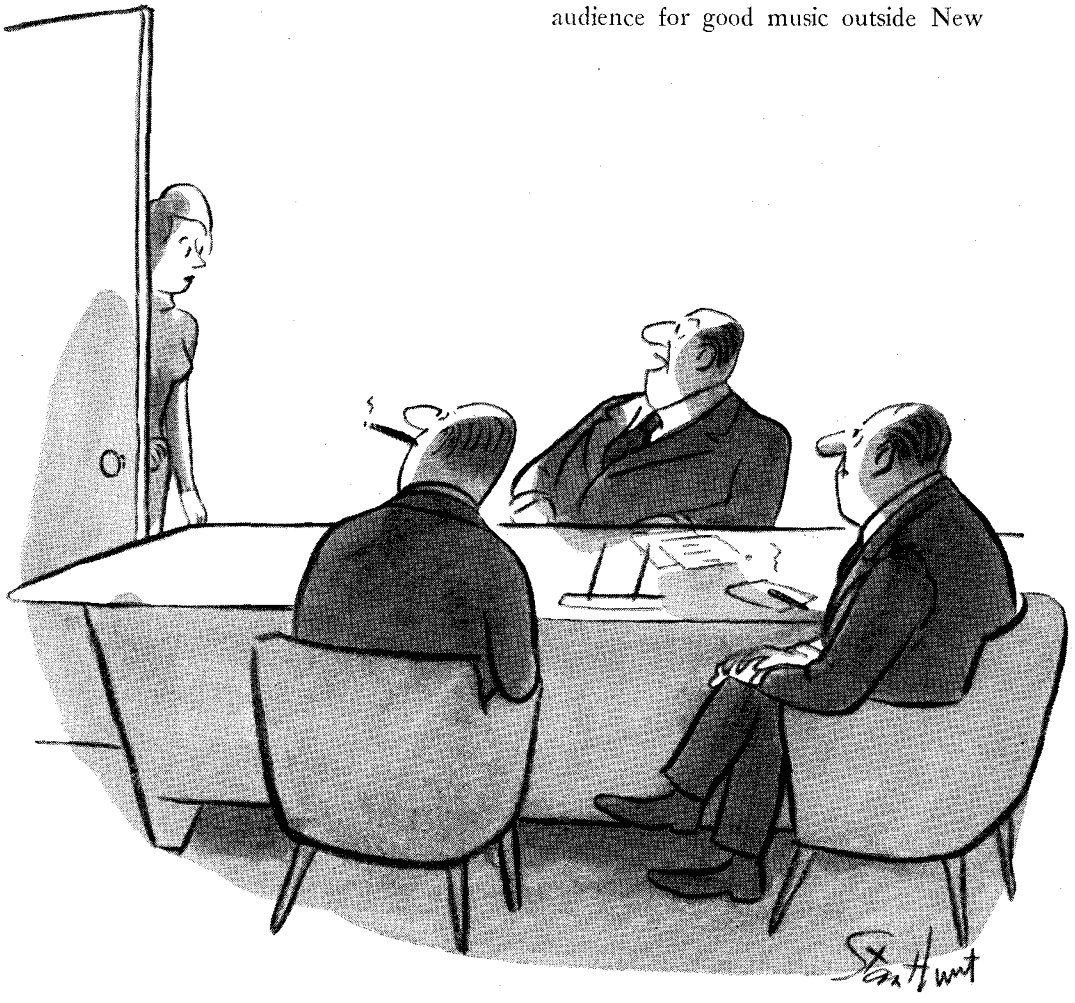
Two Gatherings

THE City Center celebrated its thirtieth birthday last week with a star-studded, sold-out Gala, in its original Fifty-fifth Street home, which began in the middle of one of the worst northeasters to hit the city in years, and we were there. As we struggled out of our damp coat shortly after the show started, our neighbor whispered that the program could best be described as *very* high-class vaudeville. The evening progressed cheerfully, and the hits (for us, anyway) turned out to be Shirley Verrett, the brilliant black mezzo-soprano, who tore into Rossini's "Una Voce Poco Fa" like a hungry lioness; Brian Aherne, a testy, charming Professor Higgins; Celeste Holm, who mesmerized the audience with a hip-swinging version of "Never in a Million Years;" and a Balanchine pas de deux, danced by Gelsey Kirkland and Helgi Tomasson, which ended with a pair of spectacular leaps by the ethereal Miss Kirkland. Mr. Clurman presented Mayor Lindsay with the Handel Medallion, rendering the Mayor—who had appeared briefly but effectively in a top-hat-and-cane soft-shoe dance—unexpectedly speechless.

After the final curtain, everybody piled into chartered buses and drove up to the New York State Theatre for supper. Our table companions turned out to be Mayor and Mrs. Lindsay; Schuyler Chapin, the general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, and his wife, Betty; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scull; Skitch and Ruth Henderson; and Edward Tishman, of the real-estate family.

Mrs. Henderson—a pretty, dynamic woman, who is chairman of and chief fund raiser for the Friends of City Center—told us that the Gala had produced three hundred thousand dollars, which would be divided among the various City Center constituents. "From a fund-raising point of view, our problem is that we are so much of a people's theatre that we hardly ever cater to anybody who is affluent," she said. "Most people who give a lot—and there are quite a few of them here tonight—would like a little bit of recognition. One of our new ideas is a Plaque Program—for three thousand dollars you can put a brass plate bearing your name on one of the seats."

Mr. Henderson told us that he was commuting between New York, where the Hendersons own two East Side restaurants, and Oklahoma, where he is music director of the Tulsa Philharmonic. "There is a tremendous audience for good music outside New



"Miss Templeton, will you go to the file safe, please, get the whole ball of wax, and lay it out here for us?"

York," he said. "Next month, I'm doing Marc Blitzstein's 'Airborne' symphony, and Schuyler is going to fly out and narrate it. He's a good choice, because he used to be a pilot."

Mr. Chapin remarked that one of the great moments of the old City Center house was the première of the Blitzstein work, with Orson Welles narrating. "Lenny did it, with the New York Symphony, in 1947," he said. "Those were the days!"

We asked Mr. Scull, whose collection of modern art was recently sold at a Parke-Bernet auction, which one of his paintings had been the hardest to part with, and he replied that he couldn't pick a favorite. "The most delicious painting is always the next one," he said, digging into a plate of *vitello tonnato* and eggplant parmigiana. "Once Munich had turned down a deal to take half of the entire collection, I decided that each painting had to go out in the world and shift for itself."

We asked Mayor Lindsay if he had made any plans for what he would do after January 1st.

The Mayor told us that he intended to take a year off and settle in a place where he could learn another language. "I've thought of doing a book, but the prospect of writing scares me stiff," he said. "And, besides, we were so busy getting things done that we didn't keep very complete records."

We asked the Mayor if he had any thoughts on how to keep the arts afloat, and he replied that there would have to be more federal and state aid. "At the same time, localities must support the arts with an imaginative use of tax strategy—real-estate writeoffs and adjustments of various sorts," he added. "We've used this idea to get four new theatres built."

A few tables away, we found Martin Segal, a cheerful, dynamic banker, who is chairman of the City Center Executive Committee. "Dick Clurman called me at the suggestion of the Mayor and told me that he needed a banker on the board to watch the cash flow and deal with banks on temporary loans," Mr. Segal said reflectively. "So I looked at the City Center books, and then I called Dick and said, 'You haven't got a cash-flow problem, because you haven't got any cash.' That was October, '72, and I've been trying to cover the deficit ever since. Our annual budget is almost sixteen million dollars. Eleven million comes back in income, so we have a shortfall of roughly five million. Half of this is covered by fund-raising benefits like this one or foundation grants. The other half is the problem. If we don't come up with close to two and a half million dollars this year, we're going to go out of business."

"Which of the City Center companies do you like best?" we asked.

"All of them," replied Mr. Segal. "I can't honestly say that I'm an opera or ballet lover. But I believe in and respect excellence, and I think it's important to support things you don't happen to be passionate about. I had a chat with Abe Beame the other day, and he said, 'Last time you came to see me, you wanted forty-eight million dollars for hospitals.' I told him that this time all I wanted was eight million dollars for the arts. If we could just get on the city's line budget, we'd survive very nicely."

◆

AND then it was on to the Essex House, where Harry Rigby, producer of "No, No, Nanette," co-producer of "Irene," and soon-to-be producer of "Good News," was throwing a party for five of his leading ladies—Alice Faye, Ruby Keeler, Patsy Kelly, Jane Powell, and Debbie Reynolds. Unusual party. Black tie, sit-down supper for four hundred and twenty-three, dance band that played non-stop for almost four hours. No press agents, no disc jockeys, and no crashers.

And the first person we saw when we got there was Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's leading rail fan, of all people.

"What are you doing here?" we asked him.

"Well," said our old friend, "I had to get up at four-thirty this morning in Harrisburg, because I wanted to be one of the first riders on the new early-morning express that Amtrak has just put on between Harrisburg and New York. And since I was coming to New York on this train I thought I might as well go to Harry Rigby's party."

"You know Harry Rigby, then?"

"Why, we're old friends," said Ernest M. Frimbo. "We both appeared in the same underground movie. Don't you remember Bob Downey's 'Pound'? I played a penguin, and Harry Rigby was the leading penguin. I think it may be safe to say that Mr. Rigby is the only successful Broadway producer who's ever been the star of an underground movie. Isn't this a nice party? It reminds me of the dusk-to-dawn Princeton proms in the twenties."

A bearded Flemish Belgian approached Frimbo and handed him a glass of champagne. Frimbo raised the glass. "Confusion to the Walloons!" he said.

We walked around and noticed people. Julius Monk, the night-club impresario, seemed to be enjoying himself. Hazel Scott, the pianist and mother of Adam Clayton Powell III, danced to "Joy to the World." Bobby Short was there, on leave of absence from the Café Carlyle. Arnold Weissberger, the theatrical lawyer, was wearing his usual white carnation. We danced with Vadna Dibble. Vadna Dibble was a tireless attender of supper-club first nights in the old days. She's a hell of a dancer. So is Hazel Scott.

"It's kind of a relief to be here," said Julius Monk. "I've just come from a party that was kind of an imposition."

"What was it like?"

"Oh, everybody who was nobody was there."

Julius Monk left to dance with Vadna Dibble. We went to the bar and had a glass of champagne. We overheard three remarks on the way to the bar:

"I never know whether she's asking for another drink or suggesting we all go to Bermuda for a couple of weeks."

"And *that* hotel, I think, is owned by a group called Beef Wellington Associates. Could that be right?"

"He's the only man I ever met constructed entirely of foam rubber."

After a while, we decided to go home. Outside the Essex House, we found Ernest M. Frimbo waiting for a taxi. And then Hazel Scott came out holding an hors d'oeuvre on a toothpick.

"What's going on?" Ernest M. Frimbo asked Hazel Scott. "Are you waiting for the bus to Tijuana?"

"No," said Hazel Scott. "I think I'm being taken to a late restaurant where I'm not sure if there's any food. Who are you?"

"I used to work with Sonny Greer," said Frimbo.

"My God!" said Miss Scott. "That was Duke Ellington's first drummer."

"Remember those nights up at Pod's & Jerry's?" Frimbo asked her. Then he turned to us. "Pod's & Jerry's was a club in Harlem that was open from 3 A.M. till noon. Musicians used to go there after work to improvise."

"Let's grow old together," Hazel Scott said to Frimbo. Then her car came along.

THE FOREGONE CONCLUSION

SHE planted a high Spanish comb in her pubic hair and resumed her horn-rimmed spectacles.

"There! That's as much as I shall dress."

"You look very improper."

"I *am* improper." Her young voice was quelling.

Love warmed her. It did not warm him. He moved nearer the gas fire and repelled the thought of his overcoat. He would soon be in it and on his way home. But politeness requires that after making love one must make a little conversation.

"I heard a record of that new Icelandic bass, last night."

They met for the first time six months before at a concert, simultaneously turning to each other and saying "Well!" as if they had simultaneously been dropped from a cloud to find themselves in Row K, Seats 18 and 19. After the first hush the applause exploded. The conductor waved the orchestra to rise. The applause redoubled. Speech was out of the question, and so they continued to look at each other.

Ignoring his Icelandic bass, she said, "You look perfectly proper—all you need is your umbrella. I can't think how you do it in the time."

"The practice of years, Lucy. You'll dress as quickly when you are my age."

It was that glint in her voice which had birdlimed him, though when he suggested she should come on to Pagliacci's Sandwich Bar—for Mahler left one famishing—it was merely a fostering concern to supply anything so young, so vital, so exceedingly thin, with the means to keep it alive. But by the third sandwich the glint in her soft voice, her precise diction—even with her mouth full—her pell-mell opinions had entangled his curiosity, and he invited her to the Berlioz "Te Deum" under the same conductor. She came dressed in leather and spangles—height of her fashion, he supposed—and spoke hardly at all. Afterward he saw her home, and stayed.

"When I am your age . . ." she broke off.

The conversation was not going very well. The lovemaking had not gone very well, either. On an impulse of atonement he got up and wrapped her in his overcoat.

" 'And custom lie upon thee—' How long have you had this splendid coat?"

"A good ten years."

"And how many Lucys, how many lucky Lucys— No, I didn't say that; I'd rather be magnanimous. Suppose I fall asleep in it? You'd never have the heart to turn me out into the snow; you'd have to stay the night."

He stooped to kiss her. She evaded him, walked stiffly to the piano, sat down, and began to play a Scarlatti sonata.

The coat swamped her; she looked like some grotesque bear. Her hands, her narrow naked feet were as touchingly out of scale as she was out of scale with the gaunt Victorian proportions of her bed-sitting room, where the smell of gas contended with the smell of pineapple and muscadet. Before the pineapple there had been sole cooked with grapes, avgolemono. He had often begged her to entertain him less extravagantly, said he would be as pleased with bacon and egg. She wouldn't listen. In their beginning, he tried to feed her by going to restaurants. Halfway through a meal their impatience hurried them away.

But even the young can't subsist on love and an occasional banquet; her ghost's earnings couldn't amount to much. "What's your job?" he'd asked at Pagliacci's. "I'm a ghost," she replied. For the flash of a moment he believed it. Ghosts, she explained, write other people's books for them, haunting the reading room of the British Museum for facts.

The Scarlatti sonata—she was playing more accurately than usual and not so well—twirled its tail and ended.

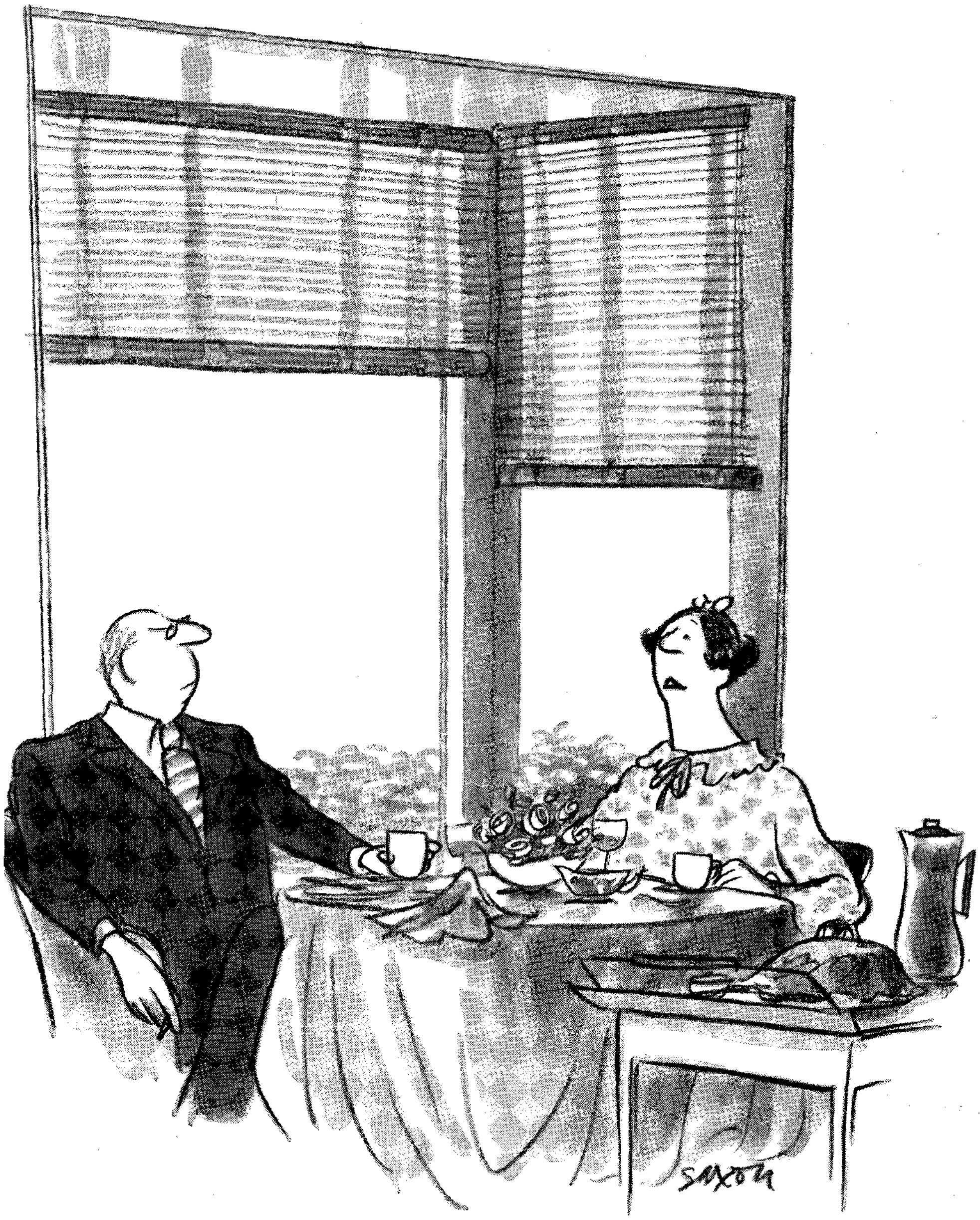
"Have you done anything about getting the man from the gas company to see to that leak?"

She shook her head and began another sonata.

The man from the gas company; the warm dressing gown she never put on; the vitamin pills; the visit to the oculist—of course, she was bored by his solicitudes, the more so since she didn't attend and he had to renew them over and over again. In their beginning, love made these insistences lighthearted—a wooing dance where he strutted, she flustered; now they had become so habitual that twice he had forgotten that a particular request had been complied with. No wonder such inquiries fell on her like something to be shrugged off. *And custom lie upon thee with a weight heavy as* . . . as what? As earth? As lead? As a methodical civil servant with a wife, two dull daughters, an O.B.E., and old enough to be her father.

She had left off playing and sat

HOW TO BE YOUR OWN BEST FRIEND
W Miller



"Tell me, Wentworth. If you're not being inscrutable, just what are you being?"

staring at the Louis Philippe wall clock he had given her, and which she had been pleased with and seldom remembered to wind up.

"Four-fifteen," she reported.

It was because of the resemblance between the gentle, precise chime of the clock and her voice that he had chosen it; and because it had pleased her, his solicitude extended to it and he reset and wound it each time before leaving.

"I must be going, my sweet."

Habit and daily conformity sequester what may be the loveliest thing in the person we love. When they dropped from a cloud into Row K, Seats 18 and 19, Lucy's face was turned toward him. So it remained: to think of Lucy was to think of her face so turned; it had become the familiarized representative of her voice. As she began to rid herself of his coat, and her small head on its tulip-straight stem emerged, he realized with intensity that it was the nape of her neck he loved beyond all else. He clasped her and the coat together and felt her tremor through the coat. Dislodged by his embrace, the comb fell on the floor. "Poor object," she said and laughed to herself.

"Damn your comb! Lucy, Lucy, you do know I still love you? You do know?"

" 'Still' is not a word to use to a lady."

He was within an inch of shaking her.

She picked up the comb and carried it off, leaving him with the overcoat. Opening a drawer, she took out the warm dressing gown, put it on, and tied the cord. He could see why she didn't wear it: its crimson leeched the color from her mouth, its woollen amplitude vulgarized her. It was another of his sensible mistakes. She had put it on out of good manners, and, once he was away, she would tear it off and trample on it.

"What will you do after I've gone?"

"I shall wash up. Then I shall write a sad poem. Then I shall go to bed and cry myself to sleep."

He asked because he could not bear to go away without her voice in his ears.

"Good luck to the poem. Kiss me."

She kissed inattentively, more occupied in putting something in his pocket.

"It's to read in the Underground."

"Is it a poem? Shall I read it now?"

"Read it in the Underground."

He knew it was dastardly, going away with Lucy's poem in his pocket when he should have insisted on reading it there and then. The reading would not have taken long. Lucy's poems were brief—six lines at most—obscure, and residually trite. He never knew what to say about them. The best he could have done would be to say they reminded him of nursery rhymes. And they did not; they reminded him of those small, solidified, semi-transparent blobs of resin which ooze from old plum trees and taste of rain. He could not have praised it; she could infallibly see through him, though she could not always see through herself. Better that it should be in his pocket, doing no harm. He would fit it into his morning-after letter, tomorrow.

The train was standing at the platform; he jumped in, just as the doors were about to close. The light, the warmth of the car, the drone of speed overcame him. He yawned and yawned. His eyes watered so that he could hardly read her poem.

She had headed it with the date.

January 17th.

We can't keep it up—this poor pretense. You know it as well as I do. You have grown tired of our love. Not of me, perhaps. *But there is no* instantaneity left between us. You will not even know that tonight is the last night.

Thank you and goodbye. Lucy.

I don't want to stay friends.

He drew a deep breath. Presently he got out at the right station.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

MONEY

If frugality, like beauty, can be said to exist in the eye of the beholder, then I saw my father as a frugal man. The thin line that separates frugality from parsimony, however, is just thick enough to blur a child's vision, and at times I saw him as a monstrously stingy person. Yet I pitied him, even when I was very young, and if that is so then I must have felt compassion for him. And compassion for a frugal father is easier to accept in oneself than scorn lavished on a miserly man.

There was a farmer named Emil Braun who lived near us in Gladstone, Minnesota. The name is easy for me to remember, because Farmer Brown was the name of a jolly character we sang about in kindergarten:

> Farmer Brown has come to town,
> Ho! Ho! Ho! for Farmer Brown!

We performed a little dance as we sang the song.

Emil Braun was a young Swiss-German immigrant, and when most of his neighbors had quit their fields for the night he could be seen in his, working in the long, lush rows of celery he raised there, fireflies flecking the gathering dusk around him. By lantern light he loaded his truck with garden produce, which he took to market in St. Paul before sunrise the following morning.

One night in August, he was cleaning out the stables in his barn after ten o'clock. A horse kicked him a glancing blow on the skull, which left an ugly wound on the side of his head. He walked into the kitchen of his house and called for his wife to get towels and warm water to wash away the straw and manure clinging to his bloodied hair. She wanted to send for a doctor, but he refused to let her make the call. She worried that he might develop lockjaw and wanted him to have an inoculation for it.

He ordered her to shut her mouth and wash the wound. She did as she was told, and he went to bed, planning to go to market the next morning with his truckload of celery. During the night he grew feverish; still he refused to let his wife call the doctor. "What's the matter with you, woman?" he is said to have shouted at her. "Do you want to spend my money before I earn it?"

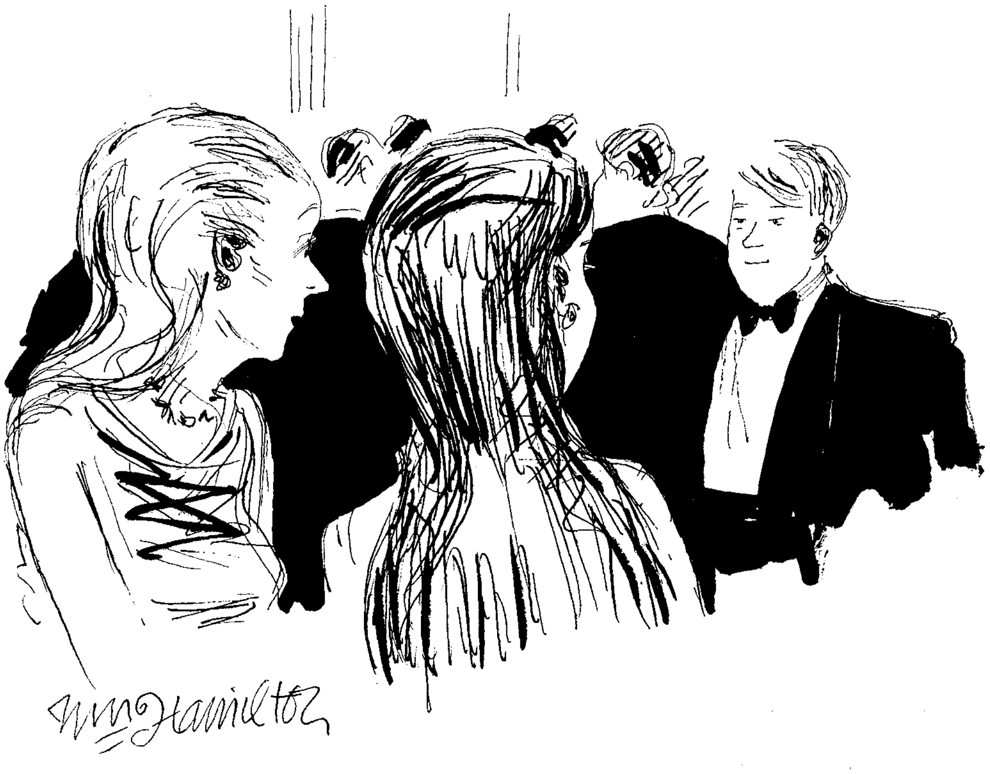
He never drove that truck to market. A few days later, he died, as she had feared, of lockjaw. When we returned to school in September, children who lived next door to him told me he had died of hydrophobia, because he foamed at the mouth. I thought only mad dogs or people bitten by them died from that. I had terrible dreams of Emil Braun looking like a mastiff, his jaws locked tight, trying to scream at his wife, foam covering his mouth in a white lather.

My mother used to tell us of Emil Braun whenever we cut our feet while walking barefoot in the summer. She applied various remedies to the cuts, one of them iodine. Although iodine was painful, I preferred it to peroxide, which erupted in a white foam on even the tiniest cut. I liked best a plantain leaf on which my mother spread white bread soaked in cool milk. That was the most soothing remedy of all.

My mother could never have been accused, as Mr. Braun accused his wife, of trying to spend my father's money before he earned it. Although he was a machinist and worked in the Mississippi Street repair shops for the Northern Pacific railroad in St. Paul, we lived on what might be considered a small farm, a few miles beyond the city. We had two cows, Stella and Star, who were tethered on the rough grasses and sweet clover adjacent to the railroad's right-of-way. They were milked twice a day to provide an abundant supply of milk for the seven children of the family. When both cows were producing at the same time (there were dry spells when one of them was having a calf), my mother sold some of the milk to neighbors for eight, and occasionally ten, cents a quart. One of my sisters, Marguerite Borghild, and I delivered the milk in a little cart my father made for us, using the wheels from her baby carriage.

With the cream skimmed from large pans of milk placed in the cellar, my mother churned our butter. There was always buttermilk and cottage cheese. She had both a strawberry and a raspberry patch, and from these she gathered enough fruit for jellies, jams, and sauces to last through the long winters. My brothers and I gathered hazelnuts in the woods, which we ripened in the sun on the roof of the barn. In the evening when my father came home from the shop, we all worked in the fields, where there were potatoes, sweet corn (Golden Bantam my mother liked the best), and a variety of other vegetables, fresh from spring until fall. On Fridays she baked bread—white and dark—to last us a week. On Sunday morning she made doughnuts to dip in milk, or waffles to spread with berries and whipped cream.

Yet when we needed new shoes my father always took us to a shoe-repair shop on Seventh Street in St. Paul owned by an elderly white-haired man named John Hagstrom. The name had once been inscribed in flowing gold leaf on the window, but now the window was thick with dust and half the letters were eroded. On the shelves of



"Oh, Lord! Alfred White—well-read, well-bred, and well-fed."

the shop were row upon row of unclaimed shoes wrapped in musty brown paper. They had been left there by customers who could not pay or by immigrants who had gone west to South or North Dakota and had never returned to get them. John Hagstrom kept the shoes for three years and then sold them for the cost of the repairs.

It was impossible to know from the appearance of the packages what size the shoes inside might be, although the bulk and heft of a package helped distinguish children's and women's shoes from men's. While John Hagstrom sat patiently at his last, my father rummaged through the packages for shoes to fit our feet. He would unwrap them carefully, and we would try them on. He seemed so pleased with himself when he found a pair of our approximate size that I could not bring myself to tell him the truth: I never walked out of John Hagstrom's shop with a pair of shoes that didn't hurt.

LETTER TO ZBIGNIEW CYBULSKI

As I lie awake in the dark gaps
between days,
your film plays again
within my mind's small theatre.
How many times have I seen Maciek,
your dark-glassed mercurial soldier;
stoneskipped across countrysides,
his kite life had no tail.
That morning he fled for the train
panting as he hid among white
sheets hanging on a line.
Shouts from behind, machine gun bursts;
hidden from sight, blood staining
the white sheets, he brushed his lips
and smiled at the rust taste,
lunged forward, defiant,
to fall in a field of rubble;
his fists choked the loose soil,
his feet kicked
as though still running,
his legs the last to know.
And then he was still
like a photograph.

Such deaths are rarely seen
among my friends who sleepwalk daily
subwayed to and from.
We seldom speak above the screaming wheels,
wedged between unlit cigars
which mark extinguished faces.
Sleep for us is after all rehearsal,
and finally we submit with pills
or else, incurably ill, ensconce ourselves
in bed surrounded by family
and pass in quotidian style,
displayed in parlors, blessed
and lowered neatly
out of sight.

Though four years passed through turnstiles,
still your death scene
stirred my memories of living.
Magazines then told me of your life in Paris:
you rose at noon, worked till morning;
the newest idol of the French cinema,
you were never without your
symbolic dark glasses—
a souvenir of an unhappy love
for your country, you said.
At Les Halles you lost your temper,
attacked a group of German legionnaires.
And finally you returned to Warsaw.
Were the lindens then in bloom
on Marszałkowska Street?
Today I shared a broken
elevator with a Polish physicist.
Suspended between floors we waited
to resume our measured fall.
Oh yes, he knew your film,
"Ashes and Diamonds."
He taught me to say your name,
Zbig-nief Tse-bul-ski;
he had seen you act in Warsaw.
We gestured to translate your last
theatrical triumph, "Two for the Seesaw."

So nightly then you rode the seesaw.
Warsaw critics praised your antics.
Hidden behind the final curtain,
you thought of Maciek among white sheets
but then the curtain opened,
you took your bows,
and cut your swath through parties,
followed your friends through
fallen leaves, slept in haystacks.
Drunk, suddenly older, returning
with a friend from country holidays,
you forced yourself to run
for the train as it whistled
furiously, spewing steam.
Suddenly you were Maciek again
fleeing from soldiers.
Running ahead, your friend leaped,
made it, extended his arm,
you lunged and felt his sweaty hand
pulling you toward him, your
fingers strained for the railing,
you felt your hand slip slowly through
his grasp and saw his drunken face
as he watched you fall
into the wheels of
the moving train.

Suddenly the elevator door
was opened. No one sensed
the trespass of this rescue.
Sprung free into the long
corridor, I felt no relief.
I no longer look
for your new films
when reading
Sunday's *Times*.
I see Maciek
whenever I can
for we are now
close friends.

—JOHN PEECH

• •

I don't know if those unclaimed shoes ached on my father's feet as much as they did on mine, but there was an occasion when they proved his undoing in his performance as the family's Santa Claus. My mother had made a costume for him, complete with whiskers and pack, and on Christmas Eve he pretended he had to go down to Schocks Grocery for some lutfisk—a dried cod loved by Norwegians at Christmas, which could be got at a bargain this late in the day. Some time after he had left, there was a knock at the front door—a door used only for company—and we all ran to see who it was. Expressing great surprise at such a call, my mother opened the door, and there stood Santa Claus with a pack on his shoulder. We were speechless as she welcomed him into the living room and offered him a chair next to the Christmas tree.

He spoke to us in a kindly voice, somewhat hoarse—from the cold, I thought—and, miracle of miracles, he knew all our names. He told us what we might do to make our mother and father happy. Finally, he presented us each with a toy, some candy, and a hand-carved wooden whistle. He showed us how to use the whistles by playing a Norwegian children's song we all knew by heart. How wonderful of Santa Claus to know our favorite song!

Everything went well until he had to go out into the night to make his other calls, even though his pack was now empty. As he stood by the door, patting us on the head, my eldest

"Maybe we should stop all this. Maybe marriage is simply no longer a viable institution in our society."

• •

brother, Henrik, whispered to my mother, "Look, Mama, Santa Claus has got Papa's shoes on." He had seen those shoes purchased at John Hagstrom's store three days before—my father's gift to himself.

THE coins my father carried in a worn leather change purse could not have been many—no more, I am sure, than two dollars or so in pennies, nickels, dimes, and quarters. They were shut from sight by what I thought to be a silver clasp, because he had brought it with him from Norway. I know now it was only a nickel alloy polished to a dazzling gleam from long contact with his pocket. The clasp, shaped like two intertwining serpents, was as difficult for him to open, it seemed to me, as one of the Chinese toy puzzles given to Henrik one Christmas.

I assumed all of Father's wealth was stored in that purse. When I was tall enough—about the age of six—to peer into it from above, I saw that actually it had two compartments. As he dug past the dimes and nickels in search of a penny to give us for an occasional piece of candy, I stared in awe at the second compartment, which seemed to bulge with a wad of dollar bills. They were worn and rather dirty from what I took to be long and repeated use by him. I had never seen one unfolded except on our trips to John Hagstrom, or on a ride we had once taken on a train to Pine City, where my cousins lived. The first crisp, freshly printed dollar bills I saw I felt must have a greater value than the ones my father stored in his purse; I imagined they somehow decreased in value as they wore out.

One time when I was eight or so, I tried to calculate the extent of my father's wealth based on the capacity of that purse. Ten dollars? That seemed too little. Fifty dollars? That seemed too much. I knew that my mother had paid thirty dollars for Stella, her first cow; I was there when she bought her from an itinerant cow dealer, and I knew it was a lot of money. And once I saw my mother smiling happily immediately after I overheard my father tell her he had been given a raise to thirty-seven and a half cents an hour. I didn't know how many hours a week he worked (he was paid in a small brown envelope every Friday), but I knew he left the house every morning at six-thirty and came home every evening shortly after six o'clock, when supper was ready and waiting for him. On Saturdays, he worked until three in the afternoon and was home shortly after four. I made a guess of fifty-five hours, but I couldn't multiply thirty-seven and a half times fifty-five. Still, I felt sure that it was a tremendous sum to carry in one purse. I never dared ask my teacher in the third grade to help me with so personal a problem for fear it would reveal my father's actual—possibly concealed—wealth. I tried looking up a problem dealing with fractions in my brother Bjorn's arithmetic book, and I found one multiplying bushels of wheat by various prices. I couldn't figure out how to translate bushels and prices into weekly wages, however, and gave up.

How I looked forward to reaching the age of ten! When Henrik and Bjorn reached that age, they were each given a dime for their birthdays.

AROUND 1924, when I was fourteen, my father said that Henry Ford was planning to offer his assembly-line workers a flat five dollars a day for their labor. It was such munificence that it attracted hundreds of workers to Detroit. My uncle was one of these, and he wrote to my father urging him to join him there. But my father scorned Henry Ford, even at five dollars a day, because Ford Motors was an open shop, and only scabs and conscienceless workers were attracted to it. He said it was a ruthless, diabolic scheme (and for years it succeeded) for shutting out the unions. He deplored my uncle's unthinking acceptance of Henry Ford's bribe wages.

My father was a union man. He belonged to the Machinists Union when he worked for the Northern Pacific. On the first Monday in September each year, he marched in the Labor Day parade with the fellow-members of his local. He wore a uniform like that of all the members of his union. It consisted of a blue shirt, a red tie, and a white sailor's hat—the colors of the flag—to show both his solidarity with his union and his loyalty to the country of which he had become a citizen. I remember the parade of 1920, I think it was. As my father left for Mississippi Street, where the men would join ranks and march to Robert Street, in the center of town, he looked impressive enough to be a streetcar conductor or a fireman. In all my life that was the day I was proudest of him, because, I suppose, he looked proudest of himself. The whole family went into town and watched the parade. As his local walked past, some of the men waved to their families. My father took the day too seriously for that. He just turned his head in our direction and didn't even smile. For that brief moment he looked like a soldier, which he had been during his term of service before he left Norway.

The following year, 1921, or it may have been a year later, there was a strike. The various railroad unions, all except the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, voted to strike for higher wages to meet the rising cost of living and inflation that had followed the First World War. Picket lines were set up around the Mississippi Street shops, and my father went there each morning to picket the shops and be prepared for scabs to break in. We lived too far away to know what was going on, but there was a grimness in the house as the weeks wore by with no more pay envelopes on Friday. One day when we went to town to the Municipal Free Dispensary, where Henrik had to have a tooth pulled, my mother wouldn't take the streetcar that went past the Mississippi Street shops, for fear of violence. Men might throw stones at the pickets, she said. There was talk of scabs' being brought in freight cars from Chicago, to force their way through the lines by train and so break the strike.

One evening after supper, I overheard my father say that the railroad had made a secret offer to some of the Swedes who lived near us if they would desert the union and return to work. For reasons I never fully understood, my father did not trust the Swedes—particularly the carpenters, many of whom had voted against the strike in the first place.

Soon after this, when I came home from school for lunch I found my father sitting at the kitchen table. He had a bandage over one eye and a dark-purple bruise on his cheekbone. Earlier that morning, the police had forced their way through the lines so that some scabs could work on the seven-thirty shift. My father said he had recognized several Swedes trying to cover their faces as they raced for the safety of the roundhouse and shops.

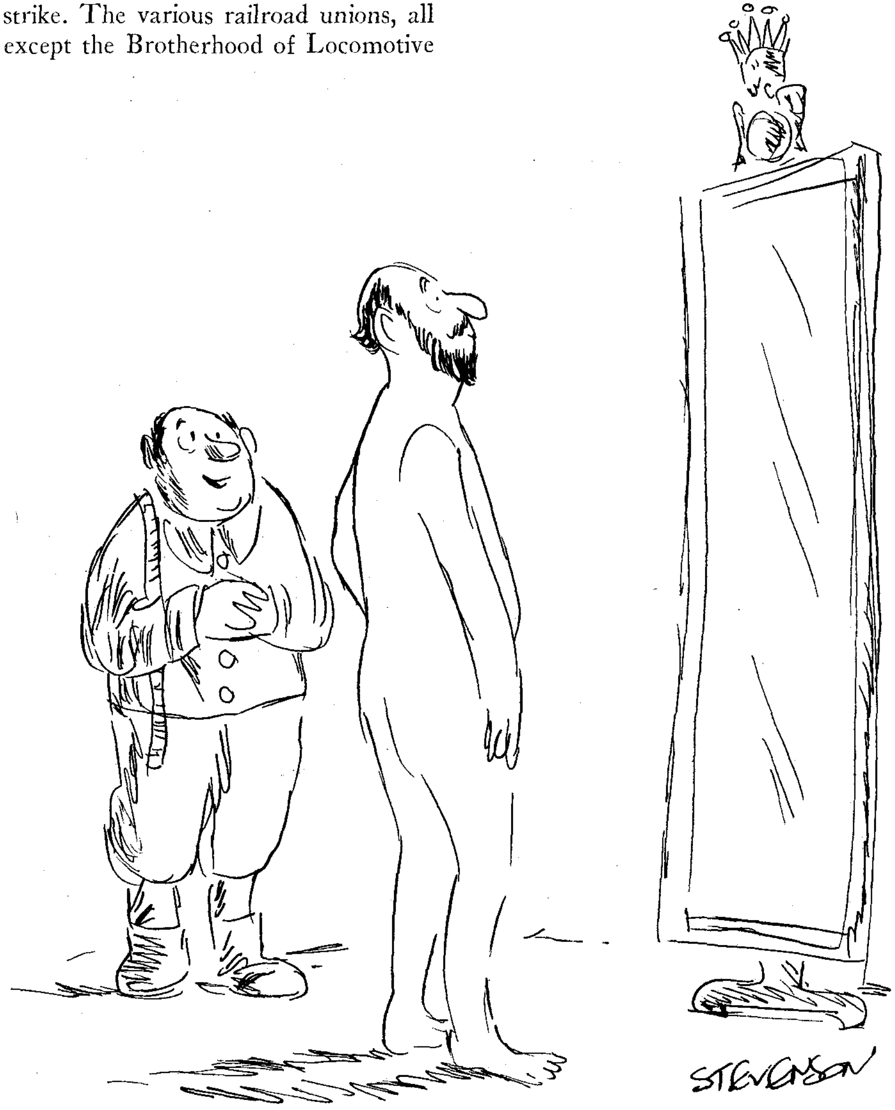
He never went back to the picket line. The strike was broken. The union men who had stuck it out to the end lost their jobs, my father among them. The men who had broken the picket lines that morning continued to work with only a slight increase in wages, but they retained their seniority rights in the pension system. Some of the men the same age as my father were able to retire many years later on those pensions.

My father continued to work, but in another part of town, in a factory that made fire engines. It was a non-union shop—the only place he could get a job. Around 1928, a year after I had finished high school, I learned he was earning sixty-two and a half cents an hour. He worked a fifty-hour week, and I figured out that this came to thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. What on earth could he have been making when I thought his purse had been stuffed with dollar bills?

My mother was bitter about all unions in the years that followed the strike. She said a certain Mrs. Abrahamsen, a friend of hers, whose husband knew a man who worked in the offices of the Northern Pacific, had told her that the officials of the Machinists Union had absconded with the funds left in the local's treasury and fled to Chicago. There they had spent the money on wild parties at the Sherman Hotel, where naked women danced on the tables.

I knew my father would never have spent his money on anything like that.

—Arnold Sundgaard



"Now, on this one, Your Majesty, you'll note the heavy velours for autumn comfort with the luxurious silk pile lining and the matching royal monogram and piping."

•

Her bright oils and fanciful colleagues have brought favorable responses from friends and the public.—*Los Angeles Times.*

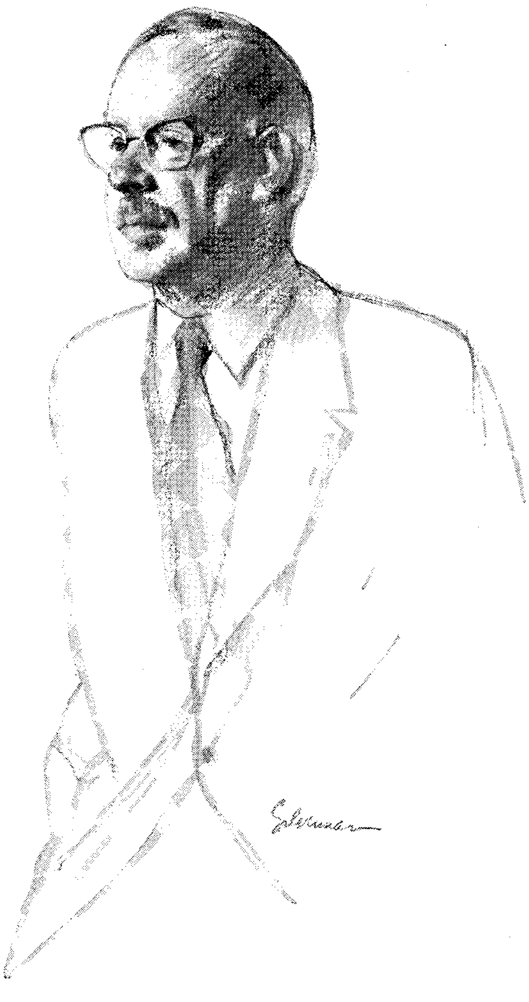
It doesn't always work out that way.

PROFILES

BOOK TRAVELLER

THERE are about two hundred American firms that publish what are called "trade books"—not textbooks or reference books but fiction, poetry, drama, biography, belles-lettres, history, philosophy, books on contemporary affairs, children's books, and books that may not fit into any of those categories but also are meant to be read by literate people who like to *read* books. Not all trade books are literature, but every book that is or that aspires to be literature—as are, say, "Sense and Sensibility," "Alice in Wonderland," and "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"—is a trade book. With uncharacteristic unanimity, trade-book publishers agree on the overriding importance of one question: How is one to transfer finished books from the warehouse to the hands of book buyers—people interested enough and affluent enough to pay for them? The trade-book publishers confront other serious problems: the cost of printing and binding books (either in hardcover or what are known as "quality paperback" editions) keeps getting higher; topnotch editors are scarce; authors have no more respect for deadlines than they ever had; and book reviews and free publicity for books are harder to come by than they once were. Still, book distribution seems more baffling than any of these.

Trade-book publishing is a small specialty in an industry that itself is not very big. Last year, the wholesale value of all the books of all kinds that were sold in this country was a little more than three billion dollars. Even though this sum was twice as much as the book publishers had received a decade earlier, the sales of the book-publishing industry as a whole were nevertheless only slightly more than the sales of one soap company, Procter & Gamble. And three-quarters of the money was earned by books that were not trade books. It came from the sale of, among other items, textbooks and standardized tests in book form (nine hundred million dollars); encyclopedias and other subscription reference books, mostly sold door to door (six hundred and six million dollars); professional and technical books for lawyers, doctors, scientists, engineers, and others (three hundred and fifty million dollars); Bibles and other religious books (a hundred and twenty-six million dollars); and mass-market paperbacks, which are counted separately from quality paperbacks because they are distributed differently, more or less like magazines (two hundred and fifty-three million dollars). Trade-book sales were about seven hundred and fifty million dollars, and something like three hundred and four million of this came in through the book clubs. The remaining four hundred and forty-six million dollars covered sales of hardbound adult trade books, with a wholesale value of two hundred and forty-three million; quality paperbacks, worth fifty-five million; children's books retailing for a dollar or more, worth a hundred and twenty-eight million; and, finally, about twenty million dollars' worth of university-press books that were of general rather than specialized scholarly interest and were sold through trade channels. All of this represented the difficult part of book distribution. A good number of these sales were made to the country's libraries, but most of the books were sold to people through bookstores and the book departments of department stores.

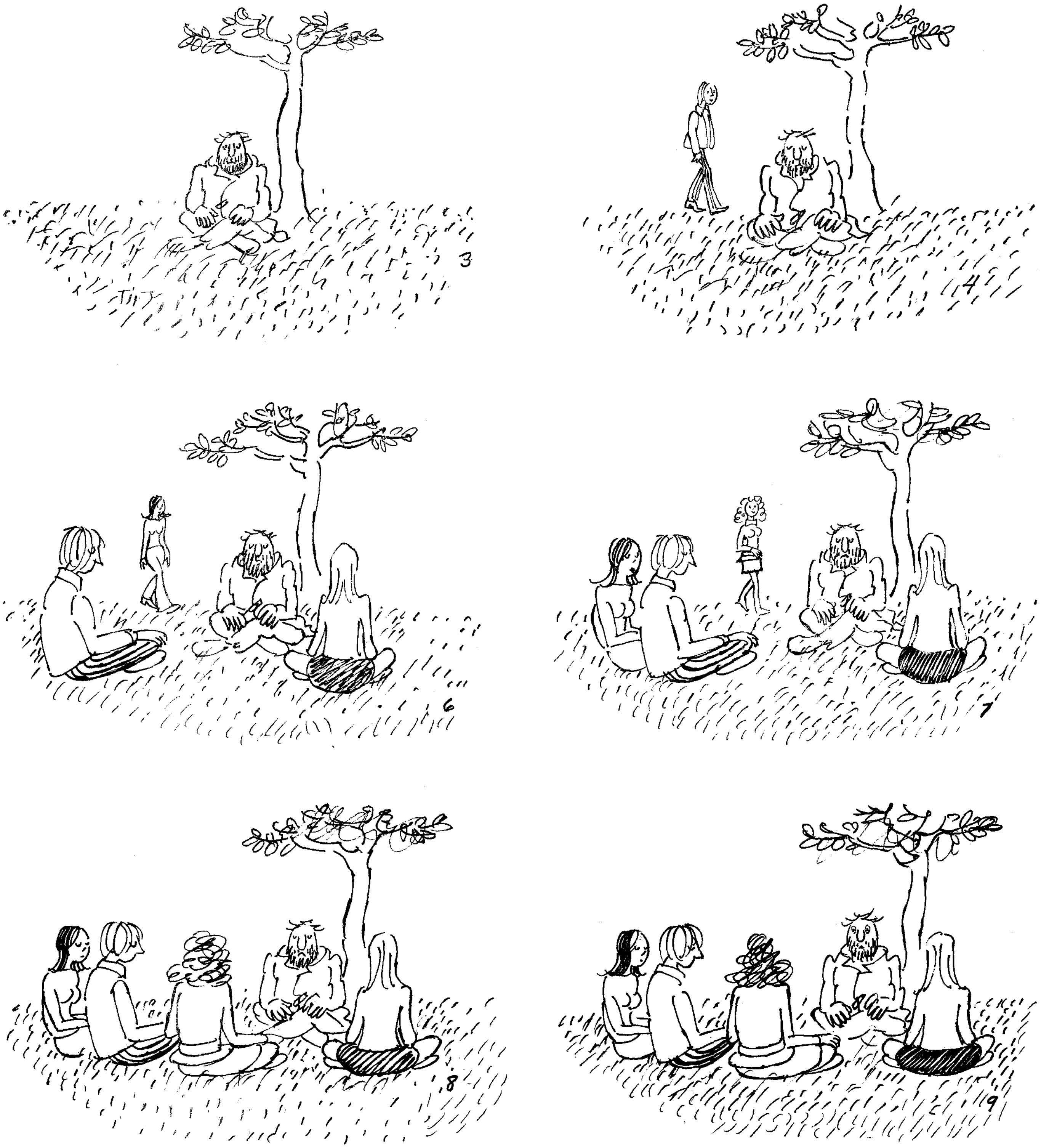


George Fabian Scheer

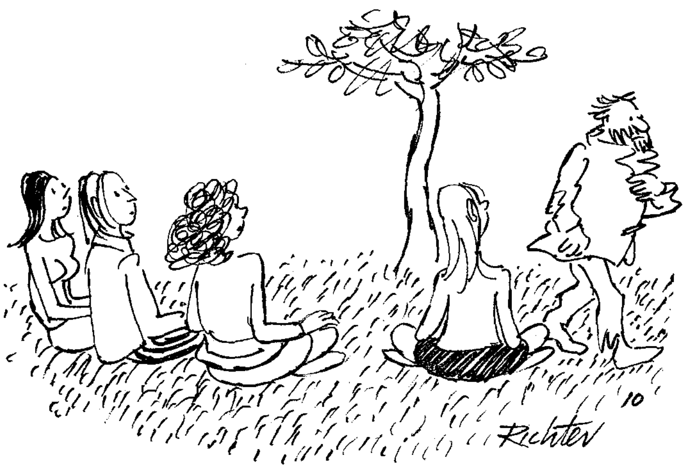
The trade-book publishers' strong suit is variety. New trade-book titles—hardcover and quality-paperback—average about twenty-seven thousand a year, or seventy-four a day. The *Times* gets nearly twenty thousand a year, or fifty-five a day, for review, although it cannot mention more than about twenty-five hundred. *Publishers Weekly*, the industry's trade magazine, divided the 1972 grand total of some thirty-eight thousand new books—new titles and new editions of old books, both paperback and hardbound—into twenty-three broad categories. Books in the category that *Publishers Weekly* calls "sociology and economics," including texts and reference books, were by far the most numerous—more than sixty-four hundred. Adult fiction—thirty-two hundred—was second. Juveniles (fiction and nonfiction combined), science, and literature (essays, criticism, and literary works considered classics) were tied, at twenty-five hundred in each category. On down, in dwindling order, came biography, medicine, religion, and history, at fifteen hundred titles or more apiece; poetry and drama (which were lumped together), art, technology, education, philosophy and psychology (another combination), travel, and general works, all more than a thousand; sports and recreation, law, business, home economics, language, music, and agriculture (three hundred and ninety titles for the last). The number of new titles, omitting new editions, has been growing since the Depression, from seventy-five hundred in 1932 to twenty-six thousand four hundred in 1972, but that tremendous increase is mostly in the nonliterary categories, the leaders being sociology and economics. New books of adult fiction—novels and short stories—were about as numerous then as they are now. Biography and poetry and drama are up, but by only a few hundred. Literature is up by more than eight hundred. And almost any trade publisher would admit that if he were to find a distinguished manuscript in any category—a candidate, let's say, for a National Book Award—he would not be certain that he could sell ten thousand copies of it.

NOBODY I have ever met knows or cares more about trade-book distribution than George Fabian Scheer, of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, who is not a publisher but a publisher's commissioned representative—a travelling book salesman. Scheer's territory is the South and Southwest, and he has been selling books there for twenty-eight years, calling on individual bookstores, the book departments of department stores, and book wholesalers, or "jobbers." Scheer has a reputation as a wizard among book salesmen, and his colleagues also consider him unusually knowledgeable about many other aspects of publishing—for good reason, since Scheer sees the industry from several points of view. Although, in the course of two major and several minor selling trips annually, he is on the road between Richmond, Virginia, and Amarillo, Texas, as many as twenty-two weeks a year, and preparations for his travels take up most of his time for four or five months, and although when he isn't travelling he works for some hours every day as a liaison between publishers and booksellers, he is far from being just a book salesman. He is a historian (co-author, with Hugh F. Rankin, of "Rebels and Redcoats," a documentary account of the American Revolution), a writer of children's books ("Yankee Doodle Boy" and "Cherokee Animal Tales"), an editor (of the Meridian Documents of American History series, for World Publishing Company), and a book reviewer (for the old *Saturday Review*, the *Times Book Review*, and scholarly journals). Moreover, as a publishing consultant, he has advised, among others, the Child Study Association, Dow Jones & Company, the North Carolina Diabetes Association, the National Park Service, and the Smithsonian Institution. And he is a literary agent for a number of authors whose work especially interests him. Beyond his professional involvement with books, reading is Scheer's hobby. "I must admit that I have ruined myself as a serious reader," Scheer once said. "I have become a book-taster by force of circumstance, and I have to make a conscious effort to keep from rushing ahead—skimming, with too much curiosity, faster than I can read. I love to lose myself in a book—that's what I mean by 'serious' reading. But then I also enjoy mere tasting to an inordinate degree. I even get a thrill out of holding a well-made book in my hands, just from the way it feels. I suppose that explains how I got into all this to begin with."

I first met Scheer three years ago, in New York, at a meeting of the Society of American Historians, where I had a chance to tell him how much I liked "Private Yankee Doodle," a Revolutionary War memoir by Private Joseph Plumb Martin, first published in 1830, which Scheer had edited and annotated for Little, Brown. Scheer is a compact man in his middle fifties, who stands up straight with his shoulders back. He has a full head of close-cut black hair, graying at the temples; a trim salt-and-pepper mustache; and a full face, with round cheeks that come close to dimpling when he smiles. He speaks slowly and thoughtfully, with a faint trace of a Virginia accent. His manner is an attractive mixture of courtliness and friendliness. Our talk turned to book sales—rather naturally, since the room was full of authors—and I soon realized that Scheer knew more about the subject than the average historian. During the discussion, he offered no panacea, but he did observe that the trade-book publishers' distribution problems would get worse unless they did something practical to help old-fashioned, but not necessarily musty, independent local bookstores. Scheer has an economic prejudice in favor of such stores, since they make up two-thirds of his three hundred accounts, which buy for more than four hundred outlets, but his interest is also literary, emotional, and personal. He sees that many stores are struggling to survive, and fears that if the personal bookstores disappear—leaving only mail-order (including the book clubs), the chain bookstores, the mass-market-paperback racks, the department stores, the coin-operated book-vending machines, and the damaged- and remaindered-book outlets—literary quality will suffer. It will be harder for people to find the kinds of books he likes to read. "I like both fiction and nonfiction, and I guess I am sort of a nut about American history. The books I most enjoy usually fail to make the best-seller lists," Scheer told me. "They are seldom book-club selections—not of the major book clubs, anyhow. I really fear that if the personal bookstores diminish in size and number, the publishers will have to stop publishing what I like best. There will be no way to distribute a modest success—a book selling fewer than fifteen or twenty thousand copies. That is not enough to interest chain bookstores or



department stores, which are both important to books of wide general appeal but try to concentrate, as far as they can, on fast-moving merchandise. You can't publish trade books for their library sales, which are not much more than ten per cent at best. Selling by mail, except on the vast scale of the big book clubs, is highly problematical. The personal bookstores are the only other way. Thank goodness they have not yet vanished. By some miracle, people—lots of them young people—keep on opening bookstores. You can almost take it for granted that the ventures are undercapitalized—that's the most common mistake. And most of these people are shocked to discover that running a bookstore is extremely hard work. However, if the bookseller does everything exactly as it should be done, and if the store is in the right place, it is possible for him to do moderately well. So I do not say



that all is lost. But I have been watching booksellers, of all ages, for more than a quarter of a century, and I've seen that merely staying in business has steadily grown more difficult. The personal bookstore cannot thrive on best-sellers alone. It cannot do without them, but it has to go well beyond the best-seller lists, because it must attract what I call real book buyers. These are the people who buy books constantly for themselves—books they intend to read and keep. There are people who cannot imagine getting through life without a lot of books. They are like opera addicts, who will skip a meal rather than miss a good performance. They are quite different from occasional book buyers, who come in, once in a long while, to buy 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull,' because everybody is talking about it, or a cookbook, because its author has been interviewed on television that morning. Or a book to give as a present. Some people are happy to spend twenty-five dollars on an art book for Aunt Eliza for Christmas although they never spend a nickel on a book for themselves. The occasional buyer's money, of course, is as good as the real book buyer's, and there is scarcely a neighborhood where real book buyers alone could support a bookstore. Still, I am convinced that an independent bookstore cannot afford to alienate those hard-core readers. They are difficult and demanding, goodness knows. If one comes in for the first time and asks for Kafka's 'Complete Stories' and you don't have it, he may be willing to let you order it for him. If he comes in nine days later and asks for something else and you don't have *it*, he'll wonder why not, out loud. Booksellers often answer, 'I'm afraid we're sold out'—because they'd rather fib than admit they haven't ordered the book at all. Maybe the customer believes it, maybe not. Then, four days after that, he comes in for John Kenneth Galbraith's new book and you don't have it. Well, you have lost that customer—probably forever. What's the use, he thinks. This store is hopeless. It doesn't have any stock worth mentioning. And he will look for another place, even if you are the only bookstore for miles."

Scheer shook his head. "The right balance is hard to achieve. The bookstore must satisfy a number of separate groups of people, and what pleases one group may not interest the other groups. There will never be a way of making books uniformly acceptable, so a broad inventory is most important. And yet the bookseller, since he has a limited amount of money to put into his stock, must also be able to guess what the whimsical, impulsive, occasional public for best-sellers is going to want large quantities of—and he has to make those guesses and order the books long before the public ever hears of them. Most bookstores are weeks away from the publishers' warehouses and cannot afford to wait until the answers are in. That's a hard job, when you think of the thousands of possibilities. How could you have anticipated 'Bury My Heart at Wounded Knee'?"

PROMISED LAND VALLEY, JUNE, '73

The lake at nightfall is less a lake,
but more, with reflection added, so
this giant inkblot lies on its side,
a bristling zone of black pine and fir
at the dark fold of the revealed world.

Interpret this fallen symmetry,
scan this water and these water lights,
and follow a golden scribble toward
the lantern, the guessed boat, the voices
that skip across sky to where we stand.

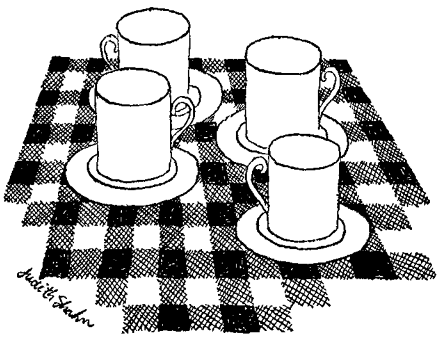
You are vanishing and so am I
as everything surrenders color,
falling silent to vision. Darkness
rises to drown out the sky and silence
names us to the asking boat.

Who echoes who in the black mirror?
Riddles are answers here at the edge.
And still, we can imagine some clear call,
a spoken brilliance blazing a trail . . .
ourselves moving out across the sky.

—ALFRED CORN

• •

Scheer pointed out to me that running a bookstore in New York City is very different from running a bookstore in, say, San Antonio. "I don't mean that a New York City bookstore is easy," he said. "If it were, there would be many more bookstores in the city, and there would not be so many of them clustered in one ten-block stretch in midtown Manhattan. But New York booksellers are spoiled. The publishers are right around the corner. There are big jobbers right in New York. The stores can demand delivery the following day and get it. But there are a lot of stores that sell books—perhaps three thousand—outside Manhattan. There are quite a few new jobbers around the country, but still many of those stores consider themselves lucky if they get books within a month or six weeks."



I SAW Scheer in New York several times during the following couple of years, and then, at his suggestion, I joined him in New Orleans on one of his two major annual trips, to see what selling books was like. Scheer was well into his trip, having already covered Chapel Hill, Richmond, Nashville, and Atlanta. He met me at the New Orleans International Airport at noon on a warm and brilliantly clear Sunday. He looked fresh and jaunty in a tan open-necked sports shirt and tan summer slacks. I could hardly believe him when he told me he had had only a few hours' sleep. He had been caught in a bad rainstorm the night before, on the road from Atlanta, he said, and made an unplanned stop for the night, and then rose at the crack of dawn to finish the drive to New Orleans before my plane landed. "It wasn't anything," Scheer assured me. "When you travel as much as I do, you *count* on surprise delays, and I am just glad I had sense enough to stop for the night. Anyhow, Sunday is not a selling day. I use Sundays to catch up on paperwork,

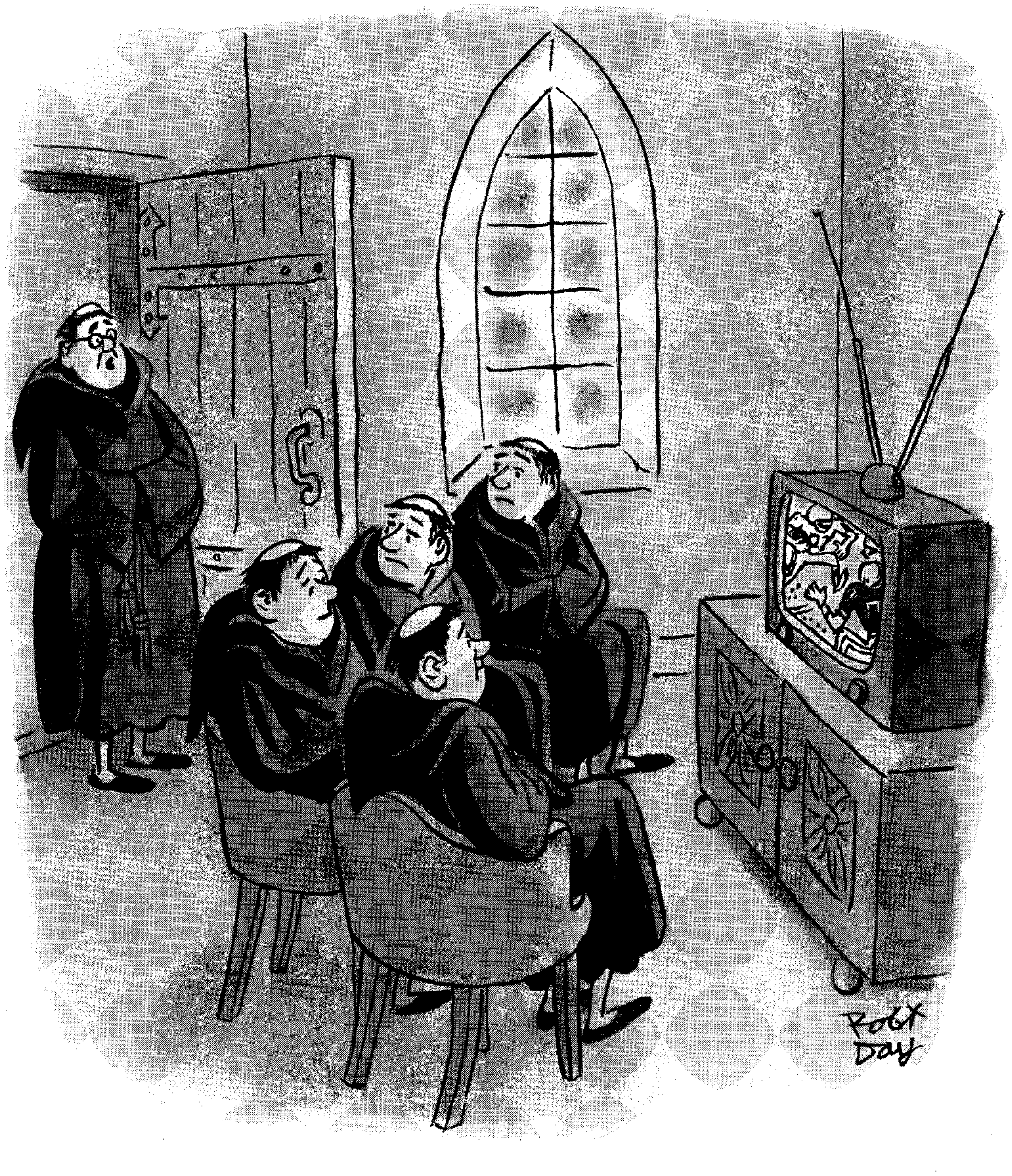
CHILDREN
STOP
CROSSING

and I attempt to arrange my itinerary so that the long drives fall on Sundays. I ought to finish up New Orleans by Tuesday night—or Wednesday morning at the latest. The sad truth is that New Orleans, which used to be a fairly good book town, has been deteriorating. It may come back. There are all sorts of plans for civic revival in the air—a lot of rebuilding and renewal. I hope so, of course. I remember when I could not get out of New Orleans in much less than four or five days."

We were approaching downtown New Orleans, driving down Tulane Avenue, and Scheer pulled in at a motel. "I hope this is going to be all right," he said. "I've never stayed here before. Most unusual, because as a rule I stay at the same motels year after year—unless they start to come apart, as sometimes happens. I don't need anything very luxurious, so I hardly ever stop at a 'resort' motel, where I would have to pay ten or fifteen dollars more for essentially the same room. I've stayed for a long time at a nice place not far from the airport, but last trip the air-conditioner was broken, the plumbing was stuck, and there was nobody around who could fix anything, and I decided that that was enough." We checked in, after Scheer had looked over our rooms with a practiced eye and pronounced them sound. We partly unpacked the trunk of his car, a light-tan four-door Cadillac, taking out his suitcase and mine, a rotary address file, a portable electric typewriter, and his garment bag. We left his two big briefcases in the trunk.

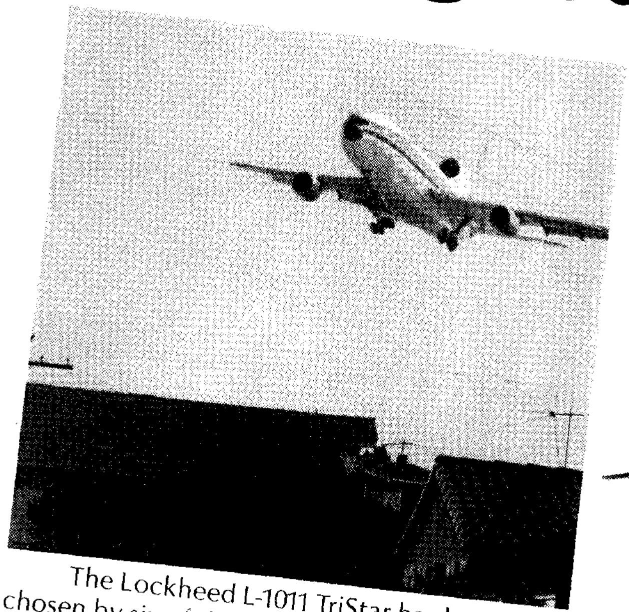
The back seat and floor of the car were filled with cardboard cartons of what I later learned were bundles of publishers' catalogues with order forms tucked inside them. As a commission man, Scheer works for anywhere from eight to twelve different publishers at a time, and he sells more imprints than that, because some publishers distribute books for other houses. Since most of the big publishers have their own salaried salesmen, Scheer, like all other commission men, represents medium-sized and small houses. On this particular trip, he was selling for Hawthorn Books, Schocken Books, Horizon Press, Pitman Publishing Corporation, Stephen Greene Press, John F. Blair, Louisiana State University Press, Holiday House, Barre Publishers (which distributed for the Imprint Society and David R. Godine), and Henry Z. Walck, Inc. (which was then distributing for Bradbury Press). "If there's a big best-seller on any of the lists, I shall be surprised," Scheer said. "But I've got some good books—Hannah Senesh's 'Her Life and Diary,' Lanza del Vasto's 'Return to the Source,' Irving Howe's 'Decline of the New,' in paperback for the first time. I've got Harold Rosenberg's 'The De-definition of Art,' and a beautiful book of photographs, Edward S. Curtis's fabulous pictures of the North American Indian. Godine has a splendid edition of Walt Whitman's 'Specimen Days.' There's B. Liddell Hart's 'Why Don't We Learn from History?'—I expect that may do well—and, from the L.S.U. Press, 'The Changing Politics of the South,' by William Havard. James Ahern, who used to be chief of police in New Haven, has written a thought-provoking book, 'Police in Trouble.' Naturally, I have more cookbooks, gardening books, and books on how to do everything—from investing in the stock market to making wine—than anything else. Some of them are excellent, if I do say so. I don't have much fiction this time. 'Another World,' by James Hanley, some science fiction, and—oh yes, a gothic novel called 'The House Called Edenhythe,' by Nancy Buckingham. I understand it is good, if you care for gothic novels."

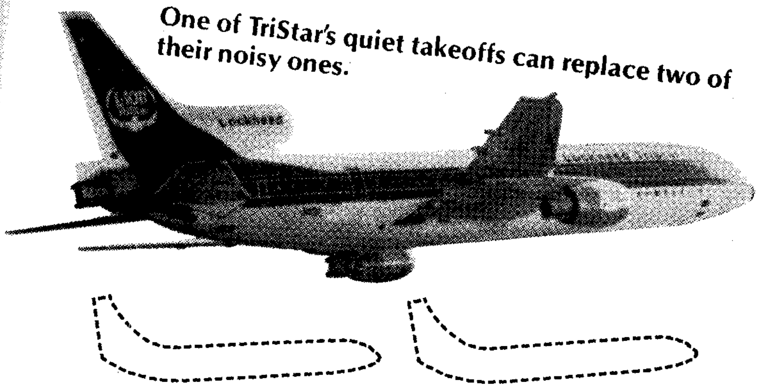
Instead of travelling on an expense account and driving an automobile owned or leased by a publisher, as a house salesman does, Scheer pays all his own expenses. His commission rates, which are more or less standard, vary from ten to twelve and a half per cent on sales to bookstores and book departments and from five to seven and a half per cent on sales to jobbers. Commissions are figured monthly on the total amounts of the bills that his publishers send out to his accounts: the books' list prices multiplied by the numbers of copies bought minus the buyers' discounts (which range from forty to forty-six per cent) minus the buyers' credits for books returned. That means that Scheer's monetary interest in the sale of one copy of a given book is slightly more than half that of the author. An author's royalties are usually from ten to twelve and a half or fifteen per cent of his book's retail price. On a ten-dollar book, which a bookstore buys for six dollars, the author is likely to get a dollar and Scheer sixty cents. And, of course, Scheer, instead of having just one book, or perhaps a handful of books, going for him, has all the books in print of all his publishers as potential money-makers. However, Scheer's expenses



"That doesn't look like 'Lamp Unto My Feet' to me."

TriStar's good neighbor policy.



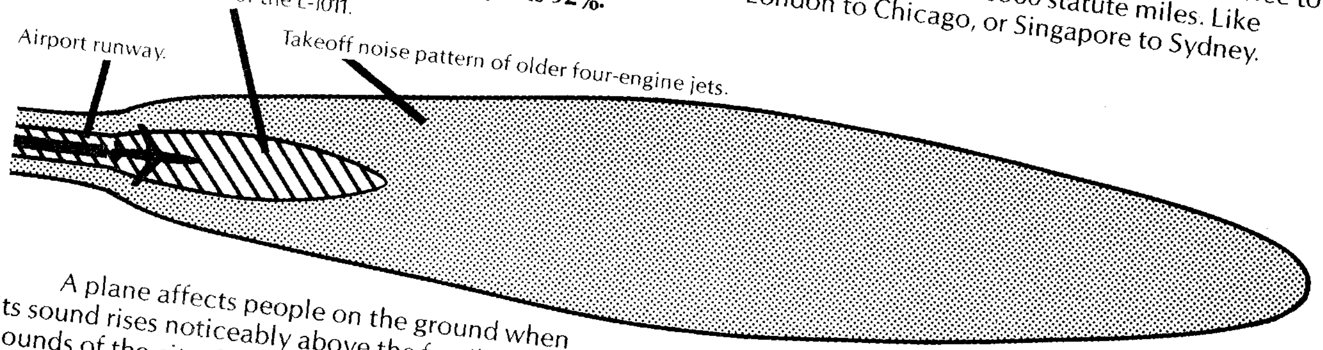


One of TriStar's quiet takeoffs can replace two of their noisy ones.

The Lockheed L-1011 TriStar has been chosen by six of the Free World's ten largest airlines,* that fly wide-bodied jets. That's good to hear if you live near an airport. TriStar is the quietest big jet in the world, as certificated by the U.S.A.'s Federal Aviation Administration, thanks to its Rolls-Royce RB.211 engines.

Rolls-Royce designed the RB.211 with fewer moving parts. It wrapped much of the engine sound in an insulating shroud of air. Other sounds are muffled and absorbed by an acoustical honeycomb.

TriStar shrinks the noise area around airports 92%.


Takeoff noise pattern of the L-1011.
Airport runway.
Takeoff noise pattern of older four-engine jets.

A plane affects people on the ground when its sound rises noticeably above the familiar sounds of the city. Older four-engine jets affect an area of about 62 square miles. With TriStar that occurs during takeoff over an area of less than five square miles. (The noise diagram above shows the area difference between TriStar and older jets.)

Even if you live or work within that smaller area, TriStar still brings welcome relief because it generates less than half the annoying jet noise of older jets.

There's still another aspect of TriStar's good neighbor policy. It takes off with twice the passengers of older jets. So airports all over the world will have quieter takeoffs. And fewer of them. Or at least, fewer than there would be if only the smaller, noisier jets were flying.

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are high. His territory is too big for him to handle alone; were he to call on all three hundred of his accounts, he would hardly get back to Chapel Hill from one sales trip in time to start out on the next, and he would seldom see his wife, Genevieve, or their twenty-one-year-old son, George. And so for the past nine years Scheer's expenses have included the salary and expenses of an associate, Roger Foushee, who calls on about half the accounts. Foushee, who is in his middle thirties, is black-haired and bearded. He was a political-science graduate student at the University of North Carolina when Scheer found him and put him to work. Now Foushee spends every available minute when he is not working for George Scheer Associates working for the liberal wing of the Democratic Party in North Carolina and participating in Chapel Hill's civic affairs. Scheer is teaching Foushee everything he knows about selling books, and Foushee is learning his lessons well.

Scheer looked at his wristwatch. "We have to have some lunch," he said. "You can't come to New Orleans and not eat, you know. It's immoral. Let's see, Sunday lunch. I know—we'll have the shrimp salad at the Pontchartrain Hotel. It's really good. New Orleans carries on about its food until you are ready to go out of your mind, but some of it is delicious. Just let me make a couple of telephone calls and we'll go. I'll see if I can get Tess Crager at her home. I love Tess. She has an amazing bookstore out in the Carrollton district, near Tulane University. It is called the Basement Book Shop, but it isn't underground. It's in an old rickety frame building, formerly a butcher shop—a fabulous place. And Tess is a fabulous woman, a real book person. She reads everything that interests her and then she calls her charge-account customers and tells them what she has for them. They can come around and pick the books up or send their chauffeurs for them. I wouldn't want to be in New Orleans ten minutes without calling Tess."

Scheer made his calls—he got Mrs. Crager all right—and over the Pontchartrain shrimp salad, which was indeed excellent, he continued to brief me. "Roger attends all my publishers' sales conferences with me—they're mostly in New York, and bunched around early December and early June—and then we go back to Chapel Hill and do our preparatory work, which is the one part of selling books I seldom enjoy. We make up matching jacket-books—one for each of us. They

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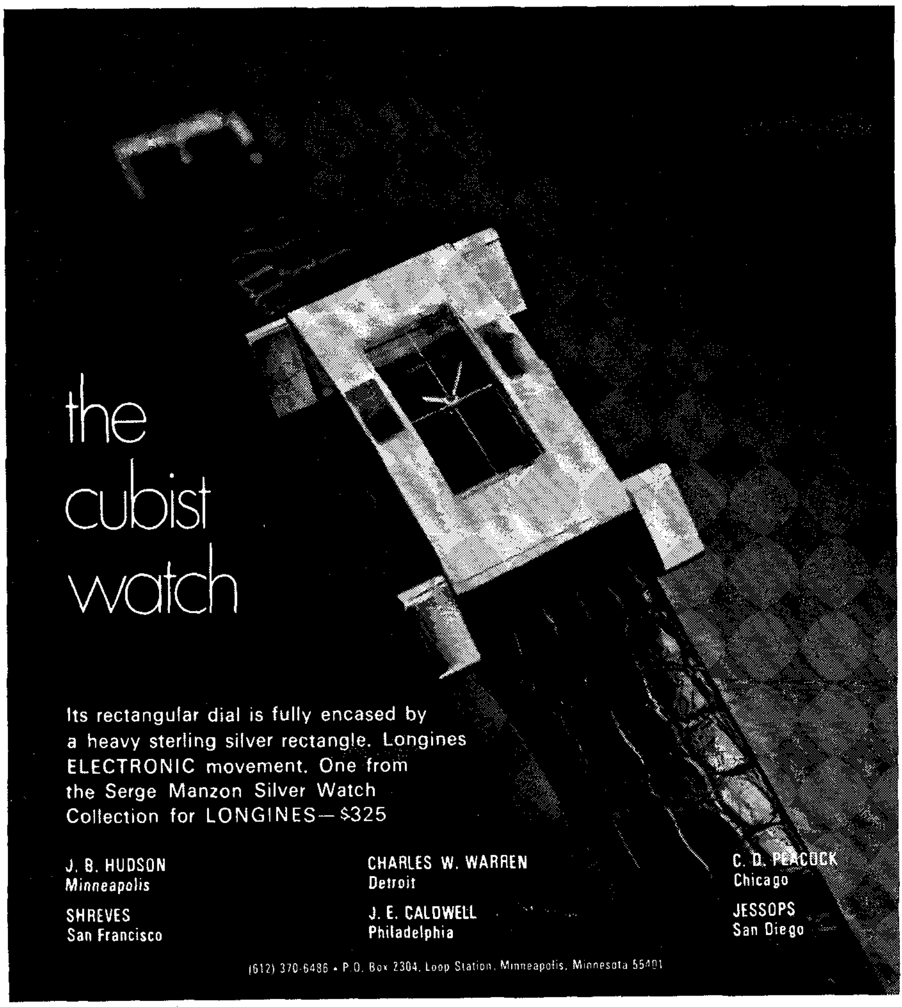

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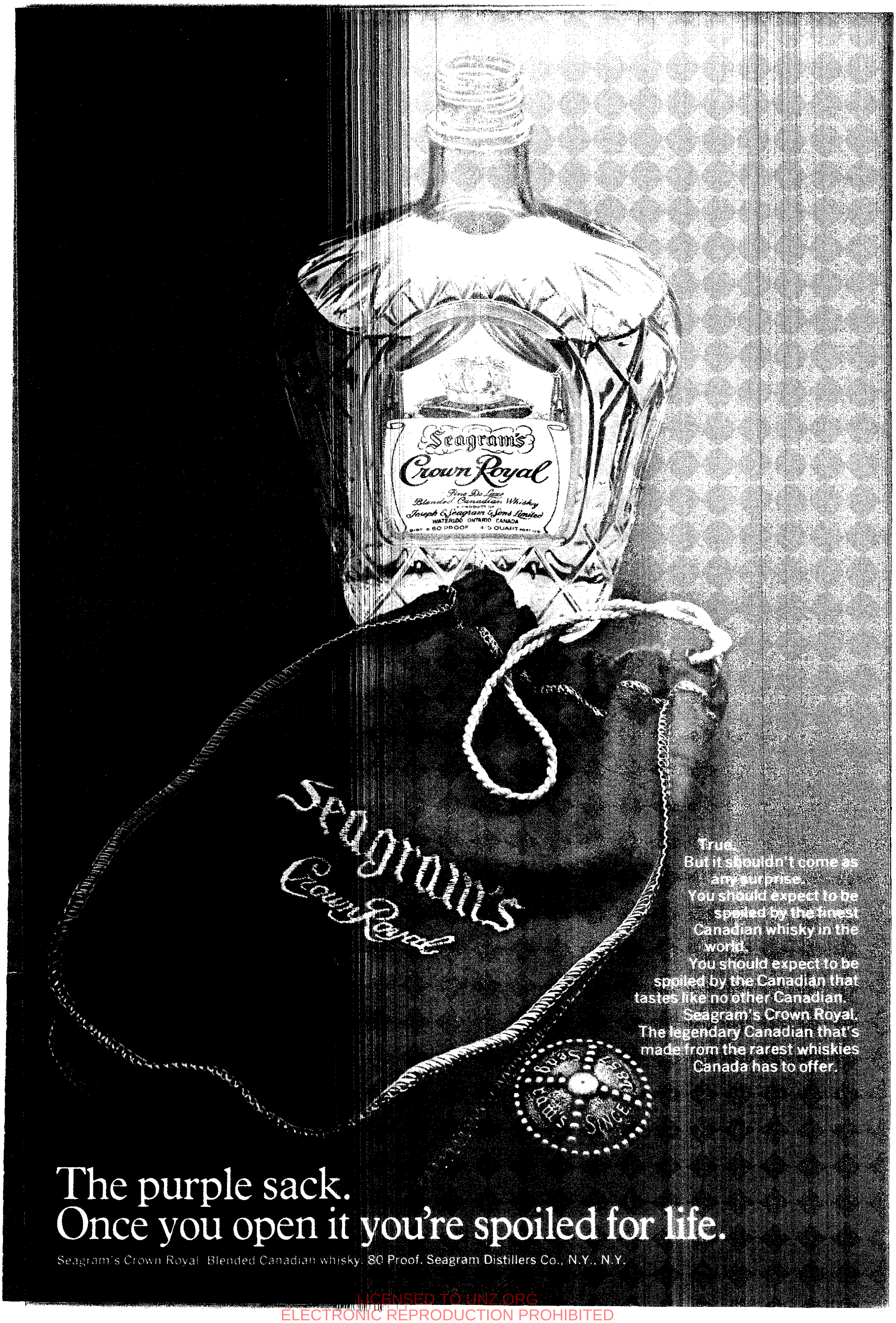
The total driving distance around Scheer's territory—his route combined with Foushee's—is about twelve thousand miles. Scheer handles Chapel Hill, Richmond, Nashville, Atlanta, and New Orleans, and then he makes a giant loop covering Baton Rouge, Beaumont, Houston, San Antonio, Austin, Dallas, Fort Worth, Amarillo, Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Little Rock, and points in between. Foushee stays east of the Mississippi River, seeing everybody Scheer does not, and his farthest point from home is Key West, Florida. Together they cover twelve states (Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Arkansas, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Oklahoma, and Tennessee), with a combined population of fifty-two and a half million people—slightly more than a quarter of the nation. In this huge area, there are more than four hundred places to buy a book, but Scheer and Foushee do not call on all the chain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bookstores—many of which have their books bought for them nationally, including most of the Doubleday, Brentano, Walden, B. Dalton, and Pickwick stores—or on some very small stores. In the matter of smallness, though, borderline cases worry Scheer; he prefers to err on the side of optimism. "I know that time is my capital, and I'm always a little behind schedule. But if I want to stop, I stop. Once, when I was just starting out, I remember, I stopped at a very small sporting-goods store in South Carolina, which kept a small shelf of sports and regional-interest titles. The proprietor—a terribly brusque old gentleman—immediately said, 'I don't need any more books. I have all that I can sell.' Well, in my eagerness I pressed him a little. He was adamant. After a minute or two, I zipped my briefcase closed and started to walk out. He was outraged. 'Where are you going?' he called after me. 'You don't need anything, so I'm on my way,' I said. 'Now, wait a minute, young fellow,' he said. 'I did not say that you couldn't sit here and drum me for a while.' I sat and drummed him for a while—it must have been forty-five minutes—and in the end he gave me a right good order."

Although Scheer's part of the South and Southwest, with twenty-five per cent of the nation's population, buys less than ten per cent of the trade books sold in the United States, he does not feel he travels in a cultural wasteland. "Sales per capita are not good, but I greatly prefer the territory to any other, and I've sold books in the East and the Midwest, too," he told me. "I guess most commission men, given a choice, would pick a territory that included New York, Los Angeles, or Chicago. Those territories are certainly the most remunerative. I think you have to go deeper than raw sales figures, and for me there are a lot of towns in the South and Southwest where bookselling is a pleasure. Houston, for instance, is a great book town, and it seems to get better every trip. Nashville and Atlanta are good. I like Richmond—that's an interesting town to sell. And San Antonio—I love working there. But, considering my territory from a strictly economic point of view, not my personal bias, coverage is exceedingly expensive—a man has to travel a long way to sell a book, and he consumes his profits as he goes. He literally eats them up in food—not to mention time, gasoline, automobile wear and tear, and motel accommodations. That bothers the publishers, and

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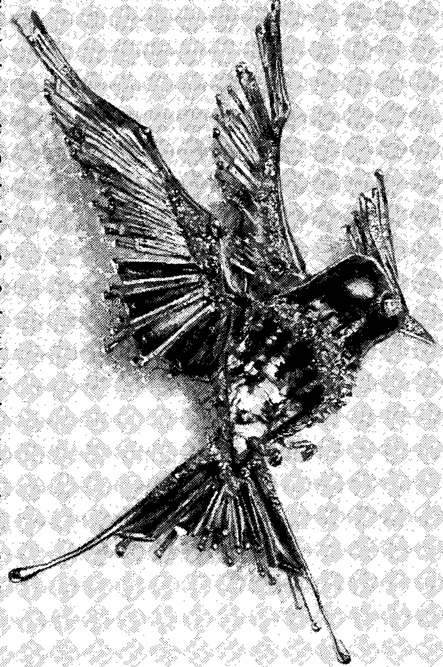

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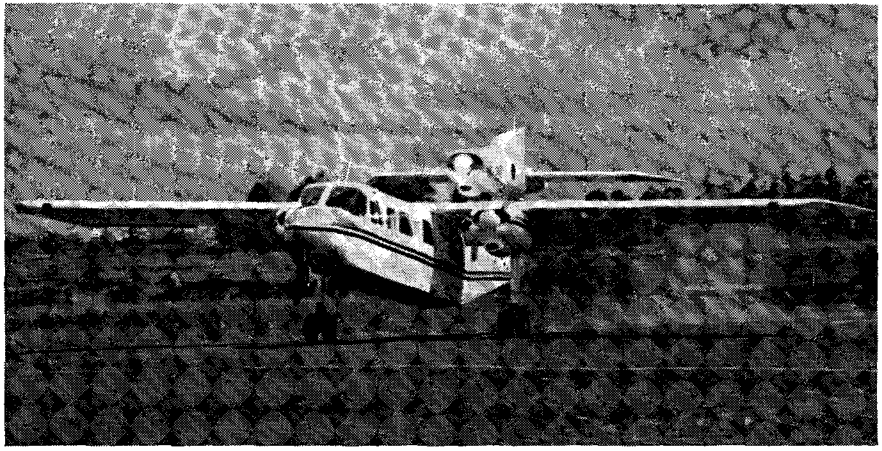

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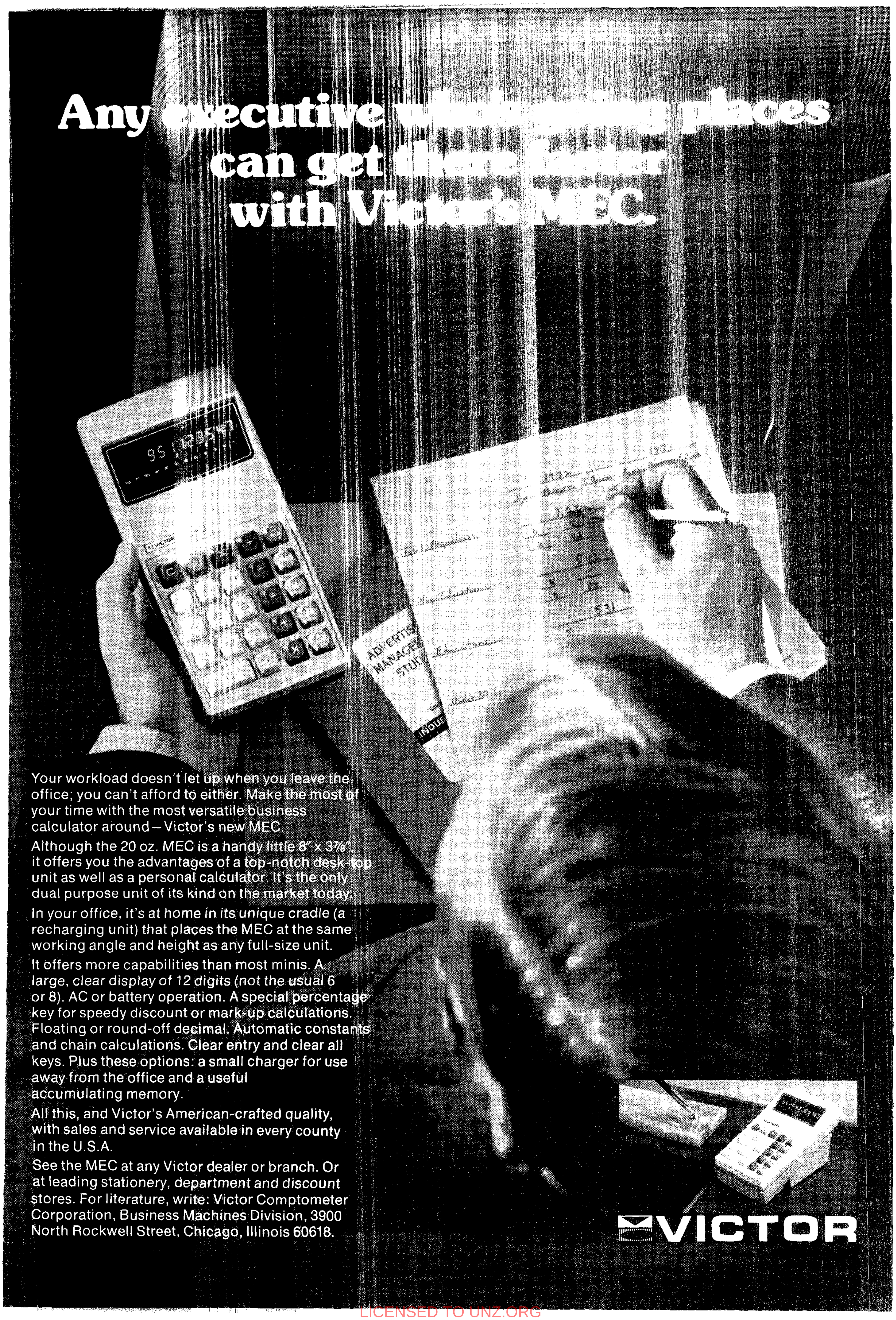
with reason. They cannot afford to ignore a potential ten per cent of their total trade sales—no one in any line of manufacturing could—but the trick is to realize those sales without spending too much money in the process." Scheer explained that a publisher with his own salesmen would have to commit himself to paying something like sixty thousand dollars a year in salaries and expenses for two men to cover the South and Southwest, so unless a house is selling six hundred thousand dollars' worth of books in the territory, commissionman representation, at ten per cent of *achieved* sales, is a bargain. "That gives me a degree of security," Scheer said. "Only a handful of publishers are selling that many trade books in my territory. I'm needed. In fact, I've worked for more than seventy different publishers, and though that sounds as if I hadn't done well, I've been fired only a few times. I've represented several houses for long stretches of time. For instance, I sold Holiday House on one of my earliest trips, and I've still got it. I've been with Hawthorn for many years, and with Walck since it began, fourteen years ago. I like to think, though—especially when one of my many sales managers is grumbling at me—that if I lose one publisher I can find another."

What Scheer likes best about his territory is the people he sells to. The buyers he calls on, many of whom are the owners of the bookstores, are his friends. He has known some of them for ten or fifteen years, or even the entire twenty-eight years he has been travelling. He can be sure of seeing them only two or three times a year, but he meets some a fourth time at the annual convention of the American Booksellers Association; some drop in on him if they are anywhere near Chapel Hill when he is at home; and he talks frequently to many of them on the telephone between trips. He has been with them in spirit, if not in person, through business crises, marriages, the birth of children and grandchildren, divorces, bankruptcies, and store expansions. Scheer is an emotional man, and his passion for books is second only to his pleasure in people.

SCHEER's familiarity with small-scale retailing started when he was young. His father, George Fabian Scheer, Sr., ran a small quality-jewelry store, which Scheer's grandfather had established in 1887, in downtown Richmond. George, Jr., the eldest of four children, was born in 1917, and he helped out in the store from the time



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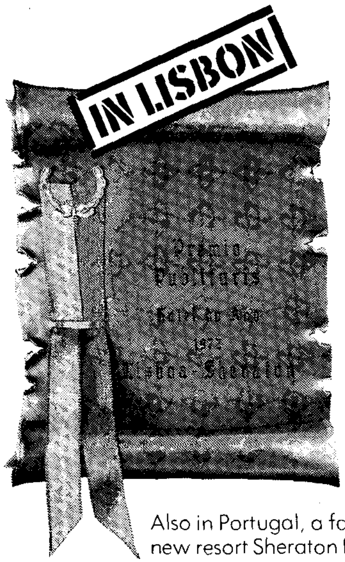

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he could be helpful. He became an expert on antique clocks—Scheer likes to boast that he is the only book salesman in the country who is a fully qualified clockmaker—but when he was a schoolboy his ambition was to be a newspaperman, like Douglas Southall Freeman, then the editor of the Richmond *News Leader*. And, indeed, Scheer's first published newspaper feature story was bought by Freeman, and ran in the *News Leader*, when Scheer was sixteen. The transaction showed something about Scheer's natural talent for selling, because the piece was really a school composition, which had been given a C instead of the A that Scheer felt it deserved. He took it down to the *News Leader* office at four o'clock in the morning—knowing that that was when Freeman began his incredibly prolific days of editorial writing, history writing, and radio broadcasting—and handed it to Freeman in person. Freeman was impressed, bought the piece, and printed it the following day.

During the next five years, while Scheer was attending high school and the University of Richmond, he wrote and sold many more feature stories, mostly on local history, and illustrated some with photographs he took himself, but he was forced to change his career plans when his father died, in 1939. Scheer's mother was faced with the problem of supporting three younger children—Betty, who was fourteen; Julian, twelve; and Charles, eleven—so George, at twenty-two, became the breadwinner, going to work in the jewelry store full time. Scheer already believed in careful husbandry of time. (He had been impressed by a motto on Freeman's office wall, "Time is ireplaceable," partly because it was misspelled.) It might be possible, he thought, to write a biography in odd moments, and after he had closed the jewelry store for the night he did research on Francis Marion, the American Revolutionary War guerrilla fighter known as the Swamp Fox. Scheer is still trying to find time to write the book. His research is complete, however, and one of the happy by-products of his study was meeting Miss Genevieve Yost, the librarian of Colonial Williamsburg, one Friday in 1940. Williamsburg owns a valuable collection of American Revolutionary War material, and Miss Yost, seeing that Scheer was frantic to finish reading a stack of documents, was kind enough to keep the library open an extra hour. The least Scheer could do in appreciation was to drive Miss Yost

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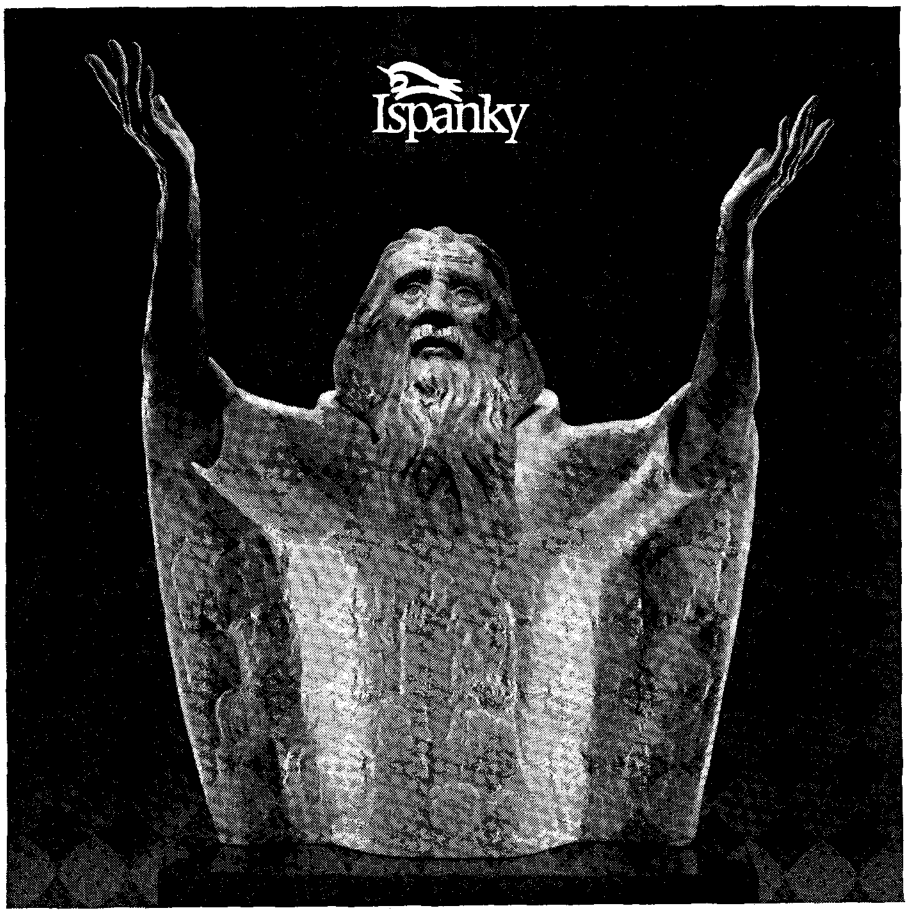

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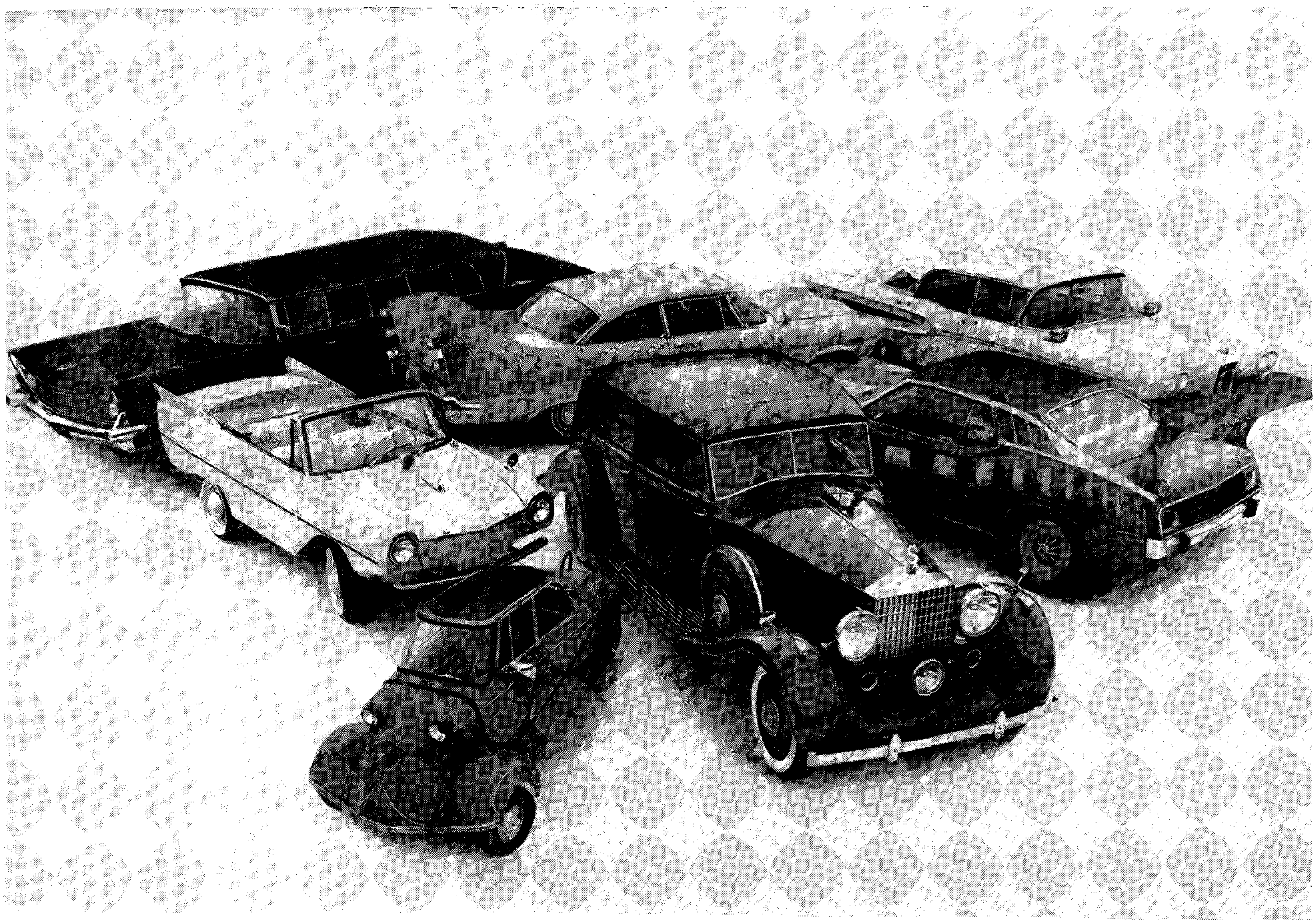
home. Within a few months, they were engaged.

An old back injury made Scheer ineligible for the armed forces, but in 1944 he got a civilian job at Camp Lee, near Petersburg, Virginia, working in the Quartermaster General's Office. He wrote training and field manuals. (Two of his assignments were "Cooking Dehydrated Foods" and "The Loading of Special-Purpose Ten-Ton Vehicles for Transcontinental Rail Transportation.") He learned a lot about book—or, at least, manual—production, and, urged on by a soldier friend, he drove down to Chapel Hill as the war was ending to see if he could get a job with the University of North Carolina Press, then directed by W. T. Couch. En route, Miss Yost read aloud to him everything that Couch had written—for periodicals like the *American Scholar*, *Saturday Review*, and *Publishers Weekly*—on university-press management, and Scheer memorized much of it. Couch was astounded that a young field-manual author should have such a keen, intuitive grasp of the problems of a university press, but there was only one job open—salesman. Scheer had been thinking of a job as an editor. Still, he accepted, hoping that he would be able to switch over to the editorial side when something opened up. His starting salary was minuscule. Miss Yost found that she could get a job at the University of North Carolina library, and she took it. Assuming that by adding two salaries together they could survive, George and Genevieve were married, on April 20, 1945.

Couch did not believe in breaking in a new salesman gently. He started Scheer off by sending him to New York, with no guidance except a list of buyers' names and addresses. "Listen to those people," Couch said. "Don't try to tell them anything. You'll learn more by listening than by talking, because they know quite a lot and you know very little." Scheer was insulted at the time; later on he realized that the advice was wise. The University of North Carolina Press had a reputation for publishing good trade books as well as academic works, and Scheer had almost no difficulty in getting to see the important buyers, including Joe Margolies, at Brentano's; Morris Axelrod, at Doubleday; Igor Kropotkin, at Scribner; Harold Williams, at the American News Company; and William Epstein, at Bookazine. "I am sure that I seemed unbelievably green, and annoyingly overconfident," Scheer recalls. "But they were tolerant. I *had* to



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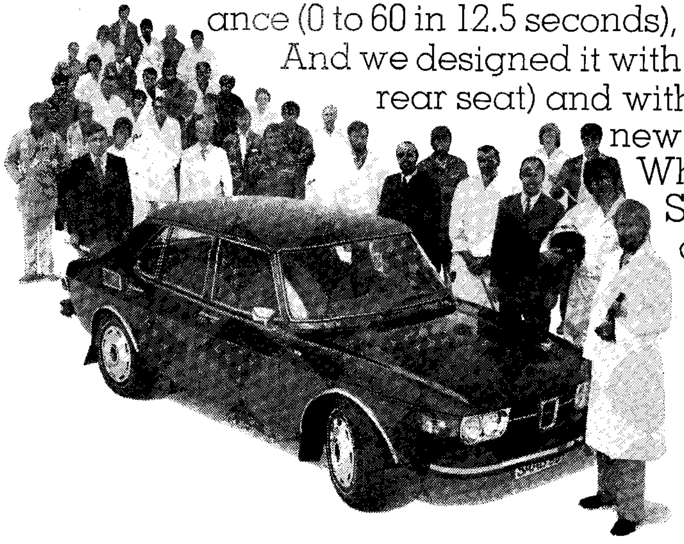

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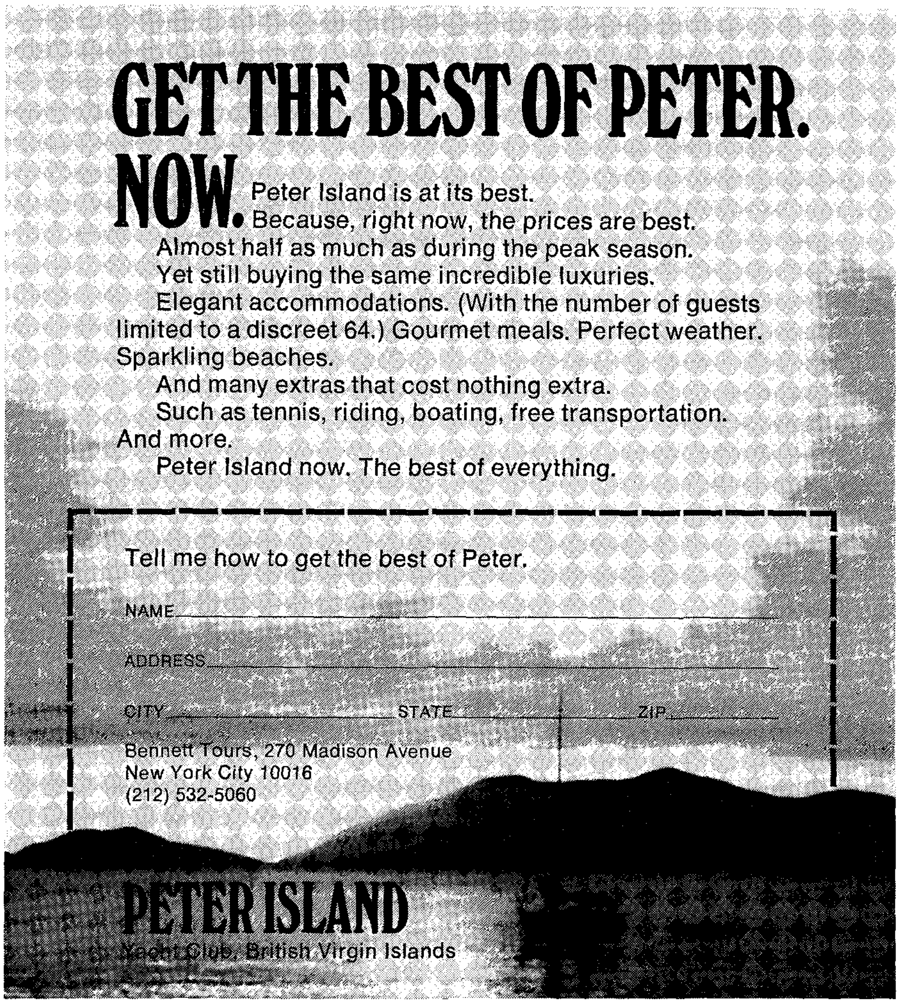
listen to them. I did not know how many copies anybody was expected to buy. When they gave me the numbers, I wasn't sure whether I ought to be happy or sad."

Scheer's greenness led him to one triumph. On his second trip to New York, he called on Lewis Gannett, then the senior book reviewer for the *Herald Tribune*, and told him he thought Gannett had made a mistake in overlooking one of the press's books—"Mexican Village," by Josephina Niggli. Gannett seemed surprised at finding a book salesman in his office, but he did not seem angry. Scheer told Gannett, "Some of the major reviewers have said some marvellous things about it." (Scheer was thinking of major reviewers in Atlanta and Chapel Hill.) Gannett thought he had probably handed the book to his wife, Ruth, for a preliminary reading, and he said he would try to remember to ask her about it. Two weeks later, a rave review by Gannett appeared, ending with "In a year of notably little distinguished fiction, 'Mexican Village' shines like a scarlet cactus in the desert . . . The whole crop of 1945 best sellers seems thin and wan beside it." The sales of "Mexican Village," which had been slow, immediately picked up, and the book went on to do very well.

Not long afterward, Scheer won more celebrity than a fledgling book salesman can expect, by writing an article about his own experiences, entitled "New Adventures Selling Books," for *Publishers Weekly*. The appearance of his piece made Scheer feel, for the first time, that he really was a book salesman rather than a bookish young man waiting for an editorial opening. By the spring of 1946, he had been promoted to sales-and-advertising manager of the press, and he had commission men working for him in the Northeast, the Middle West, and California. He himself handled the South and Southwest, and he also called on the major jobbers and some of the big accounts in the other territories. Having acquired some feel for the marketplace, Scheer had no intention of losing it by sitting behind a desk. Within a few years, the press's sales volume had more than tripled. Scheer was delighted with his job but uneasy because he needed more money than the press was paying him, so he persuaded North Carolina to let him represent the Princeton University Press and the University of Chicago Press, on commission, when he travelled. North Carolina continued to pay Scheer's travel expenses, and he paid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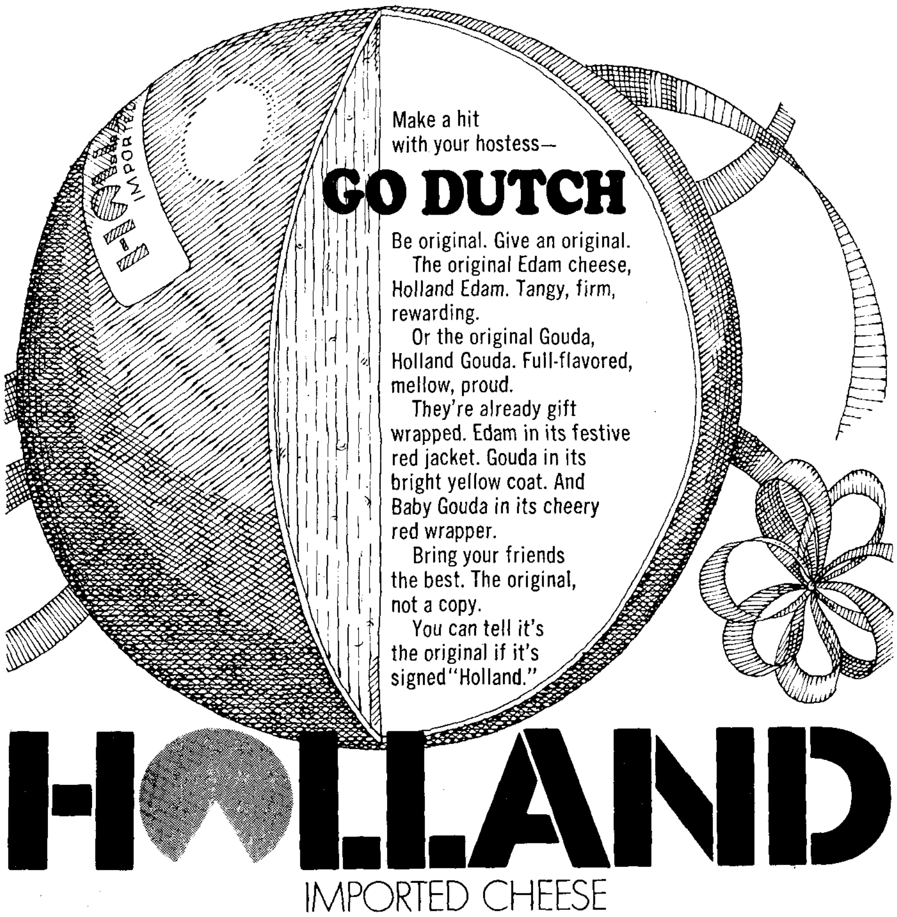
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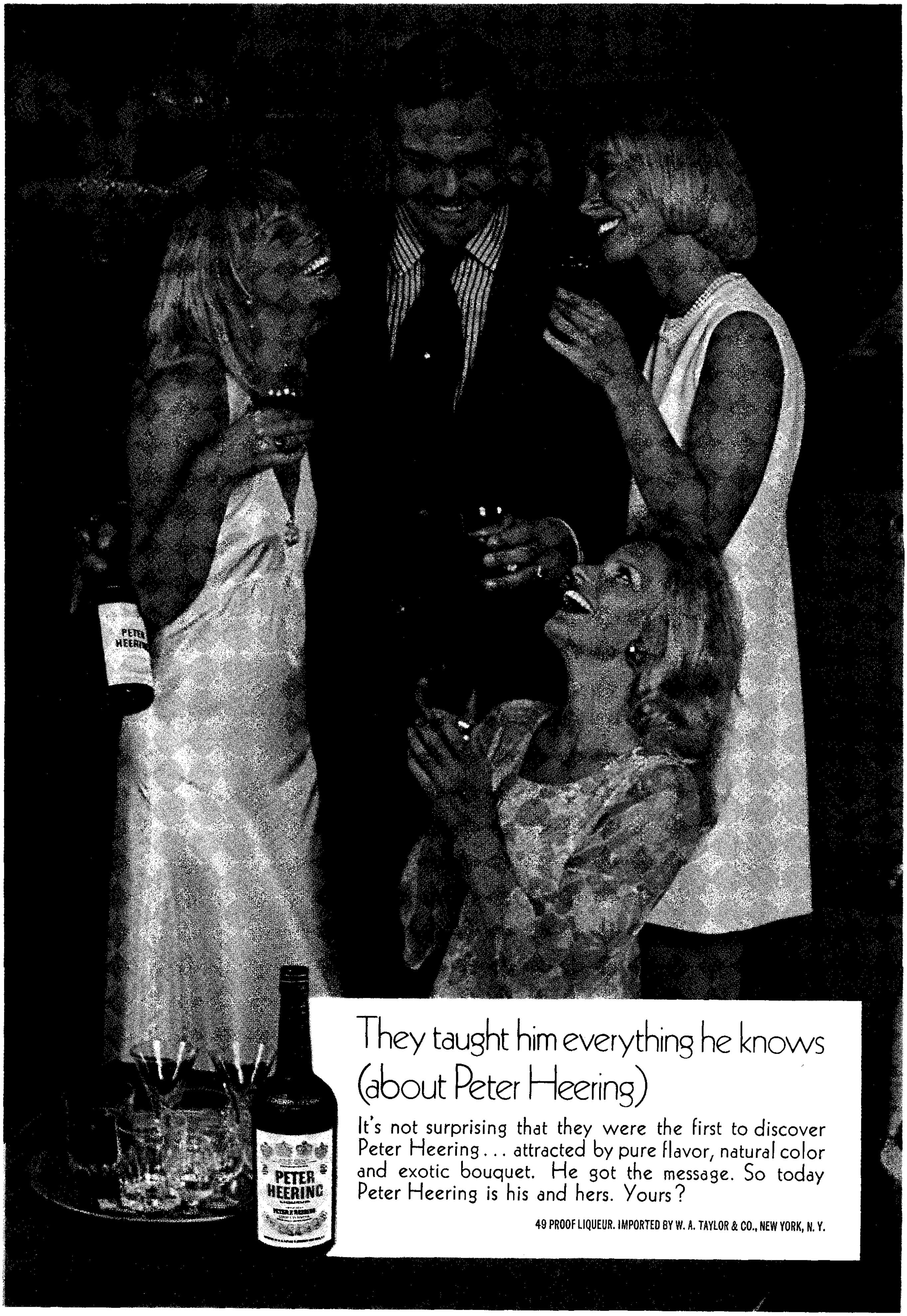

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PENNSYLVANIA
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Paoli/Walter J. Cook
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North Carolina a percentage of his extra earnings. He added publishers to his list from time to time, until by 1952 he was representing five houses in addition to the University of North Carolina Press, and he could not help noticing that he might soon be paying his employer in percentages from his commissions almost as much as his employer was paying him in salary. The idea of quitting to become a commission man pure and simple tempted Scheer—he thought he might be able to earn more in less time, and conceivably get back to doing some writing—but going off the North Carolina payroll was a terrifying prospect to a child of the Depression. Scheer had bought some land in Chapel Hill and wanted to build a house there, because he and his wife, enchanted by the place, were sure they would like to live there permanently. He brooded over the decision, trying to summon the courage to quit, until Genevieve telephoned one afternoon to tell him that her doctor said she was pregnant. Scheer was ecstatic, and, with perfect reverse logic, he told his boss, Lambert Davis, who had by then become director of the press, that he would be leaving in thirty days.

There were times, especially during his first year as a self-employed commission man, when Scheer felt he had made a mistake. One big best-seller could have relieved his anxiety, but he had none. (Before long, he was to earn six thousand dollars in a month selling Boris Pasternak's "Doctor Zhivago" for Pantheon. "Salesmen sound crass, I know, because they talk so much about the 'blockbuster,' the 'really big book,' and the 'runaway best-seller,' " Scheer said to me once. "I suppose we are even worse than publishers. You have to remember that we are all a little desperate, because literature doesn't support itself. And then—a thought that has consoled me considerably—not all best-sellers are junk.") Scheer's morale was sustained through low moments because he was travelling with a veteran commission book salesman, Ed Jervis, of Greensboro, North Carolina, whose talent for making money was legend. Scheer had met Jervis in a bookstore on one of his trips, and they liked each other immediately. They were complete opposites. It is unusual for commission men to travel together, since they must compete in every town for the same buyers' time and attention, but Scheer and Jervis overcame that conflict (they took turns going to stores first) as easily as they avoided arguing about politics (Scheer was a Republican, Jervis a

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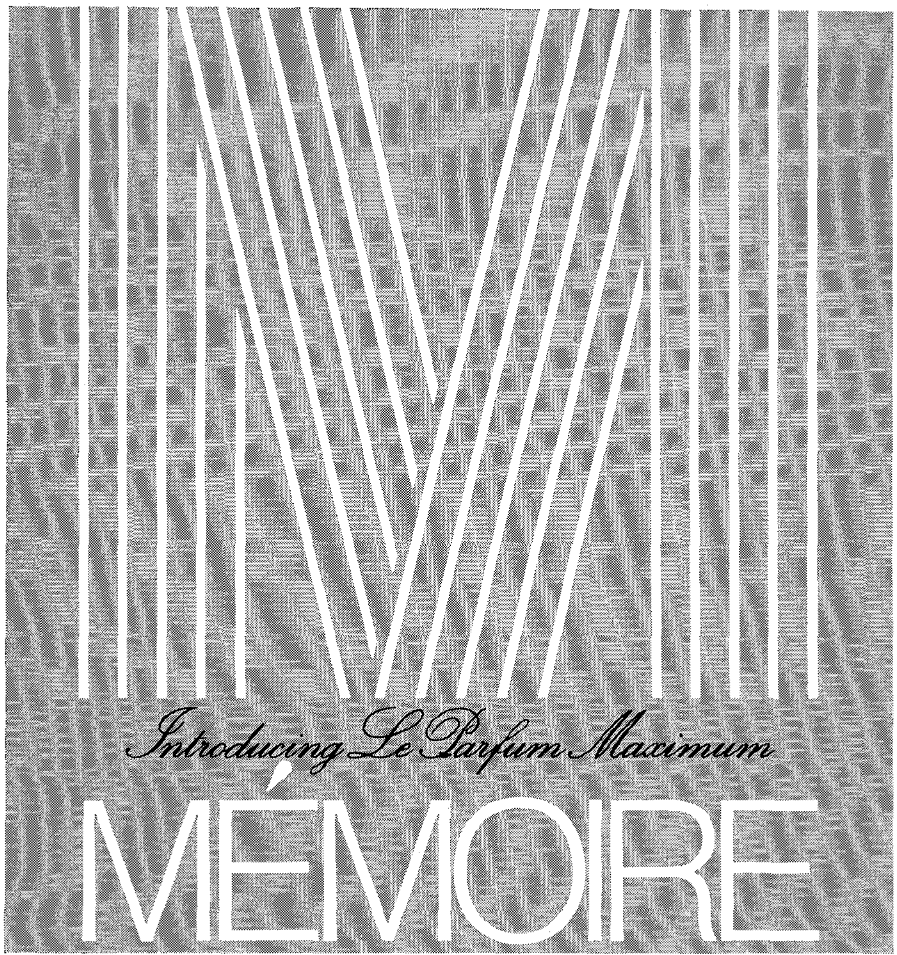

THE GREAT IMPRESSION FRAGRANCE
FROM ELIZABETH ARDEN

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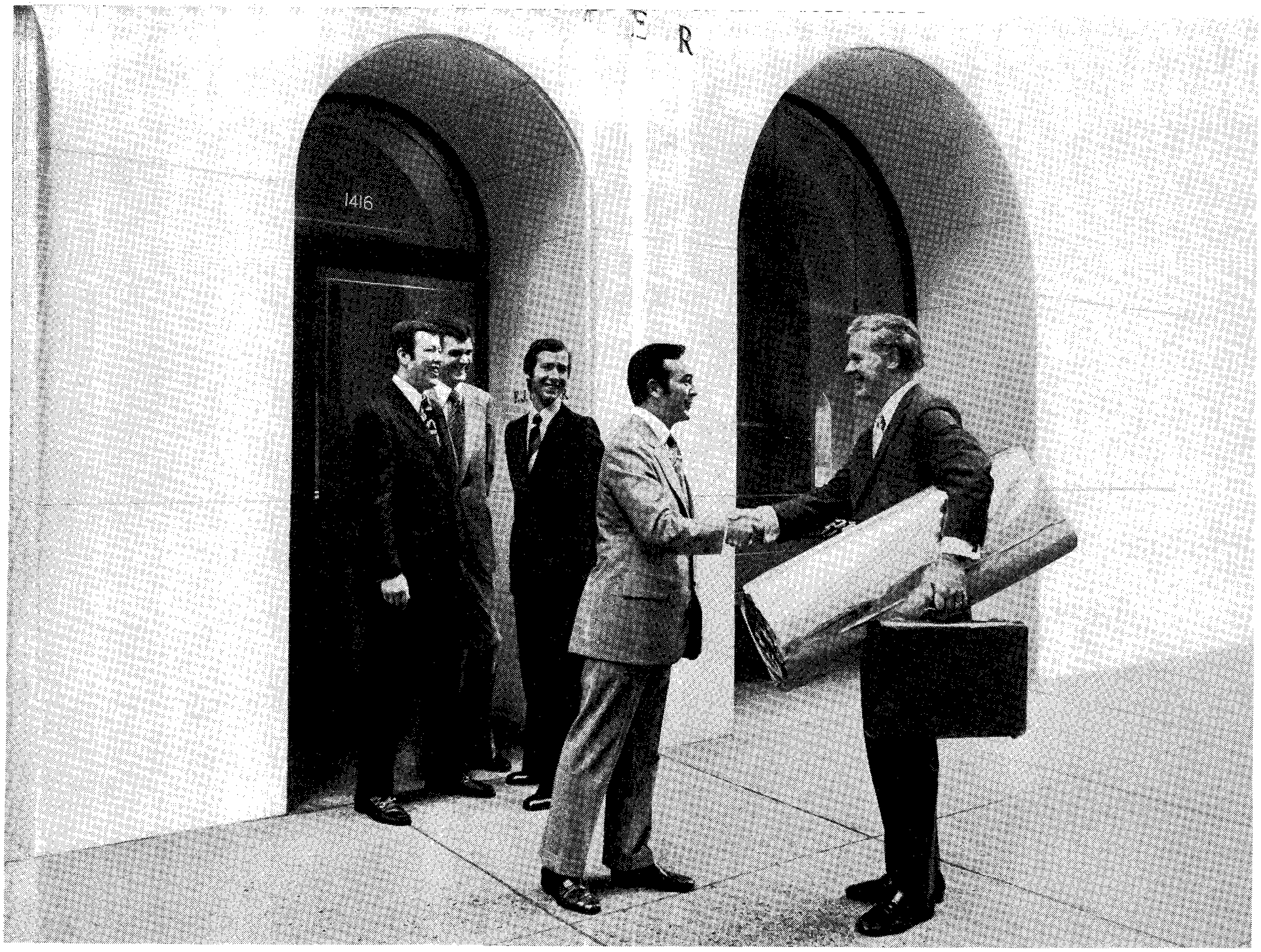
Democrat). It was more important that Jervis liked to shave before he showered, while Scheer preferred to shower first. They made their last trip together in 1964, when Jervis, who still sells books in the South, stopped covering the Southwest. Jervis taught Scheer, by example, that a man could make a good living selling books with candor, and without ever urging a bookstore to order one book more than he thought it could sell. Scheer, himself a candid man, had hoped that selling would not require him to exaggerate or deceive; Jervis's success was proof it did not.

FROM the Pontchartrain, Scheer and I drove northeast on St. Charles Avenue, toward the French Quarter. "There is a nice young fellow named Oscar Brisky down there," Scheer said. "He's struggling to get a bookstore going—second-hand books, mostly—and I don't think he wants to buy anything much, but I'd like to stop by just to say hello." As we rode along, Scheer continued to outline the elements of bookselling: "What Roger and I look for at the sales conferences, after the sales conferences, and sometimes, though I hate to admit it, for days after we have started to sell, is the proper 'handle' for each of the new books. We need a capsule description, the shorter the better, that puts the book in the most realistic light as far as potential bookstore sales are concerned. We hope that the sales conference will give it to us, ready-made—that the editor or the publisher or the sales manager, or whoever presents the book, will tell us what it is. He *tries* to. But I have attended more than five hundred sales conferences, and most of the time the salesmen are forced to work it out for themselves. We are not shy about asking for help. Time and time again, one of us interrupts to say, 'It's beautiful. I'm sure the book is as distinguished as you say. But what handle can we use?' Even experienced and sophisticated editors, sometimes, have not thought that far. Or they cannot envision what happens when the salesmen meet the bookstore buyers. 'Handle' is a blunt, philistine word—precisely why the salesmen use it. We are seldom expected to assign the book its rightful place in literature—although if you could honestly say, 'I've read the galleys, and this is the best book that has been written since the King James Bible,' that would be an excellent handle. Mostly, we need to explain why *this* cookbook, in the face of all the other cookbooks, deserves a place on the



Mr. Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler, is returning from (A) the lost elephant graveyard, (B) The Fountain of Youth, (C) a visit with the abominable snowman.

(D) None of the above.

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cookbook-collector's shelf. Or why this gothic novel is expected to sell even though the competition is so great."

Underselling is almost as bad as overselling, Scheer said, and a good handle protects the bookstore from ordering too few copies. It is also something that the bookseller can use, as long as the book is in stock, to explain to his customers why they ought to buy it. "Just to give you an example, I'm selling a book called 'Home Landscaping You Can Design Yourself,' by Irving Roberts, published by Hawthorn," Scheer went on. "There are half a dozen do-it-yourself landscaping books. The reasonable question is: Why another? Well, the Roberts book is practical. He is an engineer, an important officer in a big company, and landscaping is his hobby. His approach to landscaping is precisely what you would expect. He doesn't waste any time describing the beauty of the azalea or the perfume of the honeysuckle. He gets right down to the working specifications. And there is the handle I have been using—'landscaping as a professional engineer would approach the subject.' That's why the book should sell, and the orders have been good."

Scheer spoke about the frustration a book salesman experiences when he has what he thinks is a good book but lacks an effective handle for it—when the publishing house is excited and the author is optimistic but the salesman is unable to get anything like the advance orders that the book deserves. "That's a nightmare," he said. "You *know* that your orders are too low, and you know it is your fault. Six months later, on your next trip, the buyers are going to accuse you of having slighted the book. A couple of years ago, when I was selling for Farrar, Straus & Giroux, that happened to a distinguished novel by a well-known author. As the first sales figures came in, they were absurdly low. It wasn't just me. *All* the salesmen were missing on the book, because none of us had the right handle. And Farrar, Straus—greatly to its credit—stopped us. The book was postponed a whole season, so the sales strategy could be rethought. The next time around, with the help of an expensive promotion piece—a special advance paperback edition, with a letter from the publisher as a front cover—the salesmen more than doubled the advance. But that is an unusual case."

We took a right on Canal Street, then a left onto Decatur Street, and continued northeast, past Jackson Square and the French Market. "After

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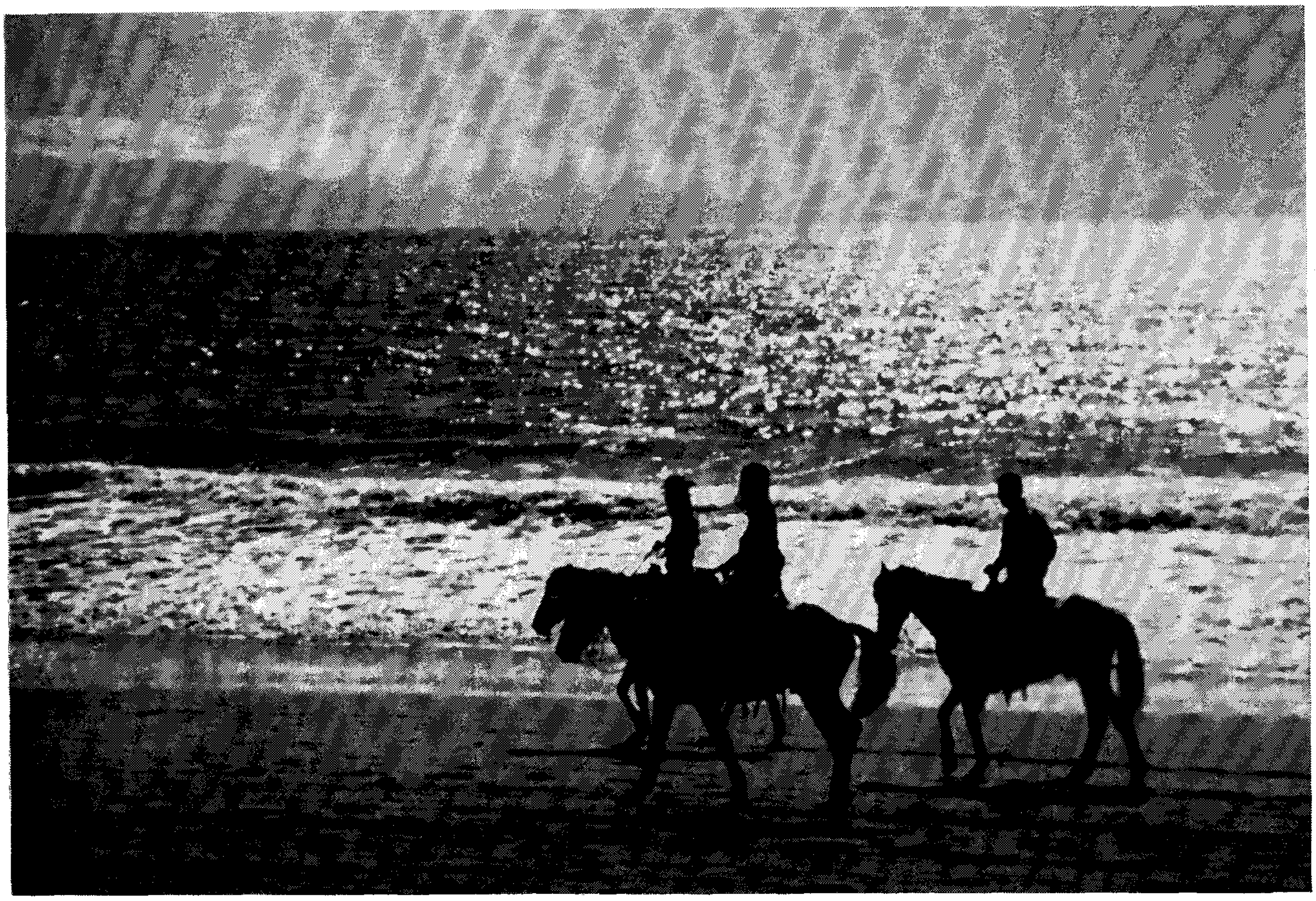

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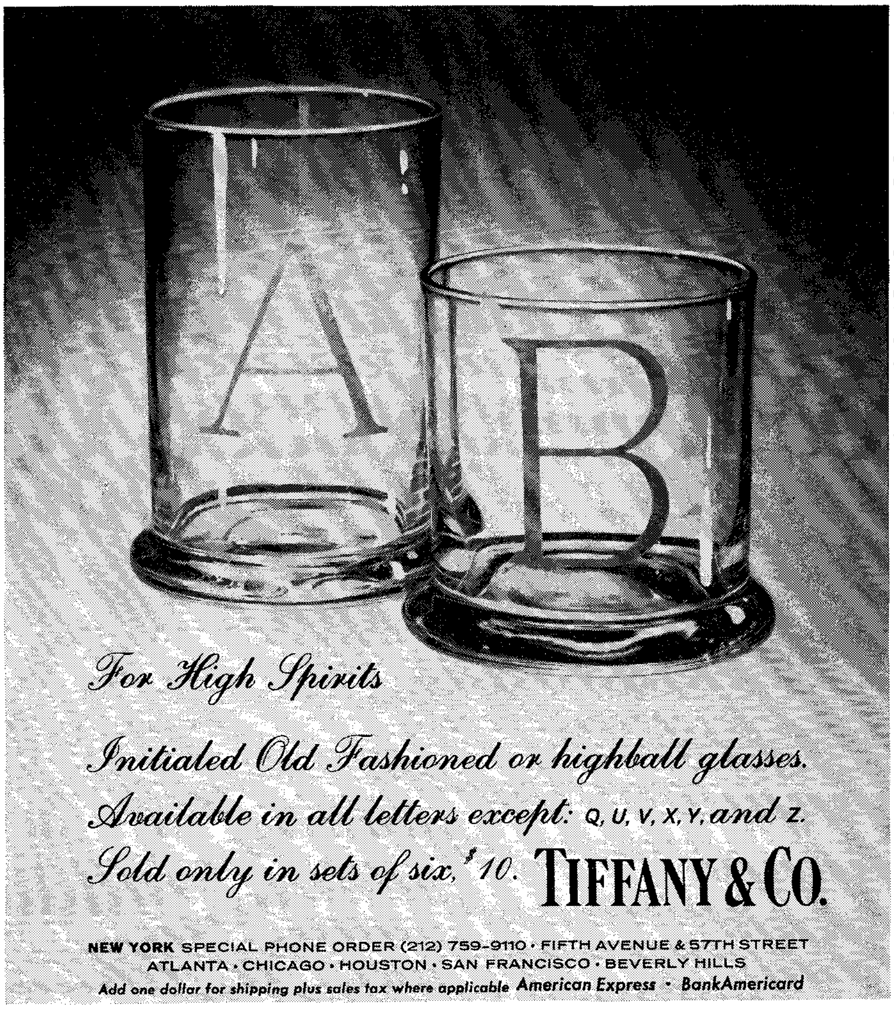

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they have an idea of the book, most buyers want to know how much enthusiasm there is for it on the publisher's part," Scheer said. "How big a sale does the house anticipate? You hear so much about 'surprise best-sellers,' and then you see so much evidence, in the form of piles of remaindered books, of publishers' dashed hopes, that it is hard to realize that most publishers' predictions are reasonably accurate. The salesmen usually play a part in formulating such predictions. The initial print order is often not decided upon until the house gets their reactions. Somebody on the editorial staff, reviewing the sales conference, may say, 'I noticed that the salesmen didn't exactly catch fire. I wonder if we have been thinking too big.' The estimated advance sale, which is ordinarily broken down into a quota for each territory, may be reduced. Some publishers ask their salesmen to help set their own quotas. Bookstore buyers want to be clued in to the publisher's forecast, and the size of the first printing ordinarily tells the story. If it is big—fifteen thousand is big—I make a little note about that in the jacket-book. There is no need to tell the buyers that the publisher thinks a book's prospects are routine—in fact, it can be embarrassing. Let's say I have a first novel that the house adores. I love it, too, and I want to give it a good spread—that is, sell at least a few copies to as many of my accounts as will take it. Still, the first printing may be no more than five thousand copies—which is often correct for a first novel. Even if we sell them all—every single copy that's left after the review copies and the complimentary copies have gone out—the advertising and promotion outlays for the book are going to be negligible. Not much more than a thousand dollars, probably, by almost any rule of thumb. Enough to buy a couple of modest ads."

Scheer went on to name some of the early indicators of success—selection by a major book club, an important sale of prepublication rights to a magazine, a movie sale, a paperback sale. "If anything of the sort has happened to one of my books, I do not suppress the news. But you have to keep the big-time blockbuster, and the publicity it engenders, in perspective. There are likely to be half a dozen a season—maybe twelve a year—and the chances are, to my regret, that I will not have one. Books do sell five hundred thousand copies, but I am concerned with alerting my accounts to any title that is going to sell, say, ten thousand. They should not pass it over. Roger and I

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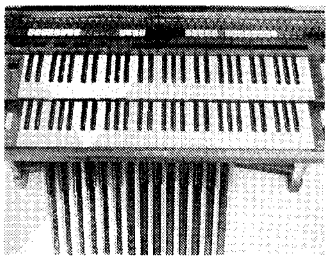

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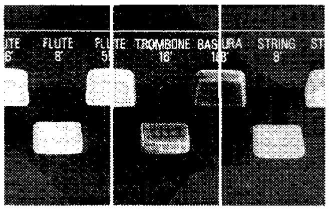
Conductors need a *large range of sound* to work with, and so do organists.

The smallest organ you should consider should have a minimum of three divisions worth of range for versatility: two keyboards and a pedalboard.

Larger organs, like the Yamaha E10R, have extended keyboards for wider tonal range.

One organ, the Yamaha DK40, has five divisions of sound instead of just three.

Choose an organ with a selection of tone colors from *each basic family of the orchestra:* brass, woodwinds, and strings.



Don't expect literal imitations of their sound. Rather, look for similarity in terms of sound character.

Avoid organs with whole families of color missing. Even the smallest Yamaha provides colors from the three basic families, and most also have a fourth family, percussion.

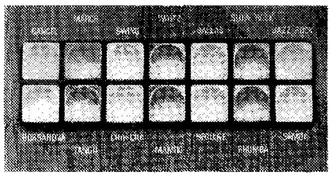
Yamaha *Auto Rhythms* borrow the rhythm section of the orchestra electronically.

They automatically play a variety of beats—from rock to bossanova—at the speed and volume level you predetermine.

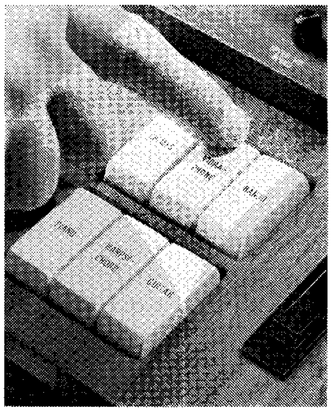
Another Yamaha feature, ABC (Automatic Bass Chord) adds full harmonic accompaniment (and makes full-sounding organ music easier to play).

When an orchestra requires a *unique sound or effect,* it usually brings in extra musicians.

Many Yamaha Electones have those extras built right in.



Banjo, accordion, piano, harpsichord, chimes, Hawaiian guitar, and vibraphone are available.



So are Wah Wah (New Orleans jazz), Repeat (mandolin style), Glide (steel-guitarish), and Touch Vibrato ("crying" strings).

There are other extras, and it's helpful to try them all.

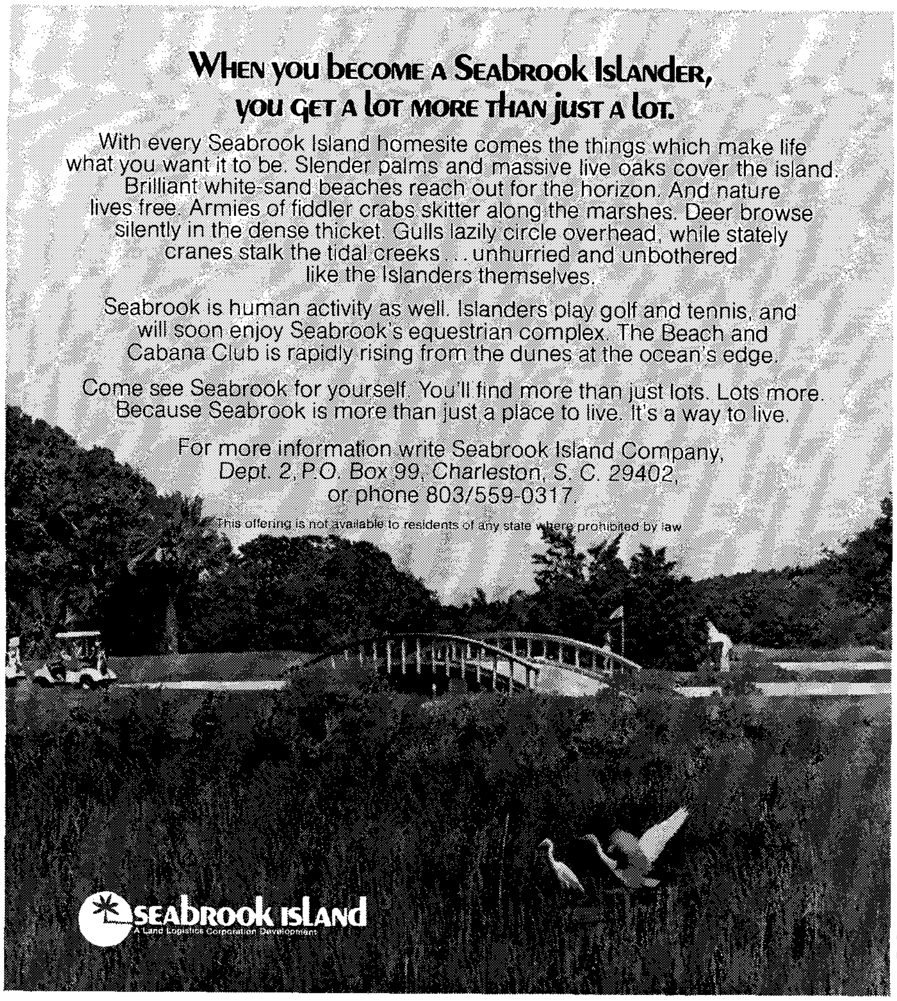
Like a fine orchestra, a fine organ can be called upon to do almost anything in the world of music.

If it's appropriately matched to its job.

For more information on organ buying, see your Yamaha dealer.

He'll make you feel like Toscanini.

YAMAHA
International Corp., Box 6600,
Buena Park, Calif. 90620



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ought to get an advance sale of at least six or seven hundred copies of such a book in the South and Southwest, which means we should average two or three copies everywhere we stop. If any unusual publicity has been arranged, I make a note of that, too, but I am selling so far ahead of the publication date that this seldom is a factor. Then, perhaps the author is a celebrity, talented at self-promotion, and a fifteen-city tour is being scheduled for him. I'd mention that, of course, if he was going to be within radio or television range of the bookstore's customers. Conceivably, the book has a good advance review or two. I would paste them into the jacket-book. In the case of the average book, the bookseller sells the book to the customer with little outside help. The customer learns the book exists when he comes upon it on the table reserved for new books, or when the proprietor of the shop mentions it: 'Did you notice that Wirt Williams has a new novel, "The Far Side"?' There are big and little bookstores, but even in a big one—say, Ted Brown's downtown store in Houston—the proprietor and the salespeople know many of their customers by name. In a small suburban shop, where most of the trade may be charge-account customers, a total stranger stopping in to buy a book can be a rarity. So when I get to Oklahoma City, four weeks from now, and offer a comprehensive history of American lighthouses, a bookstore buyer there will have a good idea of how many he can sell—he can very nearly name the customers. To make those sales, he must have a copy of the lighthouse book on hand when each of those prospective buyers comes in—the right stock at the right moment. Ultimately, a bookstore is what is within its four walls then and there. The buyer puts the stock there, and the quality of the store depends exactly on how well the buyer has bought. What I do is to try to clarify the potential of my books for my buyers. I call it selling. It *is* selling, but it is a form of collaboration, too."

THE building, on Esplanade Avenue, near Bourbon Street, where Scheer expected to find Brisky's Old Mint Book Shop was vacant, but there was a sign in the otherwise empty window. "Marvellous!" Scheer said. "He's moved to Royal Street. I told him last year that he'd never make it here, and 1036 Royal Street is a much better location. He's still a little to the east of the mainstream of the tourist traffic, but I imagine it's a big improvement."

Brisky's new shop had an attractive

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The wine you serve with a meal can say as much about you as the meal itself.

Ruffino Bardolino

Veal Piccata begins with thin veal pounded even thinner. Then it's sautéed lightly in olive oil, butter, salt, freshly ground black pepper and lemon. It's the kind of meal you serve guests who love Italian food. And to show them you know how they feel, the wine you serve is Ruffino Bardolino.

Ruffino Bardolino is a dry red wine that brings out the best in casseroles, light meal dishes and fowl.

Certain meals tell people you care about the kind of food you serve.

And certain wines tell people you care about them.

Ruffino Soave

Because your guests like seafood, you're serving Trout Almandine. Fresh brook trout, lightly salted and floured, sautéed in oil and butter and topped with slivered almonds.

And because you like your guests, you're serving the white wine that's going to tell them just how much thought went into the evening you planned for them.

Ruffino Soave.

A light, dry white wine that does all the right things to seafood and cold dishes.

And says all the right things about you.

Ruffino Valpolicella

Baked rack of lamb, fresh baby peas, curried rice and mint jelly. A hearty, robust meal you serve to guests who really enjoy eating.

The wine to go with it is Ruffino Valpolicella, a red wine as delightful and distinguished as the meal you're serving.

It goes as well with roasts, veal, quail and cheese as it does with lamb.

RUFFINO
Italy's fine wines
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sign and a quaint, bay-windowed façade, freshly painted white, but its interior was a letdown. The place was dimly lit. The walls were lined with second-hand books, as drab as only second-hand books can look. The display tables were card tables. There were only a dozen or so new books on two of them, and in the gloom their pristine dust jackets shone like jewels. I felt we were at a rummage sale rather than in a bookstore. Brisky, a slender, worried-looking man in his late twenties, wearing gray flannels and a tweed jacket, seemed discouraged. He said, "This is better, but it's still very slow. I am beginning to get a small number of fairly steady customers, and that encourages me. Mostly, I am attracting browsers, and I find I am working ridiculously long hours. I may decide to go back to school."

Brisky's spirits seemed to rise as he talked to Scheer, though Scheer said little. Mostly, he listened. He did remark that one could not expect too much too fast, he agreed with Brisky that running a bookstore was indeed hard work, and he reminded Brisky of a point he had made six months earlier: that the Old Mint Book Shop needed "a more sharply defined character" to make the browsers feel that it was an authentic part of the French Quarter. Brisky had said when we first came in that he was more interested in reducing his inventory than in increasing it, but before long he began to wonder what Scheer had to sell. Scheer had not brought any of his sales materials, but finally, at Brisky's request, he walked the half block to his parked car, returned with his jacket-book, and opened it out on one of the card tables. "I'm afraid I haven't got much for you," Scheer said, "but we can flip through the book so you can see what there is."

That seemed to whet Brisky's appetite. Whenever Scheer flipped a page quickly, Brisky wanted to turn back to it—as if he suspected Scheer of concealing a book from him. Within half an hour, Brisky had ordered about twenty books—single copies, and two or three copies of about twelve titles—which would cost him perhaps fifty dollars at his forty-per-cent discount, and he seemed positively cheerful. Scheer left a bundle of catalogues and order forms, and three or four postage-paid self-addressed George Scheer Associates mailing labels. "Drop me a line if there's anything I can do," Scheer said. "And I'll stop by on my next trip."

That pleased Brisky, and I realized

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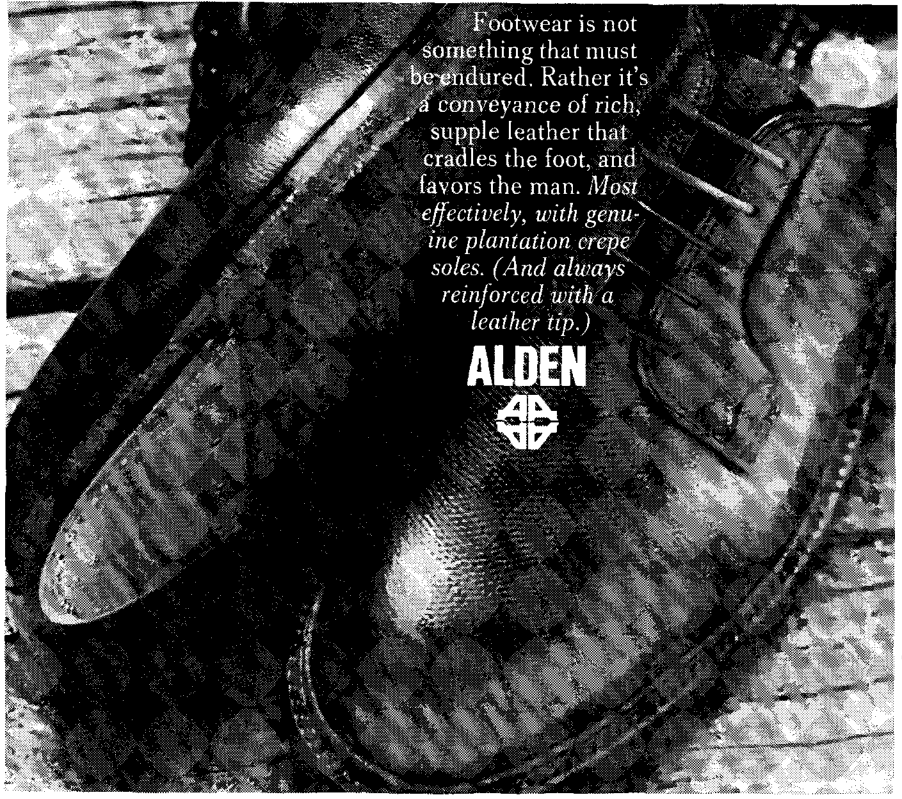
NOT TO BEAR, BUT TO BE BORNE.



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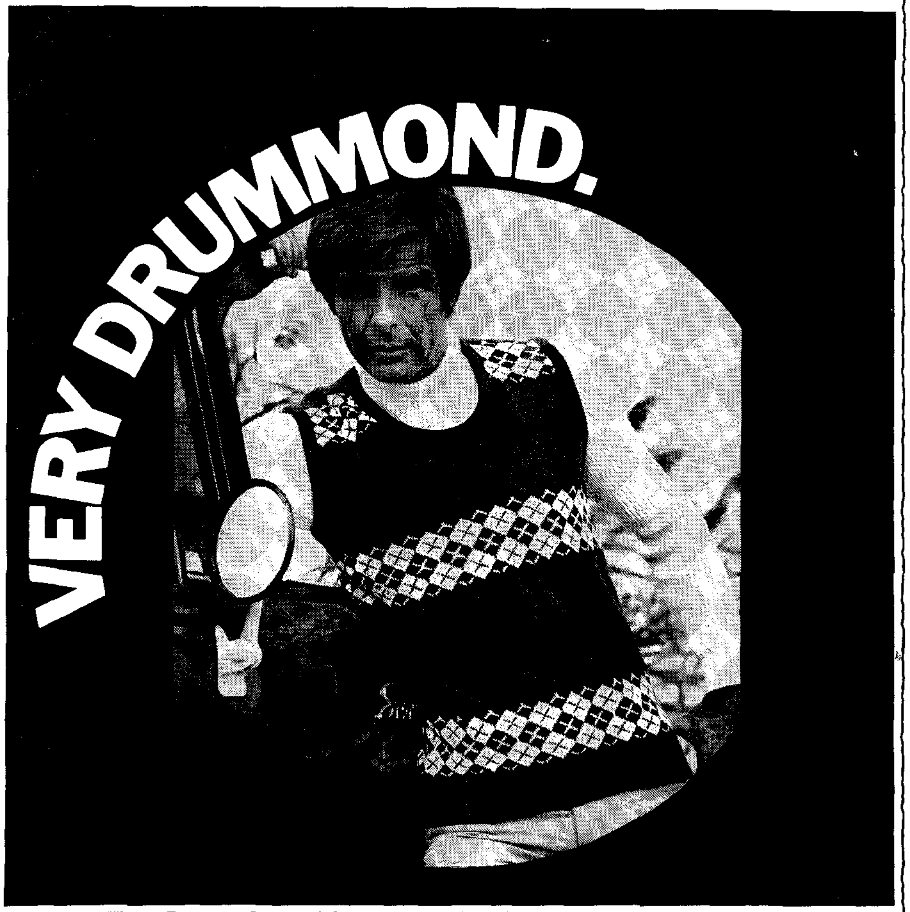

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that Scheer's call had flattered him—it was a token both of interest and of faith. "Remember, it never pays to get discouraged too quickly," Scheer said to him as we left.

During the next two days, we had to rush to fit in all of Scheer's well-established accounts. Though I knew that we couldn't waste a minute—not if we were going to get to Baton Rouge before Tuesday midnight—Scheer relaxed with the buyers as if he had all the time in the world. In New Orleans, they were almost all women: Rhoda Faust, at the Maple Street Book Shop; Kay Archer, at the book department of Maison Blanche, a downtown department store; Suzanne Link, at Books Etc.; Zelda Soignier, at the Tulane Book Store; Florence Henderson, at the Catholic Book Store; and Tess Crager, at the Basement Book Shop. Except for Miss Faust, who had just taken over the Maple Street Book Shop from her mother, Scheer knew them well. He called them by their first names, and they called him George. All the stores except the Maison Blanche book department were in the Carrollton neighborhood, within a few blocks of one another. They were not far from the Tulane campus—and the Tulane Book Store was right on it—but I gathered that the Maple Street Book Shop, which had a lot of paperbacks that might have been "suggested further reading," was the only store besides the Tulane Book Store that was getting many college-student customers. Carrollton Avenue is a shopping and residential street that runs through several well-to-do neighborhoods. Books are luxuries, and bookshops go where the money is. The bookshops in the Carrollton area were attractive; though they were all small, with limited stock, each had a well-defined individual character. I thought how welcome any one of them would be in my section of the West Side of Manhattan, where hardcover books are difficult to come by. My favorite was Tess Crager's high-ceilinged place, which had a genial atmosphere of barely controlled clutter, its walls adorned with scores of old photographs of literary celebrities—such as Hendrik Willem van Loon, Gertrude Stein, Sinclair Lewis, W. H. Auden, Ogden Nash—who had visited the Basement Book Shop. It was clear to me, though, why Scheer was gloomy about New Orleans as a book town. We had called on a major part of the city's bookstores, omitting only a couple of chain bookstores and the book department of the D. H. Holmes department store, whose

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Aug. 30

New corners of the Mediterranean: Western Mediterranean Discovery Cruise with the s.s. Volendam. 35 days, 25 ports, including Ponta Delgada, Tangier, Valletta, Monte Carlo, Barcelona, Funchal. From New York $1760 to $3955.

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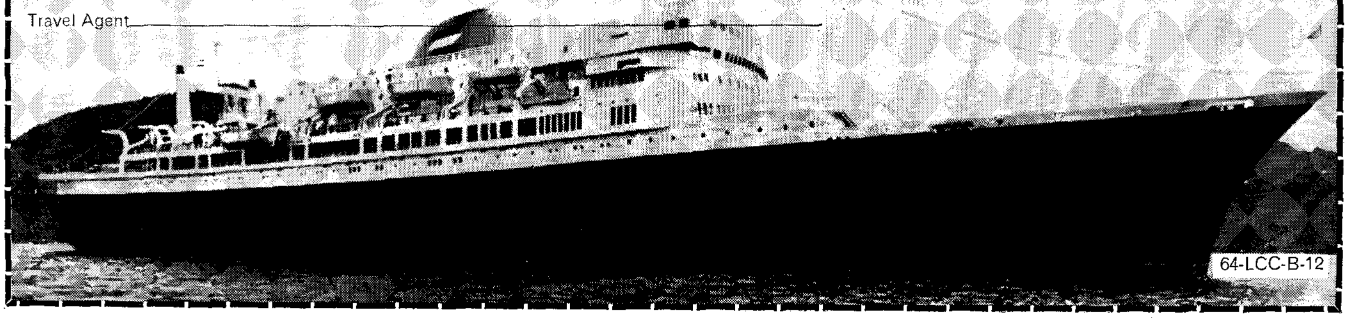

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buyer was out of town, but none of the orders was anything to boast about. Their total value was perhaps twenty-five hundred dollars. Scheer may have earned two hundred and fifty dollars, but his expenses had offset a big part of it. He had not expected to do better, he said, but he was frank in admitting that the results depressed him. He hastened to add that it was not the buyers' fault. He felt they had ordered about as many books as they could sell, with an exception or two—for instance, they had resisted "Weep No More, My Lady," Mickey Deans' book, written with Ann Pinchot, about Judy Garland, although Scheer expected it would sell quite well. Whenever such an order seemed too small to Scheer, he spoke up. He told most of the buyers that he thought they were underestimating the size of the Judy Garland cult. Everyone responded, as if they had been conferring on the point, that they had been too enthusiastic about two earlier Judy Garland books; they were afraid of getting stuck again with copies they would have to return. At Scheer's urging, the buyers would order a few additional copies of a title, or agree to try a copy or two of a book they were inclined to pass up, but Scheer seldom put pressure on them, and when he did, it was never great. When they thought they could not sell a book, Scheer accepted their verdict. (A salesman who oversells is, of course, confronted by every one of his errors, standing unsold on the bookstore's shelves, on his next trip.) Often, the order was Scheer's suggestion. "I don't know, George," the buyer would say. "How many do you think I need?"

"Three or four," Scheer would answer.

In that case, the number ordered would most likely be three.

But an order for three copies, which had sounded pathetic to me early on Monday morning, sounded pretty good by Tuesday night, because I had heard so many "two"s and "one"s, and even more "none"s. A five was heartwarming, a ten was excellent. There were only a few orders for fifteen copies, and they were mostly for backlist staples, like Tasha Tudor's "First Prayers" for children, which had evidently been selling splendidly in both its Catholic and its Protestant editions.

I not only learned how hard it is to sell a hundred copies of a book at the rate of three or four per store, I saw how little time Scheer had to spend on any one title. He was selling two hundred and six new books—a hundred and fifty hardcovers and fifty-six pa-

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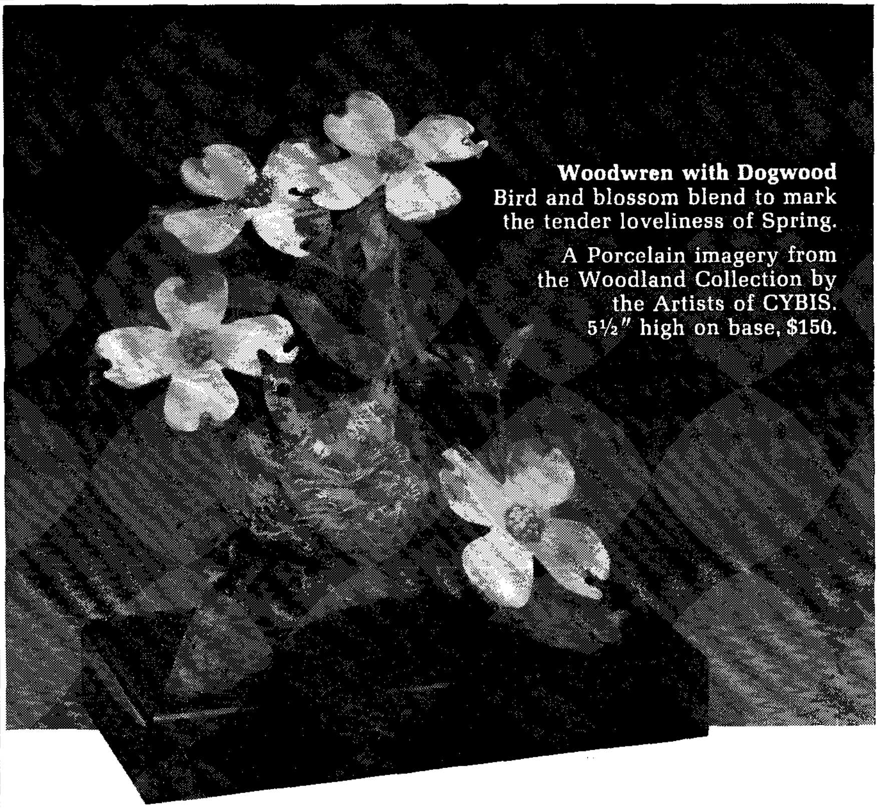

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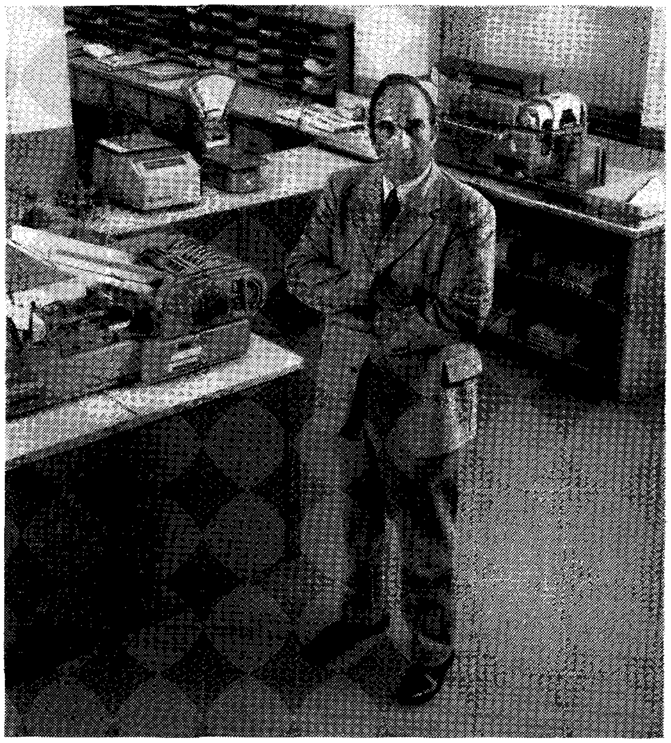
Why were salesmen complaining about getting information too late?

Why were we only sending out one mail a day?

Why was so much floor space taken up with mail facilities?

Can we keep mailing costs down with a 40% increase in volume?



George Chesley, Director, Corporate Administrative Service, Arrow-Hart, Inc., a leading manufacturer of electrical distribution equipment.

Once George Chesley had asked himself these questions, he called in Pitney Bowes to do a complete analysis of Arrow-Hart's mail and paper-handling system. He discovered he was right. Problems did exist and they could be solved.

At Arrow-Hart Pitney Bowes discovered a great deal of paper was being generated in every department. Paper systems were spread all over the company and processed, to a great extent, by hand. Hand inserting, hand folding, hand collating, hand stamping. Just dealing with paper was taking up too much time and too much space not to affect overall efficiency.

As a result Pitney Bowes completely redesigned Arrow-Hart's mailroom and patterns of paper flow. Some functions were centralized. In other areas equipment replaced people freeing them to do the jobs they were hired to do. New ways of handling and processing paper replaced older, more time consuming operations.

Arrow-Hart was able to pick up 5000 square feet of costly floor space and put it to more profitable use. Paper, in general, began to move faster and more economically through every part of the company. As George himself said: "The result was increased efficiency with paper and mail moving in and out much faster." In the end, Arrow-Hart was actually able to cut their mailing costs in spite of a 40% increase in mail volume.

You probably have these often overlooked problems in mail and paper flow, too. And whether you realize it or not, they affect the efficiency of every aspect of your business. It's very easy to find out. Pitney Bowes will be happy to do a complete analysis for you, at no cost, and make recommendations on how you may be able to match George's performance.

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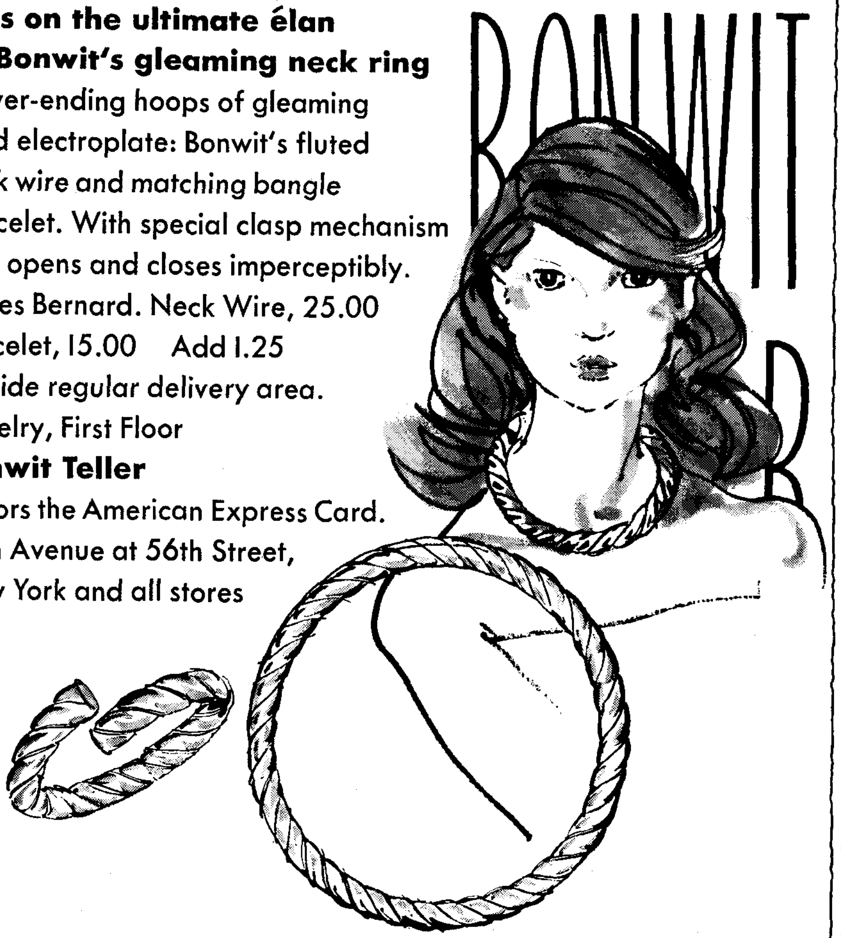

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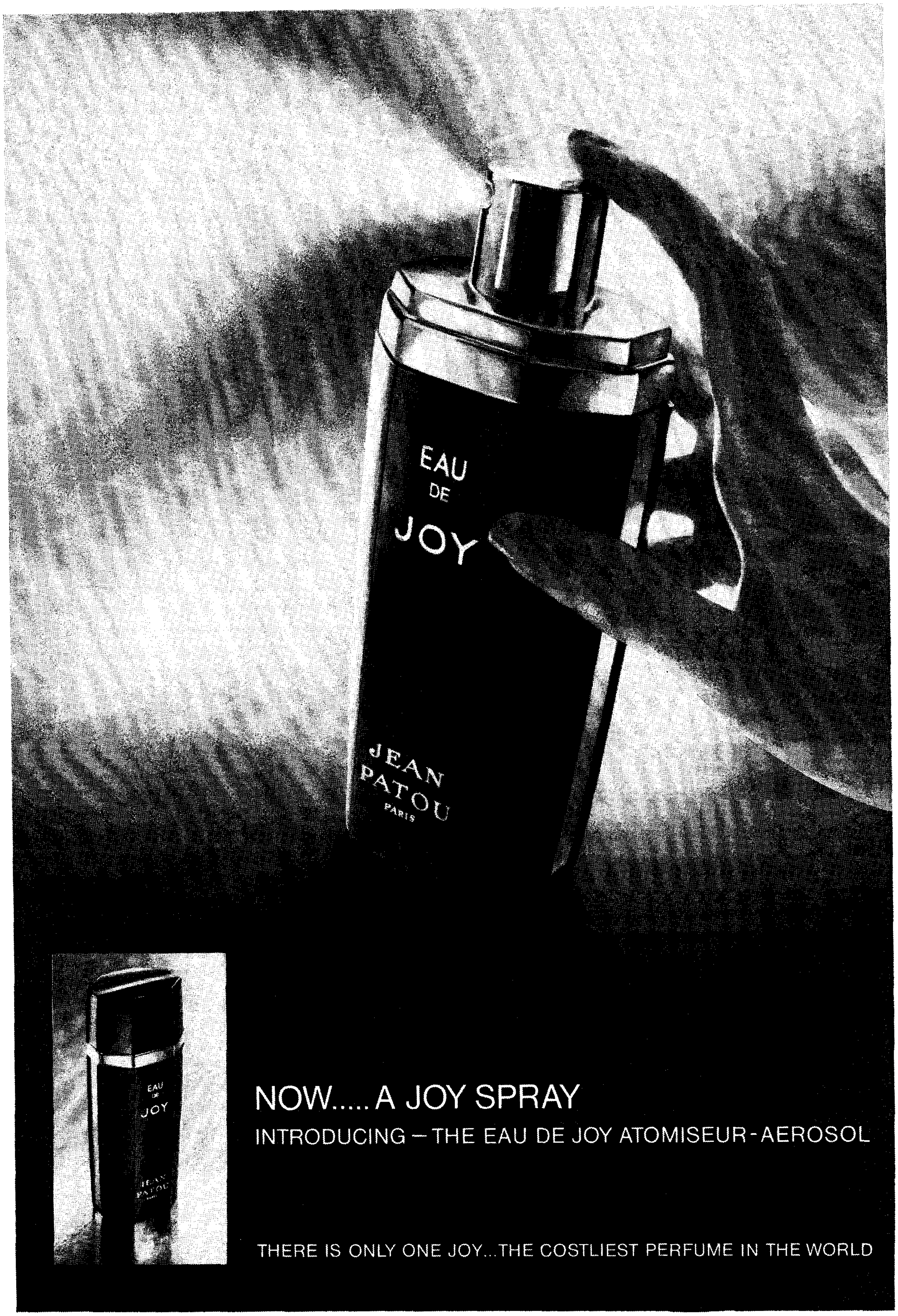
perbacks. (Among the latter, besides Irving Howe's book, were "Last Reflections on a War," by the late Bernard Fall, "What Black Politicians Are Saying," edited by Nathan Wright, Jr., "Maple-Sugaring," by Myrtie and Floyd Fellows, "Riddle Me This," by Frances Chrystie, and "On Judaism," by Martin Buber.) It was not an unusual number for him, or for any commission man, nor was it more than many house salesmen handle. Scheer had explained to me that a full-scale selling session took all morning or all afternoon, and that therefore he could take care of only two big accounts a day. But I had not figured out that the time from ten o'clock in the morning, which is when most book buyers begin buying, to one o'clock is only a hundred and eighty minutes. And Scheer had a lot to do besides describe the merits of the books. In every store but one—and Scheer told me it was the case in nine out of ten of the stores he calls on—he had to improvise a place to work. Most of the stores had desks, but they were loaded with correspondence, catalogues, invoices, and directories, which had to be pushed aside. The buyers had worked with scores of salesmen during the previous weeks, and yet they were as unprepared for Scheer's call as if it were an event without precedent.

Then there was a lot to talk about before the selling could begin. Scheer's mustache was new; he had had to grow it because he lost a bet with his son. It surprised everyone, and it had to be explained and evaluated. (The consensus was that it should stay.) The buyers wanted to know how Genevieve was, and whether his son, George, was liking his sophomore year at Brown University. Scheer, in turn, wanted to know about their families, and he passed along news of and regards from booksellers he had called on during the first part of his trip. And, invariably, the buyers wanted to tell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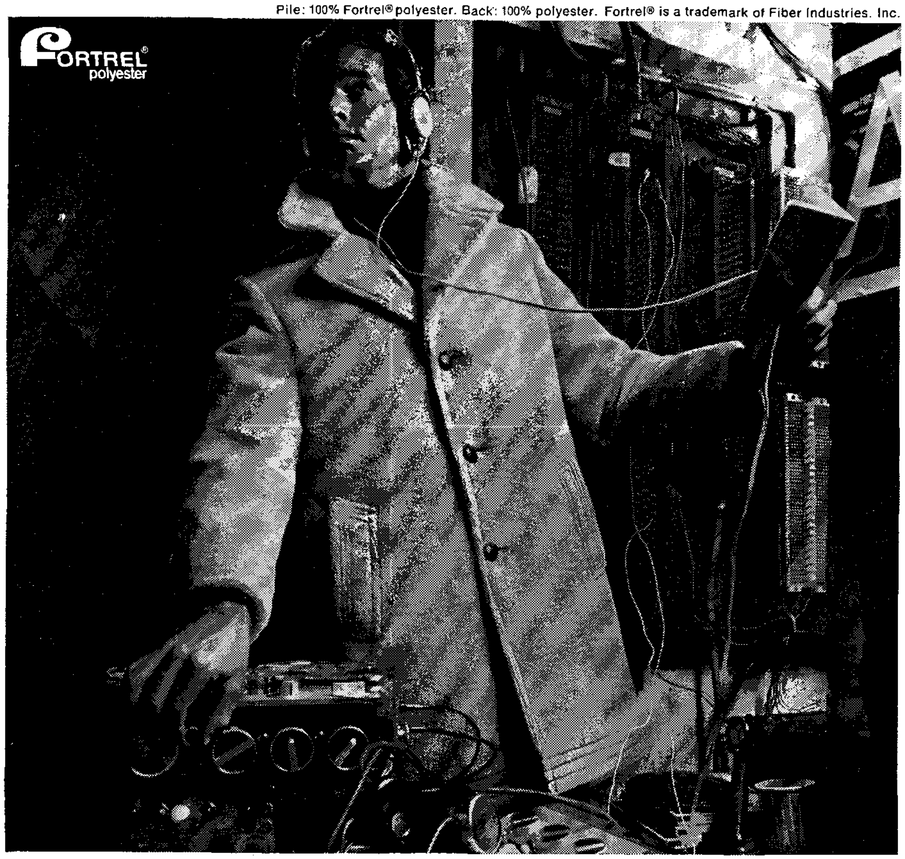

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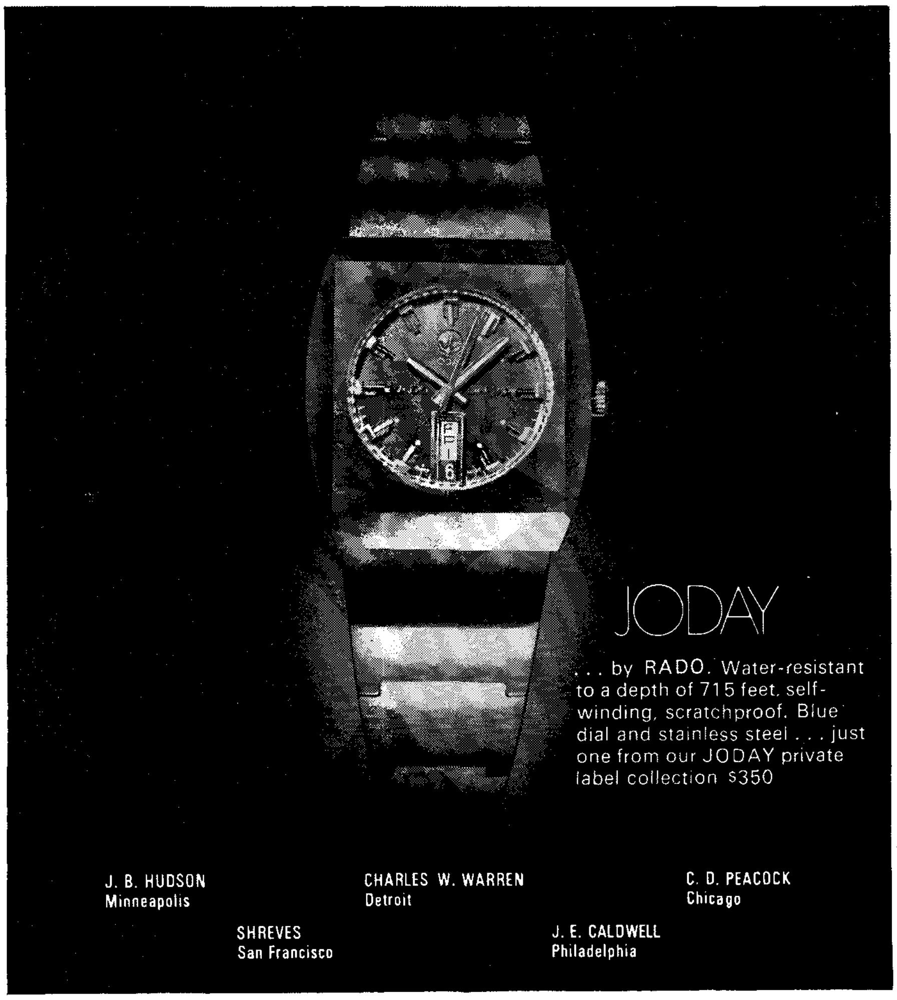

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Scheer that they felt that the publishers—all the publishers, not just the group Scheer was representing—were trying to drive them crazy. Some spoke angrily. Others sounded puzzled: "What in the world are they trying to *do* to us, George?" They all felt that inhuman forces were working against them, and all held the publishers responsible. Most of the illustrative stories had to do with books they had ordered that either had taken forever to arrive or had arrived all wrong or had arrived twice. There were complaints about errors in billing and errors in credits for returned books. The buyers were convinced that once an error had occurred it was well-nigh uncorrectable. They asked Scheer to explain why publishers need to keep revising their discount schedules. They said that keeping track of ever-changing terms and ever-changing credits for returned books was a full-time occupation in itself. And, they asked, why couldn't the publishers decide by the time the jacket was printed what the retail price of a book was to be? (Price changes that were announced after the booksellers had received the books meant that they had to paste new prices, on gummed labels, on the jacket flaps.) None of the buyers thought that Scheer could do much about the sins of the publishers, except possibly those of the ones he was working for, and yet, knowing that he would be in New York before very long, talking to publishers, they spoke as if they felt he might convey their messages. Whenever a specific complaint was made about one of Scheer's publishers—an order unfilled, a shipment billed twice, a letter unanswered for weeks, or whatever—he got out a pocket memo pad and wrote it down. "Inexcusable," Scheer would say. "It's all too much for the damned computers, apparently, but I'll get on it right away."

There were frequent interruptions. Each buyer had at least one assistant clerking in the store, but, as the authority on what was in stock or on order, each one, except Kay Archer, at Maison Blanche, had to stop to take phone calls. If two or three customers needed attention at one time, the buyer would leave to help wait on them; far from resenting this, Scheer helped out, too, on several occasions. After he had gone through a publisher's new books, he would spend quite a bit of time on that firm's backlist. (A book goes on the backlist the day it is published; some of the books he talked about were only a few weeks old.) In the aggregate, Scheer's back-

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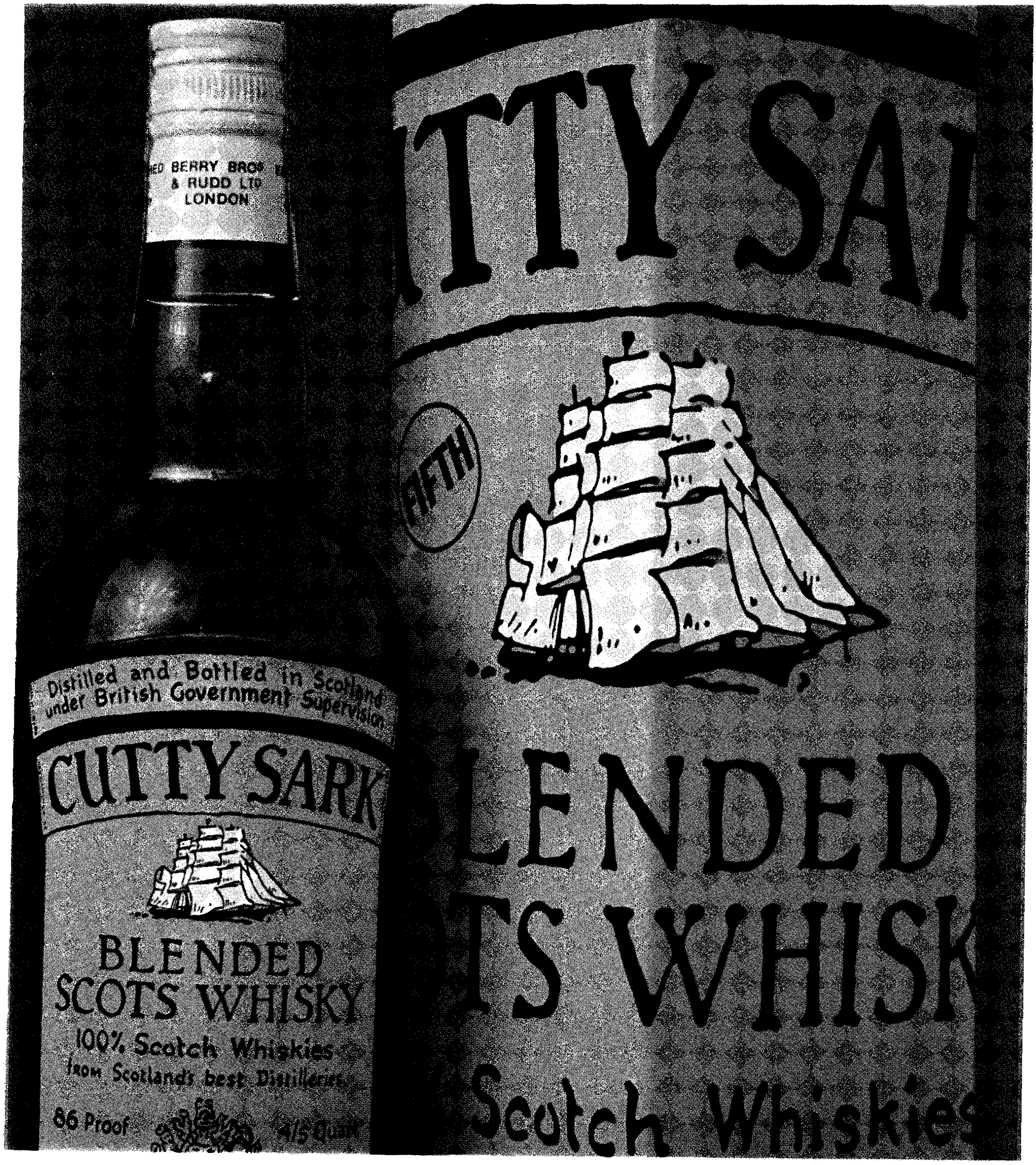
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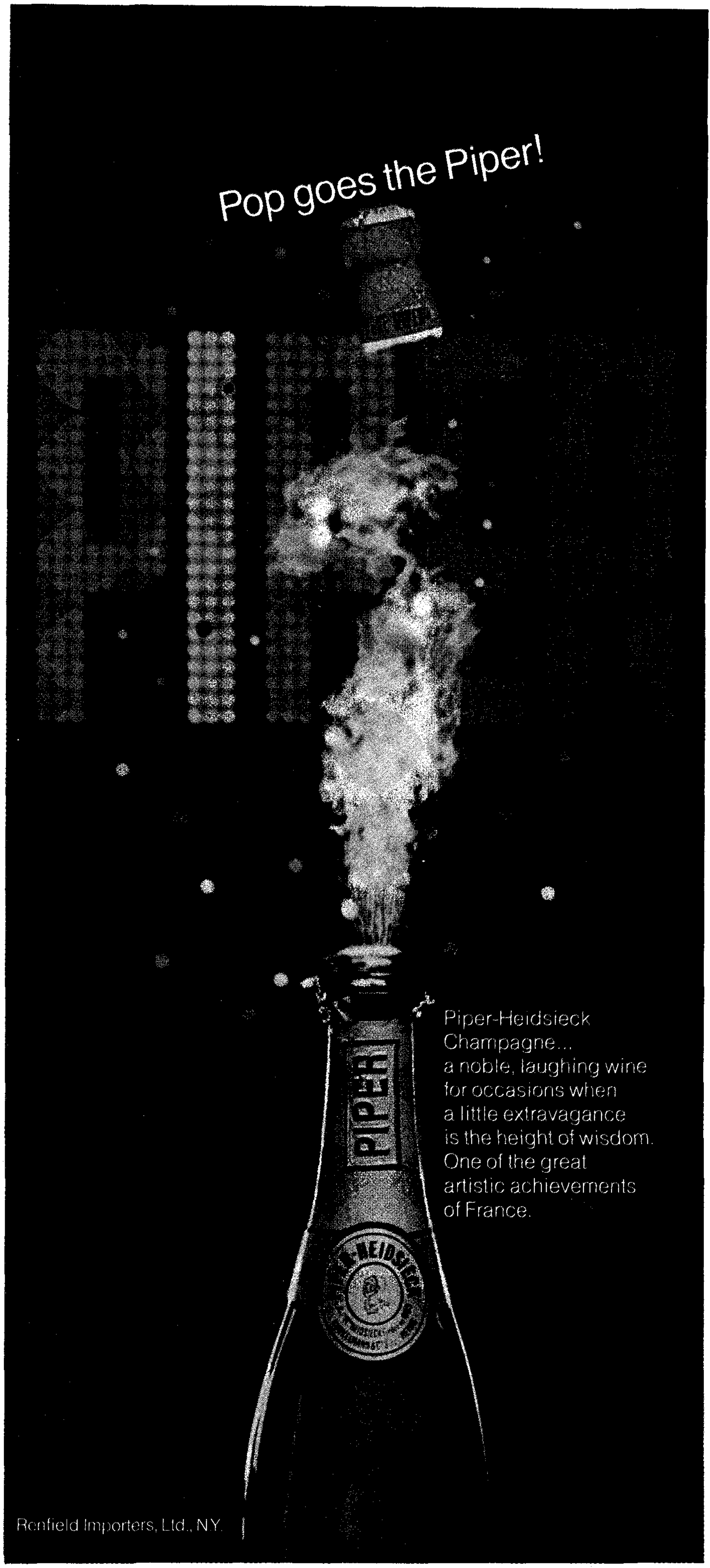
lists contained two thousand five hundred and fifteen books, four-fifths of them hardcover. He did not need to say much about them. The buyers knew which books had been selling well—they just needed to be reminded of their titles. Besides the lists at the back of the publishers' catalogues, and on the backlist order forms, Scheer had a visual aid for two publishers' books which was a sort of miniature of his jacket-book—several hundred three-by-five color photographs of backlist jackets mounted in a small ring binder. He flipped them over quickly, with only occasional comments, and the buyers recognized those they wanted. In many cases, backlist orders were larger than new-book orders, and Scheer had trouble at times writing down the numbers as fast as the buyers spoke them. From time to time, an inventory question would arise. "It's been selling, but I think we've still got several copies left," a buyer would say. "You sold me too many on your last trip, George."

The moment Scheer entered a store, he began studying the shelves, and every time he lost the buyer's attention, even momentarily, he studied them further. What was on display was approximately what was in stock, because, except for Maison Blanche, no one had much storage space. Scheer was often able to say authoritatively, "You're down to two. I just counted them. I think you can use another five." If he did not know how many copies were on hand, he got up, walked to the appropriate section, and looked. That sometimes led to some shelf-straightening, and a few additional seconds' elapsed time. (Scheer hates to see the copies of one title scattered; it is axiomatic among booksellers that the more copies you have of a title the faster it moves.)

What with all the diversions and distractions, I estimated that Scheer spent only half his time selling his new titles. Many of them were disposed of in seconds. He would turn a page of the jacket-book and read a title, and before he could finish his handle the buyer would reject the book: "I think I'd better skip that one, George," or "Let's go on," or, sometimes, just plain "No." A fast negative was often accompanied by an apology: "I'm sure it's a good book, George, but there simply isn't any interest around here in art criticism." Most of the books called for some consideration. When a buyer knew on sight that she wanted to order some copies of a particular book but did not know how many, it took her



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The Mission of Rocky Aoki

When Rocky Aoki, owner of Benihana, came to America about ten years ago, this was how a great many Americans felt about Japanese food:

(1) It wasn't as good as Chinese food.

(2) It was mostly sukiyaki and soup that tasted like hot brown water.

(3) If you ordered anything besides sukiyaki, you'd wind up with raw, slithery fishy things.

(4) OK, the food was very prettily arranged. But you walked out twice as hungry as when you walked in.

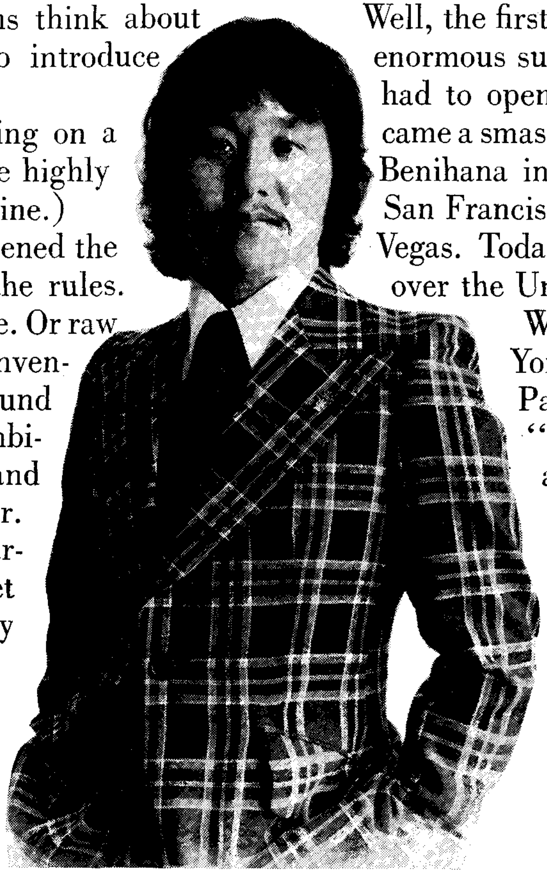
"My task is clear," said Rocky. "I'm going to change the way Americans think about Japanese food. I'm going to introduce hibachi cooking to America."

(Hibachi cooking or cooking on a grill, is nothing at all like the highly stylized classical Japanese cuisine.)

And so, in 1964, Rocky opened the first Benihana. It broke all the rules. You couldn't get sukiyaki there. Or raw fish. There wasn't even a conventional kitchen. You just sat around this big hibachi table—a combination grill and dining table—and waited for your chef to appear.

When he did, he came bearing a feast. Basket upon basket of beautiful fresh meat, poultry and vegetables. Then, right in front of you, he sprang into action. Slicing, seasoning and cooking, he prepared your meal with a speed and skill bordering on wizardry.

It was hard to believe. No exquisitely carved carrot slices. No wispy vegetables arranged in perfect flower patterns. Instead, solid food in abundance. Jumbo shrimps sauteed with lemon. Succulent chunks of steak. Young chicken dusted with sesame seeds. Mushrooms, scallions, beansprouts—served not together in some kind of mish-mash, but individually. It was enough to bring joy to the most jaded gourmet, bliss to the most ravenous appetite.



Well, the first New York Benihana was an enormous success. Within a year, Rocky had to open another one. That too became a smash. Soon Rocky was opening a Benihana in Chicago. And then one in San Francisco. And then another in Las Vegas. Today Rocky has Benihanas all over the United States.

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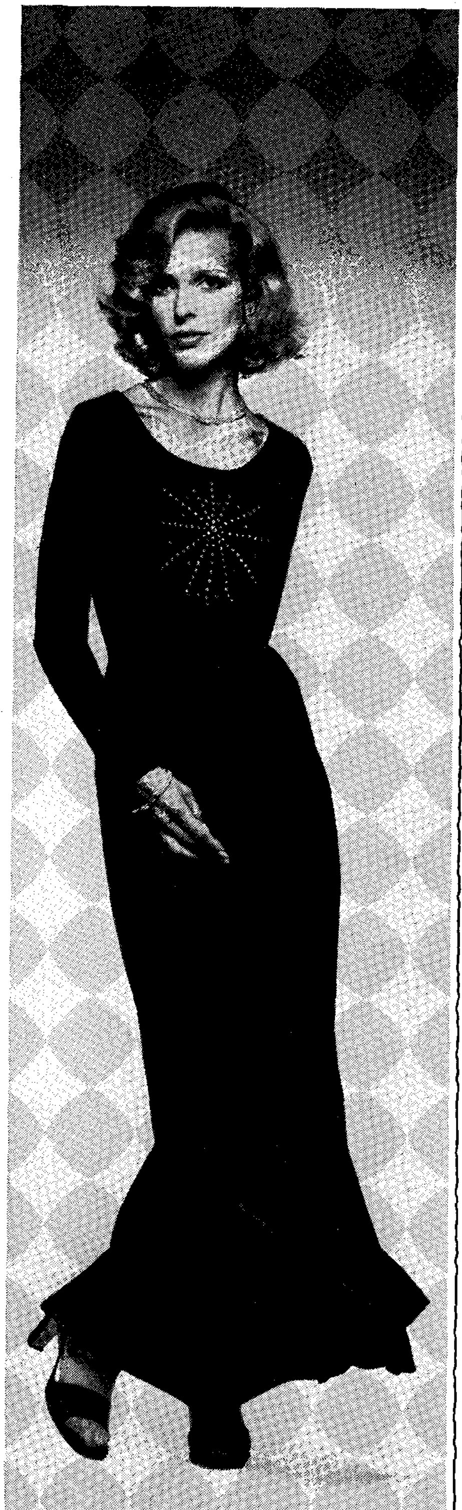

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a while to make up her mind. Scheer often suggested a number, but he never seemed to hurry the decision. He sounded willing to talk indefinitely about any title. I knew that if a buyer wanted to hear more, Scheer was prepared to say more, because he had at least sampled all the new books—except for a few he had not been able to get, even in galleys. He had read twenty or thirty with care, including some he had not liked at all. Scheer never says he likes a book he doesn't like; in that case, he simply doesn't bring up the fact that he has read it. If he is cornered, he tells the truth, and reminds the buyer, "But my personal reaction has no more to do with whether it will sell than yours will have." The buyers listened to Scheer, between interruptions, with close attention; they were hungry for information, and intent on visualizing the finished books from the evidence of the jackets. They often did reach out, as Scheer had anticipated, to feel the jackets and swing them on their hinges. (It would be much easier but less effective, Scheer feels, to mount the jackets in transparent plastic envelopes.) Although none of the buyers said so, I felt that, for all their seriousness, they were slightly disappointed. They looked forward to a number of his books, but they were hoping for something great that was sure to sell extremely well, and on this trip they did not find it.

Allowing for everything, Scheer was able to devote about ninety out of each hundred and eighty minutes to pure new-book selling—a little more than twenty-six seconds, on the average, for each of his two hundred and six new titles. There were a number of five-second or ten-second books, briefly described and quickly rejected. Still, when Scheer did have his full say he spent about a minute on a book. I could not help thinking that that was all he would have for another "Moby Dick."

Tuesday night, on schedule, we were driving through a drizzle on Interstate 10, headed for Baton Rouge. Scheer said, "Now you understand why at one sales conference after another my voice is raised with my annoying question: 'Well and good, but what is the *handle*? What can I tell the buyers?' I often think how shocked authors would be if they listened to the salesmen selling their books. They've worked for a year on their book—two years, three years, maybe longer. And there it is. A word or two and the decision is made. I am not selling faster than other salesmen; on the contrary,

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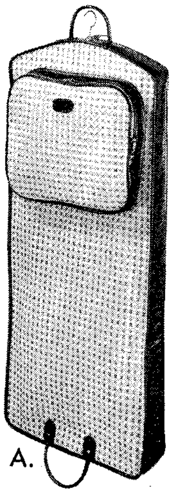

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I am kidded about having too much to say. I don't think many authors could stand it."

And yet, Scheer said, he feels that the selling-buying process is less haphazard than an author might think. "Naturally, I seldom feel that I have done justice to the nuances of any real work of art," he said. "But I can usually look over my tally sheets at the end of a trip and see that I've achieved a reasonably good spread for it—let's say that two-thirds of my accounts have ordered at least a copy or two. The book has a chance, assuming that all the other salesmen have done about equally well. If two booksellers out of three have it on publication day, at least it is alive. Books *have* survived a wretched advance sale; that is, you can collect anecdotes, if you care to, about slow starters, ignored for a long time, that have gone on to good sales, even great sales. It happens, but it is very rare. I can almost never expect a good reorder on a second trip if I haven't had a good order on my first—not unless something truly extraordinary has happened in the meantime: a National Book Award, a Pulitzer, or the Nobel Prize. Most good reorders represent the experience of the particular bookseller. A kind of momentum has developed. Say she took five initially. They disappeared fast, and she has no doubt that the store can sell five more, or even ten, because her customers are talking to each other about the book. A buyer for a small bookstore is in very close touch with that reality—although there are enough surprises every season to make life interesting. Don't be deceived by my buyers' politeness. They know almost instantly how many copies they can sell, and I doubt whether their estimates would improve much if they took ten times as long to buy. Fiction is harder to predict than nonfiction. If I am selling for a house that runs heavily to fiction, I know, and my accounts know, that the returns on that list are going to be high. Of course, there's an exception to every generalization about bookselling; ordinarily, it is hard to raise high expectations for nonfiction, whereas the mere mention of a famous novelist's name is exciting. But novels stall. The salesmen get out a good advance of thirty thousand, everything looks fine, and they follow up with ten thousand more. Unaccountably, the customers stop buying at twenty-eight thousand, and twelve thousand copies are headed right back to the publisher.

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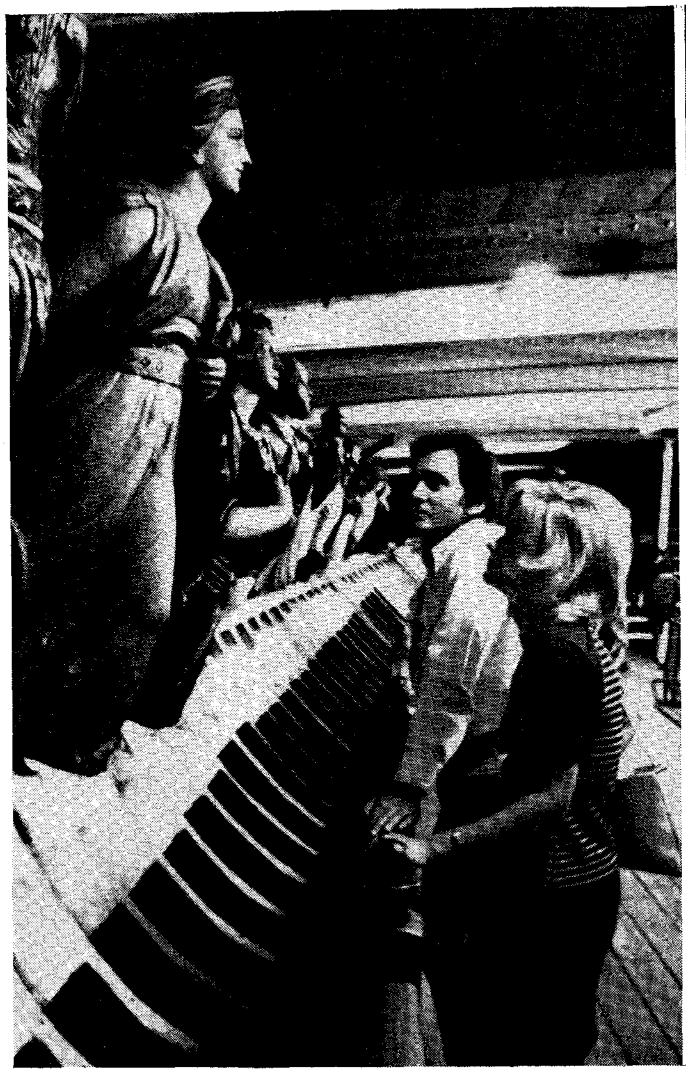

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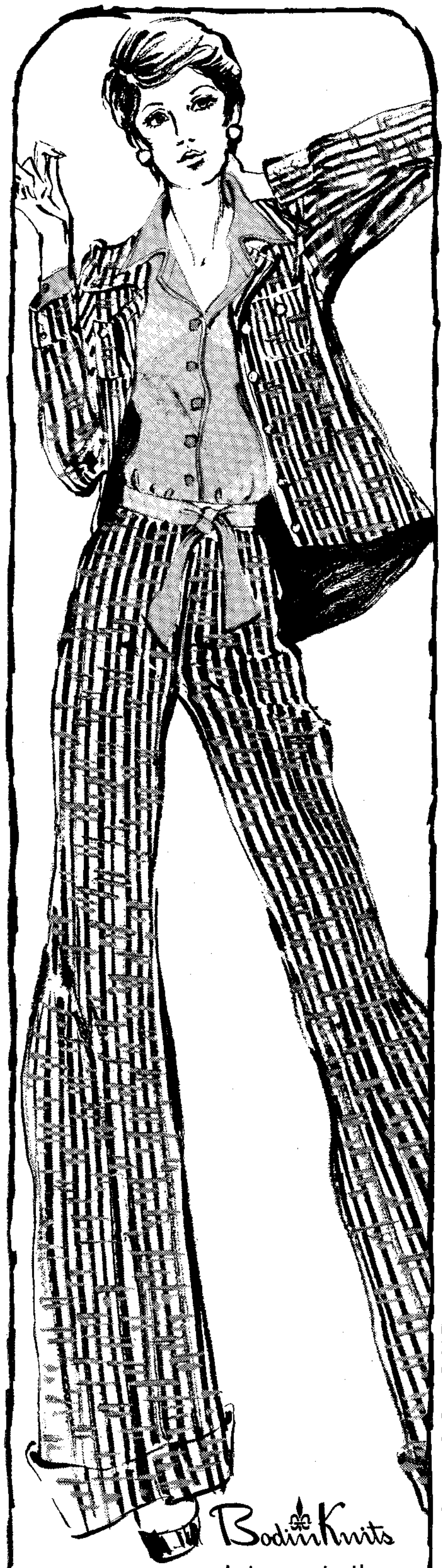

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booksellers don't buy on consignment, as many people think. It is a real sale. They get credit for returns, but full credit is not easy to come by. The books must be in good condition, must be properly packed, and must be returned within a specified time. If the bookstore has mislaid the original invoice, some publishers assume that the store got a bigger discount than it really did. Even under the best circumstances, the bookstore loses on returns, because it has to pay the return shipping costs, but a more substantial loss is all the paperwork and time involved. I hate to see the returns on the books I've sold get as high as fifteen per cent, although I understand that the national average for all publishers is nearly twenty per cent. Like all salesmen, I'm under constant pressure on this. If my returns are low, my publishers suspect me of underselling. If I sell too hard and returns are high, *my accounts turn me off.* It's a tightrope. Not every bookstore buyer is a genius, you understand. Some buyers just plain annoy me. My bête noire is the buyer who says, 'Oh, I see you have a new book about Taiwan. Have you seen Harper's new book about Indo-China?,' and proceeds to tell me all about Harper's new book. Still, my three hundred buyers buy wisely, in the aggregate. When I run into resistance on a title, I call Roger, and I find, almost invariably, that he is running into resistance, too. And I'm almost willing to bet that the East has been bad, the West has been bad, and the Middle West has been bad, too. The author, the publisher, and the salesmen have all been dreaming pipe dreams, and the bookstore buyers, in their collective wisdom, have brought us back to earth."

BUSINESS improved as Scheer and I travelled west from New Orleans. Early Wednesday morning, he got an excellent order at Claitor's, a huge bookstore on the southern outskirts of Baton Rouge, in a building that looks like a factory. Actually, it is an adjunct of a publishing operation, where a man named Robert Claitor produces regional, technical, and legal books. It has half a dozen clerks, trimly dressed stockroom girls, and a vast selling area with bookshelves rising all around to a double-height ceiling. (The shelves that cannot be reached except by ladder are used for storage; there is also a big stockroom at the back of the store.) Sometimes Mrs. Claitor does the buying, but she was away, and an assistant, Cecile Bourgeois, was taking her place. She was tidy and precise, and al-

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though she sometimes hesitated over a title, she knew exactly what Claitor's wanted. Almost every time Scheer turned to the next page in his jacket-book, Miss Bourgeois rolled her eyes heavenward, as if to say, "My goodness, what will they think of next?" She said hardly a word except "I'll take ten," or whatever the number was; she ordered some copies of almost every new title; and there was a sprinkling of twenty-fives among the numbers. There seemed to be an added spring to Scheer's step as we walked back to his car.

We went on to Melvin Shortess's small store, Shortess Paper Books—a misnomer, for perhaps a quarter of the stock was hardcover—in one of the blocks bordering Louisiana State University. Melvin and his wife, Helen, are among Scheer's oldest friends; he had taken them to dinner, after drinks at their home, a handsome house in the suburbs, the night before. Until a few years ago, the Shortesses ran a much larger bookstore downtown, in the main business district of Baton Rouge. They regard Shortess Paper Books, about a mile from where they live, and hardly more than twenty feet wide and thirty feet deep, as semi-retirement; they can run the whole business by themselves, working six days a week. Selling at Shortess Paper Books took Scheer no more than an hour. Shortess wanted quite a few titles—his customers are mostly university students, and the Schocken backlist, strong on education, Kafka, religion, and philosophy, had a good deal of what he needed—but because his tiny store has no stockroom he bought in small quantities.

By midafternoon, we were on the road to Beaumont, Texas, having stopped, just to say hello, at the offices of the L.S.U. Press. The press had several trade books on its list besides Havard's "The Changing Politics of the South"—including a biography of Ellen Glasgow by E. Stanly Godbold, Jr., and "Hugo Black: The Alabama Years," by Virginia Van der Veer Hamilton—and Scheer was able to report that sales had been going reasonably well.

The skies broke open as we entered Beaumont. Scheer had to stop driving for a few minutes; the cascade of water was too much for the windshield wipers. Then it let up slightly, and we turned in at the next motel we came to, a Ramada Inn, where he had not made a reservation. I was surprised, but Scheer explained that he makes reservations at only a few motels on his route, in order to have some mail ad-

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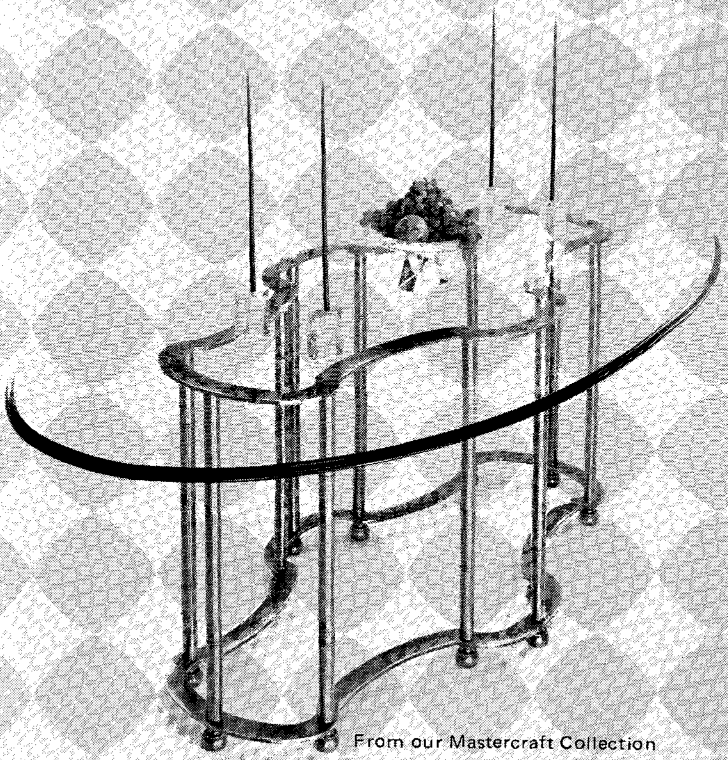

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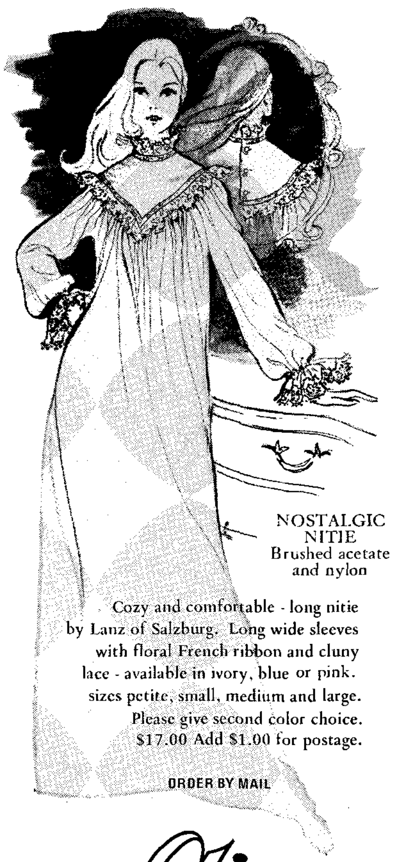
dresses. "If I made reservations all the way, I'd just have to change them every time I got off schedule, and that would take hours. If I hit a storm like this one, I want to be able to stop. It's tourists who make reservations, because they're afraid of being shut out completely. The motels that cater primarily to travelling salesmen are seldom sold out. When one is, I know another that isn't. On weekends, of course, they're practically empty. Every salesman who can possibly make it has gone streaking for home."

Scheer had to write several letters, fill in the headings on the order forms—the names and addresses of the stores, the dates, the names of the buyers, and the order numbers—and make some long-distance calls. He was putting in two hours of office work a night, usually between ten and midnight, and we were regularly breakfasting at seven-thirty. Yet, as far as I could tell, Scheer was thriving on his seventeen- or eighteen-hour days. "It's true," he said. "I am exhilarated by it. I suppose it does not really seem like work to me. It takes a lot of energy, but I don't notice that unless I get sick on a trip. I have to laugh, though, when people ask, 'What is there to do at night?' As you have seen, I work at night, when I am not having dinner with friends. As I recall, I've been to the movies on the road twice in the past ten years."

Scheer had only two calls to make in Beaumont the next day, Thursday. He called on Reta Piland, head librarian of the Jefferson County Library—a most unusual account. Libraries seldom buy from trade-book salesmen; rather, they rely on institutional jobbers or specialized school, university, and institutional salesmen. Mrs. Piland ordered a lot of titles, and, because she was buying for a main library and three branch libraries, in most cases she thought of four copies almost as one.

At the Key Book Shop, our other planned stop in Beaumont, Scheer was told that Tom Clemmons, the owner, was out to lunch. He took the news philosophically. It is a small store, heavily slanted toward best-sellers and popular nonfiction, and Scheer introduced himself to the salesgirl (the first time on our trip that he had had to introduce himself), chatted with her about what he discovered was her home town—Boston—and, while he talked, went through a set of his catalogues, marking a title here and a title there, perhaps twenty-five or thirty in all. He handed the marked catalogues to the



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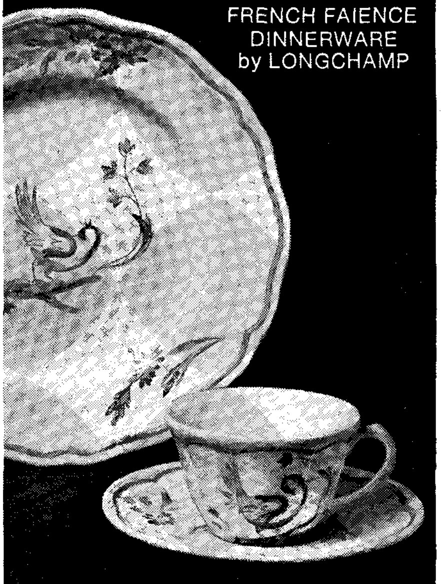

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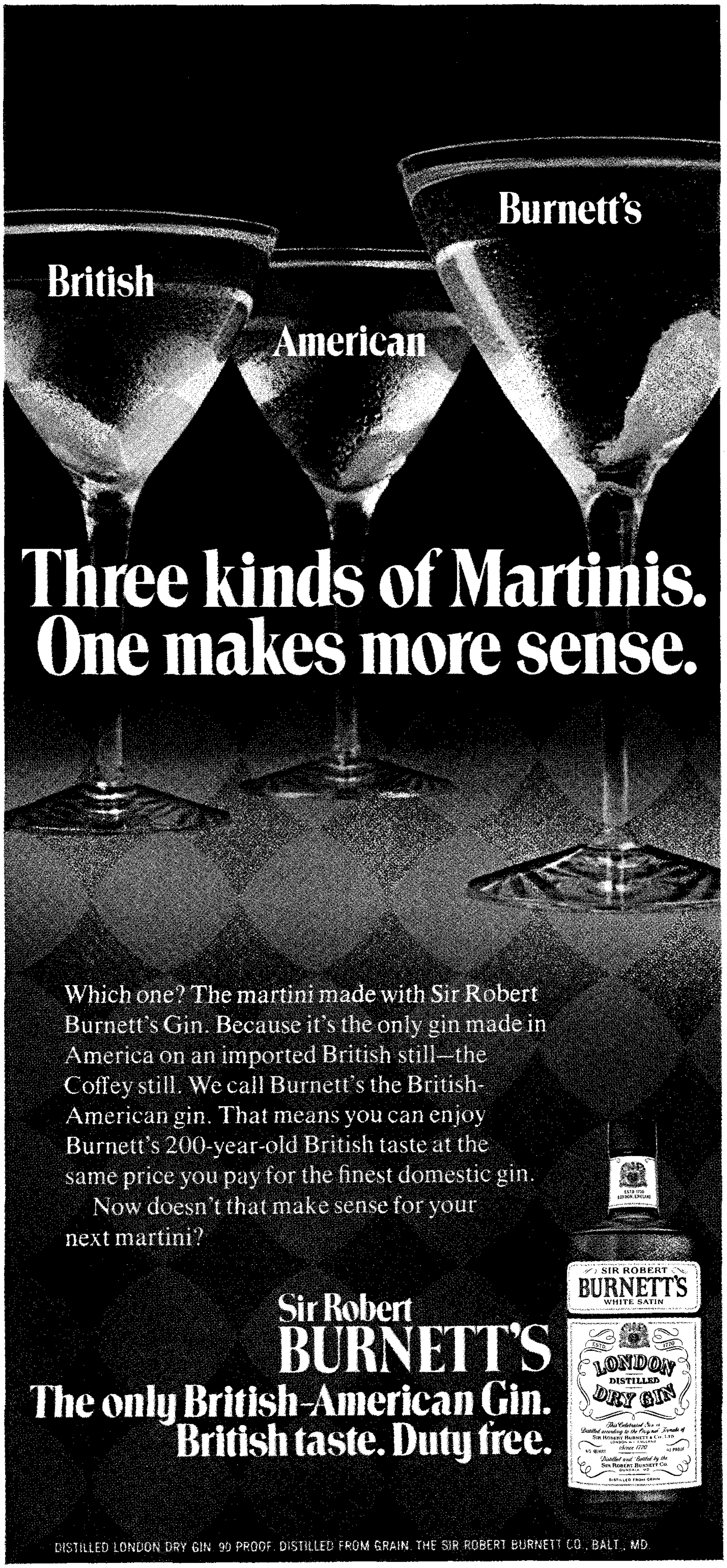

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girl. "Give Tom my best, and tell him I'm sorry to miss seeing him," he said. "I'd wait, but I've got to move on to Houston. And Tom needn't worry. I've marked everything he'll want to consider." With that, we were gone. The call had taken not more than twenty minutes.

As we drove, Scheer told me that ordinarily he counts marking the catalogues, the way he had just done, as a poor substitute for selling but that this case was not so bad. "Tom Clemmons really does not want to hear what I have to say about the books," he explained. "He just wants to know which books will be advertised or listed in *Book Chat*." Then Scheer realized he had to explain that *Book Chat* is a bimonthly publication, produced in Chicago, that describes eighty or ninety new books in its editorial columns. Local bookstores' names are imprinted on it, and the stores distribute it to their customers; the back cover includes two prepaid tear-out postcards addressed to a particular store, to be used as order forms. "*Book Chat* puts out a huge Christmas issue, and there are several Christmas-gift catalogues of the same sort, imprinted the same way," Scheer said. "They are influential. All my accounts want to know what is going to be in *Book Chat* and the Christmas catalogues. It's something I note in the jacket-book whenever I have the information. How do customers hear about the existence of a new book? It is hard to accept the fact that not everyone reads the *Times Book Review* every week, but we have to face it. People expect their bookseller to tell them what has been published. The bookstore has a news-bearing function. And *Book Chat* is one of the ways it fulfills it."

By late afternoon, we were in Houston, and Scheer's spirits were effervescent. "Now we're in a real book town," he said. "Houston is a city where I drive seventy-five miles a day inside the city limits and don't ever mind it. No matter how badly a trip may have been going, Houston revives me." Scheer has watched Houston grow, since 1946, from a city he could cover in two days into one that occupies him for at least seven, and sometimes ten. (His second-longest stop, of four or five days, is in Dallas.) He would not be in the least surprised, he said, if within less than a decade Houston rose to fourth place in the ranking of book-buying cities. There was a stack of mail, including a tape cassette from Hawthorn, waiting for Scheer at the Travelodge Motel; Hawthorn, as an experiment, was equipping its salesmen with cassette recorders to facilitate two-way communication with the sales manager. Before he read his letters or listened to the cassette, Scheer was on the telephone talking to Ted Brown, another good friend. At the time, Brown owned two bookstores in Houston: Brown Book Shop, in the heart of the old downtown business district, the best-known bookstore in the Southwest, and Brown's Post Oak, in the Post Oak shopping complex, part of one of the city's several satellite downtowns. (Brown has since opened a third store.) Houston had a hundred and fifty suburban shopping centers at last count, but the Post Oak-Westheimer complex, a glittering expanse of white buildings and gray parking lots just off the vast oval freeway system, is the eye-opener. In addition to Brown's Post Oak, the area includes such attractions as Sakowitz, Neiman-Marcus, and Joske's—all department stores—and the Galleria, which is an enclosed, air-conditioned shopping mall on three levels, with around a hundred shops, an ice-skating rink, an art gallery, and two movie theatres.

Brown told Scheer he was getting ready to close the downtown store for the day but said there was time for us to get there if we hurried, so we hurried. A tall, dapper man with a flamboyant mustache, given to boldly striped shirts, Brown seems to qualify well for Scheer's encomium "a real bookman." He not only loves books but manages his stores with attention to every detail. He presides over the downtown store, like a captain on the bridge of a ship, from a square combination counter and office just inside the plate-glass doors. The store is a big, no-nonsense place with a large stock—rows of books on racks and shelves, many with just their spines visible. It looks cluttered, but Brown, who has thirteen saleswomen and salesmen working for him, knows exactly where every book is. The downtown store is patronized predominantly by men, and stocks a lot of books on business, economics, science, art, and history. (It carries, for instance, all of Samuel Eliot Morison's fifteen-volume "History of United States Naval Operations in World War II.") Brown's Post Oak is more for women, and tidiness is its hallmark; the books are well displayed, and the emphasis is on fiction, cookbooks, and the household arts. Brown has a reputation for being tough on book salesmen. He is uncommonly knowledgeable about books, and art books are a specialty of his. (A

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salesman once showed him advance proofs of a splendid collection of Picasso's work in which one abstraction was reproduced upside down; Brown recognized the error instantly and was the first to report it to the publisher.) He barks at salesmen who assume that hyperbole will impress him. Since Scheer knows Brown well, he not only refrains from hyperbole but when Brown barks he barks right back.

Brown told us that his wife, Sylvia, who runs the Post Oak store, was there and would not be leaving for a little while, so we drove out to say hello to her—about six miles through a succession of residential districts with names like River Oaks, Tall Timbers, and Afton Oaks. Scheer chatted with Sylvia Brown for a few minutes, and then we drove to another bookstore, named Cobler's Book Store, at Post Oak for a chat with its buyer, Bill Caskey. (Two other places also sell books in the Post Oak-Westheimer area: the book department of Joske's, and the Sam Houston Book Shop, in the Galleria.)

Scheer started selling in earnest the following day. That was Friday, and it was his ambition to finish Houston by the following Thursday, in time to drive the two hundred miles to San Antonio, his next stop, that evening; he could make it if his appointments dropped into place perfectly. Counting the Post Oak-Westheimer area stores, Scheer had thirteen buyers, buying for twenty bookstores, on his list; among his first calls were those on Bill Streich, of Bookland; Brian Sumrall, of Books Incorporated; Jean Ball, of Jean's Book Shoppe; and Jessie Allen, of Allen-Maxwell Books. He hoped, if possible, to enlarge the list. He knew of a couple of new stores he had never called on, and if time permitted he wanted at least to scout them out and see whether they were worth adding to his future trips. Scheer's pace through New Orleans, Baton Rouge, and Beaumont had awed me. It was clear that in Houston he intended to step it up.

At our seven-thirty breakfast on Friday in the motel's dining room, Scheer told me, over enormous glasses of Texas orange juice, that he had been up and working for a couple of hours, answering letters and listening to the Hawthorn cassette. "They gave me a few compliments, but mostly they gave me hell," he said of the message on the cassette. "The sales manager thinks I am not doing well enough with Emily Gardiner Neal's book, 'The Healing Power of Christ'—not as well as his other salesmen, that is. I'm sure he sus-

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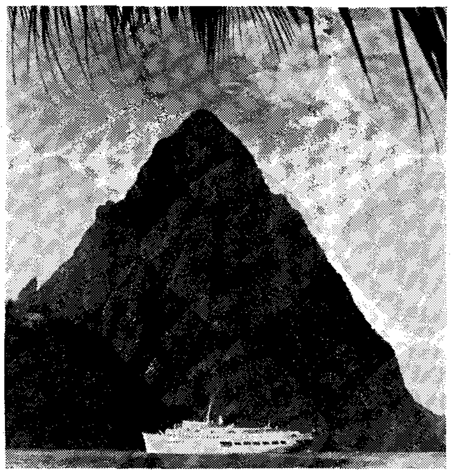

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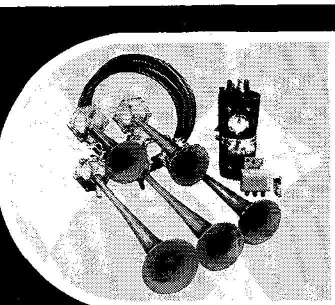
pects me of skipping some religious bookstores, but I think the whole thing is a misunderstanding. I'm nearly a month behind the rest of the Hawthorn men, and I think—I *hope*—he is comparing my very early figures with their much more complete results. Anyhow, I checked my figures on the Neal up through Beaumont, and they look all right. I know for sure that I have not been skipping the religious bookstores. First chance I get, I'll dictate an up-to-date report, and maybe Hawthorn will feel better."

Scheer looked rather distressed, and I asked whether he resented being scolded, especially by a tape recording. His frown immediately changed to a broad smile. "It's quite the other way around," he said. "Naturally, I don't want to be scolded at all, but I could be missing a trick without realizing it. Hawthorn also asked me what handle I am using on 'Home Landscaping You Can Design Yourself,' so the sales manager can pass the word on to the other men. Apparently, my figures on that one are excellent. I admire the way Hawthorn is keeping on top of the sales picture. That's what it should be doing, and it's doing it well."

IN the course of the week, Scheer managed to fit in all his accounts. He never stopped if it was at all possible to keep going; Sunday he devoted to writing up orders, writing letters, answering Hawthorn's tape, taking his mail to the main post office, and dining at the Ted Browns'. He was pleased by the orders he got, especially the one from Brown. Scheer guessed that, in all, the orders were about ten per cent bigger, in dollars, than those a year earlier; nearly all the buyers said that their sales were up by about that percentage since then. Scheer also made time before, after, and between his main appointments for quite a little scouting. He looked in on a camping-equipment store on Westbury Square, thinking that it might be interested in stocking a few copies of a Schocken book called "Bushcraft: A Serious Guide to Survival and Camping," by Richard Graves. But the official opening of the shop was a few days off, and a busy young man who was assembling a bright-orange portable tent said he believed that there was a plan to have a shelf of camping books for sale but he wasn't sure. Scheer said he would try to stop by on his next trip. He investigated a wholesaler called Houston Health Food Distributors; two of his new books were "Cooking Creatively with Natural Foods," by Sam and



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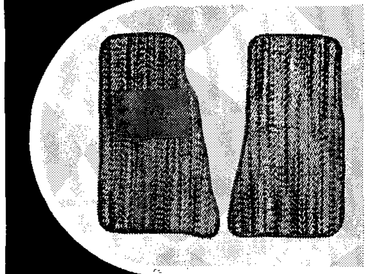

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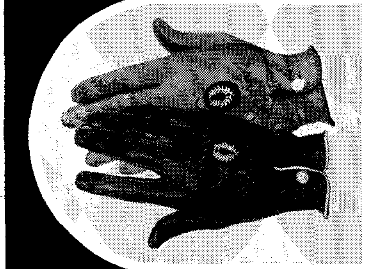

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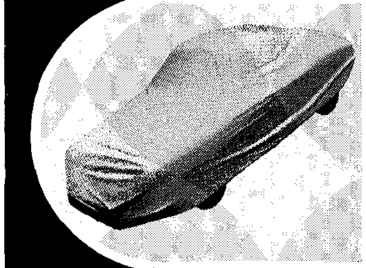

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Edith Brown, and "Putting Food By," by Ruth Hertzberg, Beatrice Vaughan, and Janet Greene, and Scheer sold the firm some of these books. If Scheer had an appointment for two o'clock and we had finished lunch by one o'clock, he would remember some place he could go for a quick visit. We stopped at Stelzig Saddlery Company, which sells saddles, boots, guns, and Western hats and clothes. Scheer loves the store, and has stopped there many times before. As a result, it has a small shelf of how-to books about riding and the training of horses. Scheer was worried because his titles did not seem to have been selling well. It was evident to me that Leo Stelzig, Jr., who runs the Saddlery, was not worried, in view of the number of customers who were buying two-hundred-and-seventy-five-dollar boots. Nevertheless, Scheer spent more than an hour in the store. He rearranged the books on the shelf, extracted extra copies of a few titles that needed to be returned, and told Stelzig he had a few new books that belonged in the inventory. Stelzig was happy to go along with whatever Scheer suggested. Then Scheer helped Stelzig carry the returns to the Saddlery shipping room and pack them in cardboard cartons. For lack of other packing-case filler—at least, there was none right at hand—Stelzig filled in the crevices with scraps of high-grade woolly sheepskin, of the kind used to line Stelzig saddles. I wondered what the publishers' warehousemen would think when they opened the cartons. "Of course, spending all that time did not make sense," Scheer said as we drove out of the Saddlery parking lot. "Even if Stelzig's book department quadrupled in size—which, obviously, it is not likely to do—I should not have stayed so long. But if I had to think I couldn't afford a little foolishness, I'd prefer to give up the whole thing. I like talking to Leo Stelzig, and his store delights me. On top of that—my fatal weakness, I suppose—the thought that I may be able to sell three more copies of one of my books, say, 'The Cowboy Trade,' by Glen Rounds, is catnip to the old cat."

ON Wednesday, I had to leave Scheer, in order to keep an appointment in New York. By Tuesday night, he was so confident of finishing Houston on time that he had decided to drive down to the Manned Spacecraft Center, thirty-two miles southeast of town, to see friends who had no connection at all with books—former colleagues of Julian Scheer, his younger brother, who had spent nine years as the assistant administrator for public af-

The
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uncrowded
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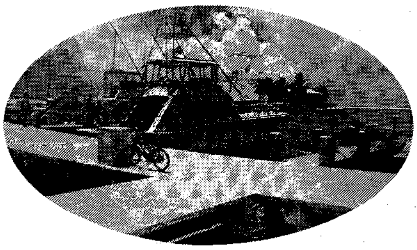

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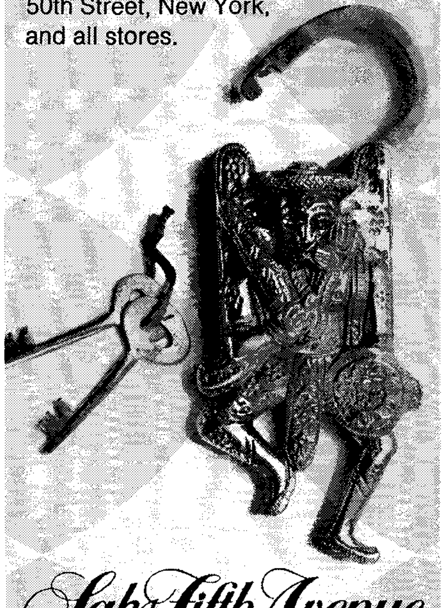

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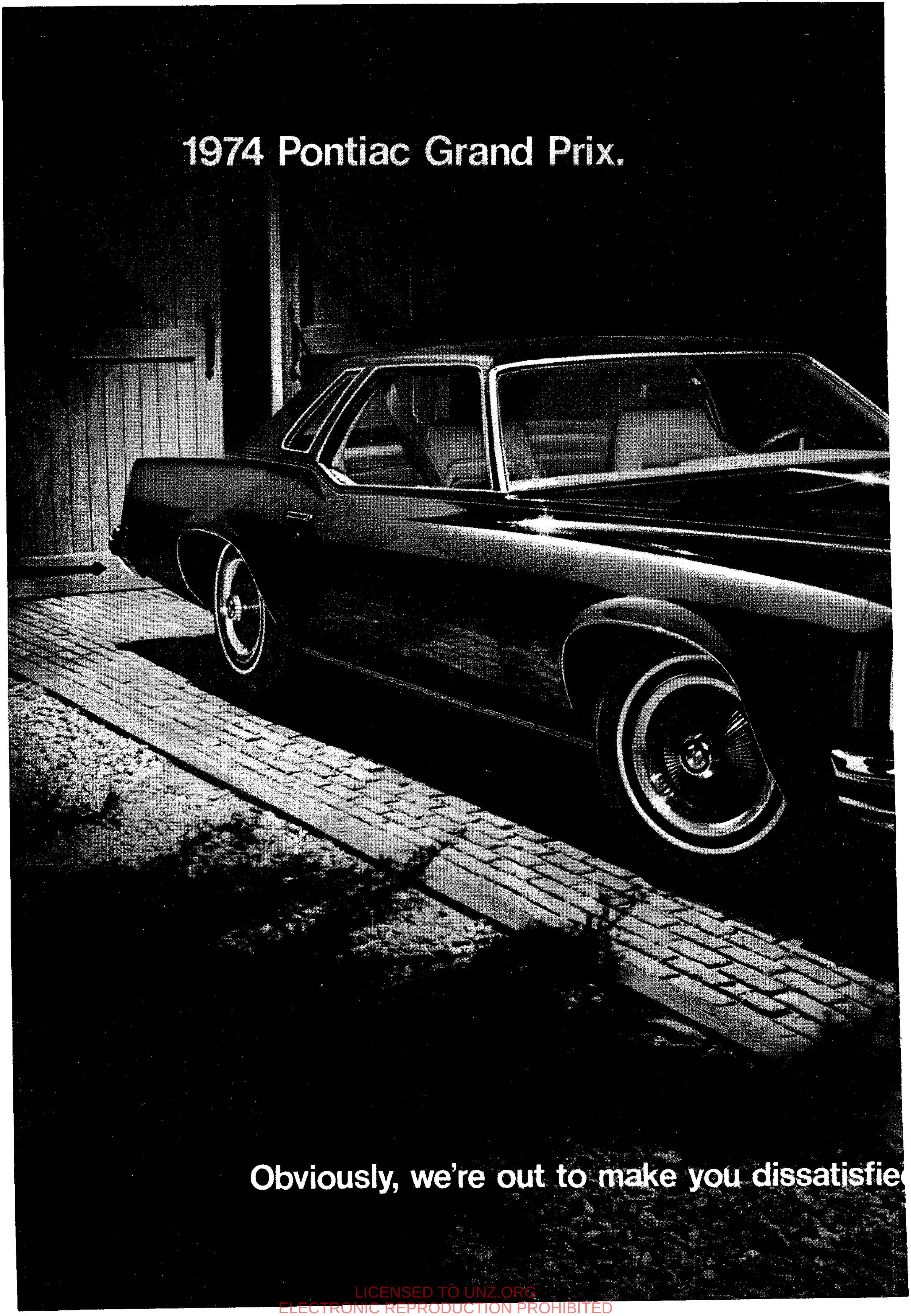
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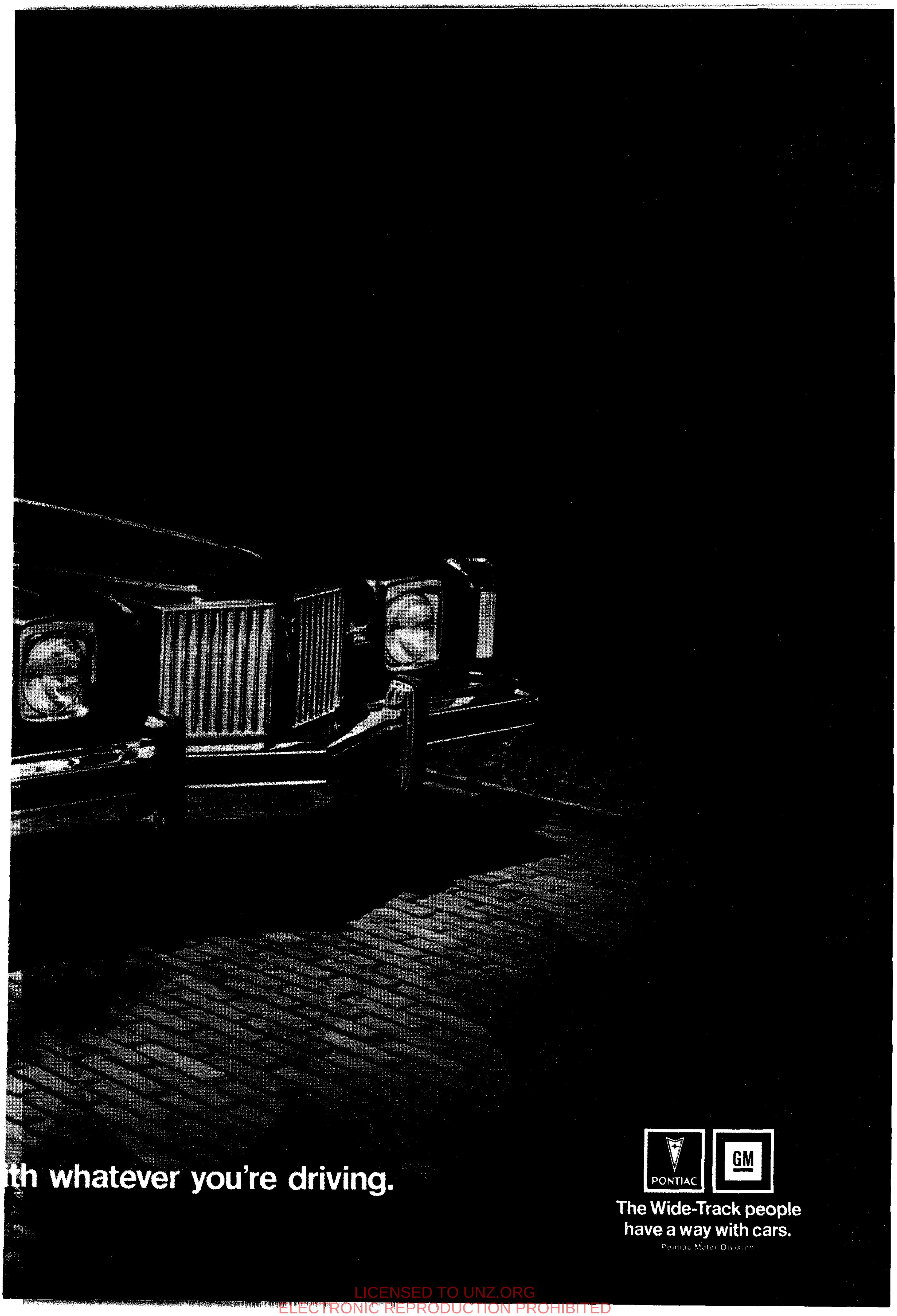
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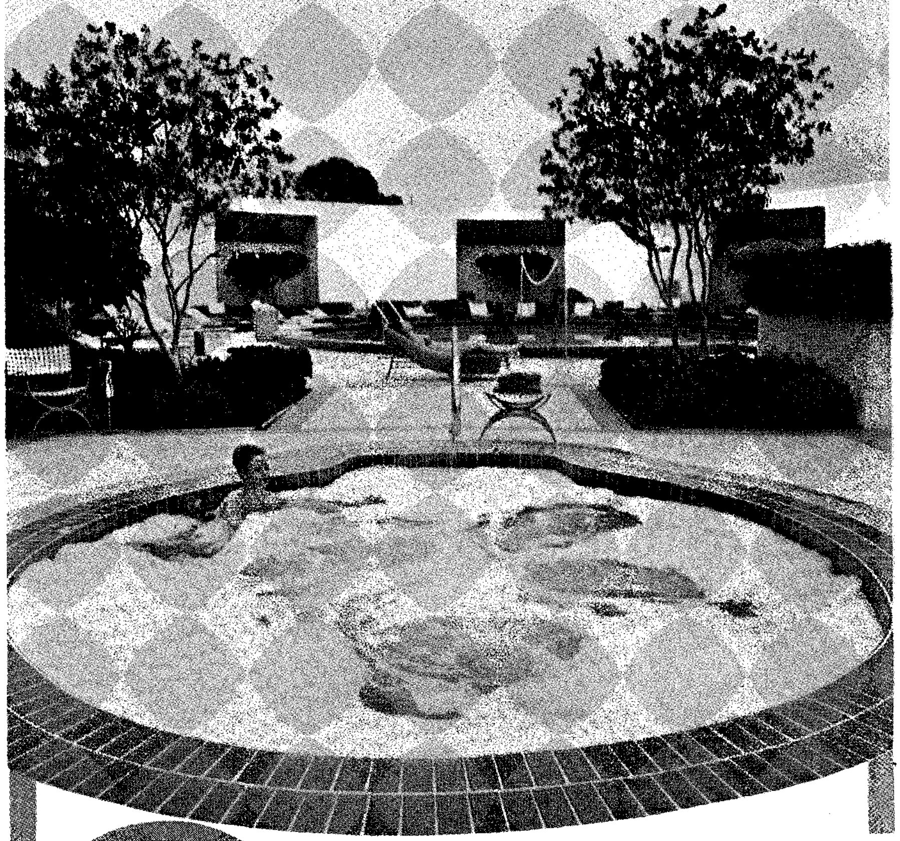

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fairs of NASA. Scheer and I had dinner at a Steak & Ale restaurant. "I do wish you could see San Antonio," Scheer said. "It doesn't have Houston's razzle-dazzle—this marvellous mixture of sophistication with the frontier conviction that everything is possible—but San Antonio, I suppose, is even more colorful, in an entirely different way. And it's interesting from a book point of view. I have two big quality-paperback accounts there—retailers with chains of paperback stores—a department store, three or four nice personal bookshops, and two truly fine old-time bookstores."

Scheer remarked that under the expansive Houston skies it was hard to realize that some of the handsome, well-arranged, busy bookstores we had been visiting were operating on the thinnest of economic margins. "They are no different from bookstores everywhere else," he said. "They don't know for sure whether they will wind up in the red or the black for the year until the Christmas rush is over. Christmas saves them, ordinarily. They may do a third of their annual business, or more, in November and December. There have never been as many bookstores in Houston as there are now, but there have been too many failures along the way.

"When any small business is trimmed close," Scheer said, "and every nickel and dime counts, there is no room for a mistake. A busy bookstore may gross a hundred thousand a year. That means it has to have space for a thirty- or thirty-five-thousand-dollar inventory—say, eight to ten thousand books. A bookstore selling a half-million dollars' worth of books is a landmark, known all over the state. Ted Brown won't tell what his gross is—it's even bigger than that—and, at least within the trade, Brown is famous all over the country. But say you are selling that hundred thousand dollars' worth of books, taking advantage of every strategy and getting maximum discounts. You are paying only some sixty-two to sixty-four thousand dollars for your books, including postage, so ostensibly you have a thirty-six-to-thirty-eight-thousand-dollar profit. But you have to have at least one clerk. You also need a high-school boy who can come in during the late afternoons to help you move the newly arrived book cartons and open them. There's the rent, upkeep, and electricity—and in Houston, at least, you must be air-conditioned. If you buy wisely, your shipping charges on returns will not be much more than a few hundred dollars for the year. And so, if your accountant does not charge too much, and if you refrain from spending too heavily on local advertising, if your insurance isn't too expensive, and if pilferage doesn't run too high, and if almost all of your charge-account customers pay their bills, then it is possible—just possible—that you may have fifteen or sixteen thousand dollars left before taxes. Of course, you have not taken any salary for yourself. But that is the ideal. The real bookseller makes mistakes, all down the line. An accident of any kind—a couple of small robberies, say—can break his back. He does not have the financial strength to survive a serious reversal of any kind. And so you find hundreds of towns big enough to support a bookstore that don't have any. When one went broke, nobody was foolish enough to start another. When a bookstore closes, the book business it was generating often seems to evaporate—it's like the circulation of a newspaper that folds. Where does that business go? Some of it may go miles and miles away—the town's book addicts may drive ninety miles, on Saturday afternoons, to pick up an armful of books at some place like Ted Brown's. Some of it goes to the Book-of-the-Month Club, or another mail-order source. Most of it, I'm convinced, just stops. People quit reading books and turn on television, because they do not have a bookseller who can inspire them to read by telling them what there is to read and by making books seem valuable and exciting and fashionable.

"It takes both talent and industry to operate a successful bookshop. There are people, fortunately, who have enough of both. And an adroit bookseller can make a good living for a lifetime, in a joyous occupation. I do think publishers need to help bookstores in every possible way. It's crucial. Nobody else does what the dedicated bookseller does. Trade publishing must have outlets for good trade books, and to have them it has to give those outlets support.

"For my own part, as a liaison between my publishers and my bookstores, I like to think I'm helping to keep the bookstores alive and healthy—a contribution, in a small way, to the survival of American letters."

—Bruce Bliven, Jr.

◆

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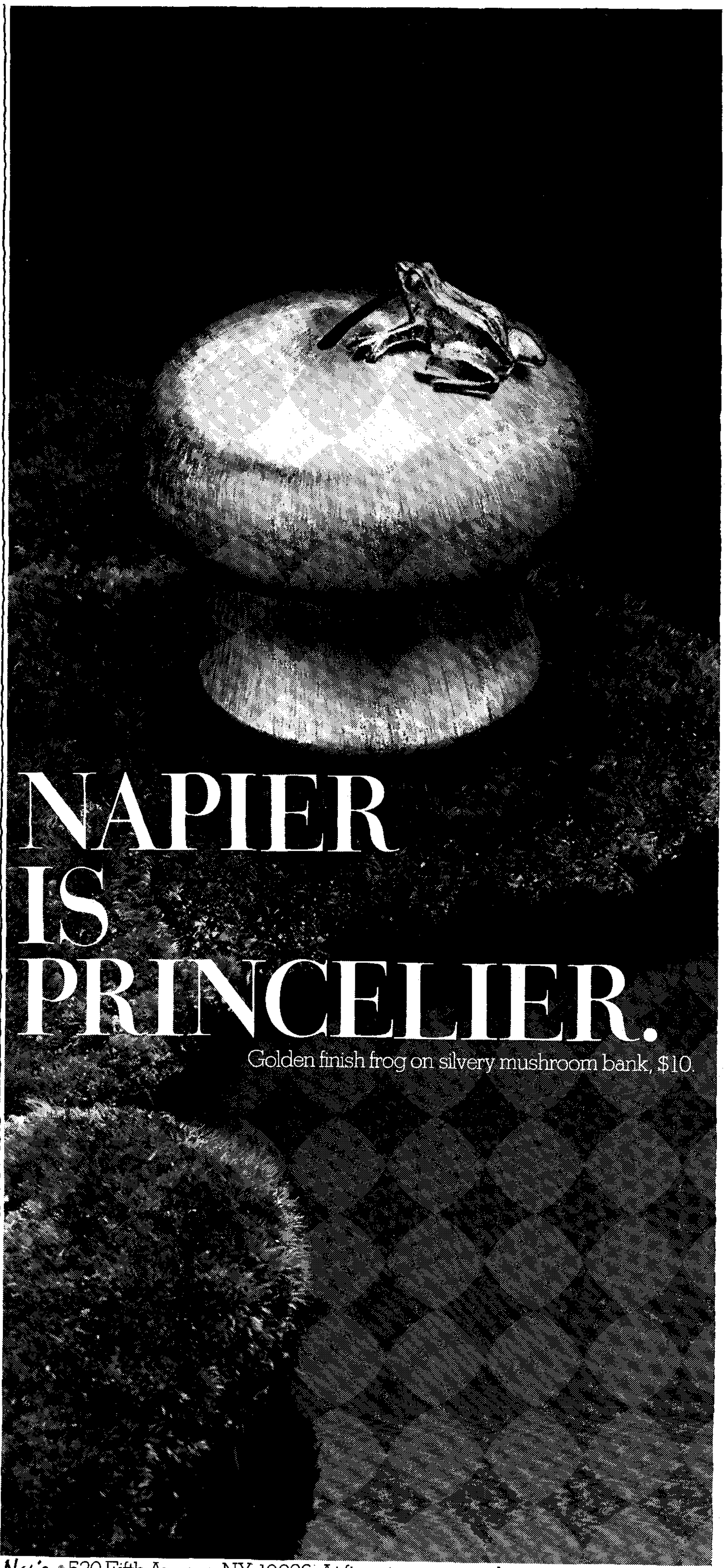

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THE THEATRE

TRADUCING THE THIRTIES

"MOLLY," at the Alvin, is an atrocious musical. Perhaps it will help to temper my irritation if I think about the theatre instead of about what I saw there. "Molly" is one of the ugliest shows ever to reach Broadway, and, wonderful to relate, its ugliness appears to be intentional, but the Alvin is very pretty. It is in the Adam style, with charming Wedgwood medallions let into the walls; the lounge in the basement is a hundred feet long and contains a fireplace and a bar. "Molly" is listed as having six producers, some of them in the branch of show business called personal management. It would be natural to suppose that what we have here is a case of too many cooks' having spoiled the broth; not so—the broth was no good to begin with. The show is based on a footling piece of hackwork called "The Goldbergs," which was both a popular radio show and a play. Written over a quarter of a century ago, its clumsy caricature of lower-middle-class Jewish life in the Bronx has not improved with time. The heroine, Molly Goldberg, is the usual huffing and puffing stage-Jewish mama, bent upon suffocating everyone within reach in the name of unselfish devotion. Molly is played by Kay Ballard, who is totally unconvincing; her Yiddish phrases are uttered with as little felicity as if they were in Basque. She has a big voice, whose size calls attention to the skimpiness of the songs (music by Jerry Livingston, lyrics by Leonard Adelson and Mack David) she has been given to sing. The time is the thirties, and I little expected, watching that period of our history reel under the blows of its misuse in "Children of the Wind" and "Veronica's Room," that it was so soon to receive another pummelling. The thirties were indeed grim, but they are far from deserving these deeds of retroactive betrayal and rebuke. Marsha L. Eck designed the repellent thirties tenement settings for "Molly," and Carrie F. Robbins designed the thirties costumes, which may well be accurate. The Alvin was designed by the distinguished theatre architect Herbert J. Krapp. The two men who built the theatre and made up its name out of the beginnings of their own—Alex Aarons and Vinton Freedley—can scarcely have supposed when the theatre opened in 1927 that it would someday house a musical in which fat middle-aged women would parade around the stage in grotesque bathing suits and tennis frocks in order that fat middle-aged women in the audience should laugh at them. The opening show at the Alvin was the Gershwins' "Funny Face," starring Adele and Fred Astaire.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

To me a motorcycle is:

a machine small enough to handle, large enough to give you power, to become part of you, when riding;

speed and daring as you zoom through the field and fly down the hill;

driving through the trails and the shock of almost hitting a tree, but also the relief as you correct yourself in time;

being the first to climb a large steep hill, soaring like a squirrel after taking a jump, then having to return to the ground with a thud;

popping a wheel in front of your mother so she gasps and threatens to take away the keys if you don't stop driving dangerously;

getting cut and all black and blue trying to do something your friend can do, and the sense of satisfaction and accomplishment when you succeed;

showing your grandparents how good you are and having them exclaim with disgust, "Nice young girls don't ride motorcycles!"

feeling the gravity against you as you execute a turn;

trying to siphon gas out of your father's truck before he notices, getting a mouthful in the process;

winning a race, but not mentioning your bike is the biggest;

giving your friend a ride, reducing your speed in half and still have her screaming, "You're crazy, slow down."

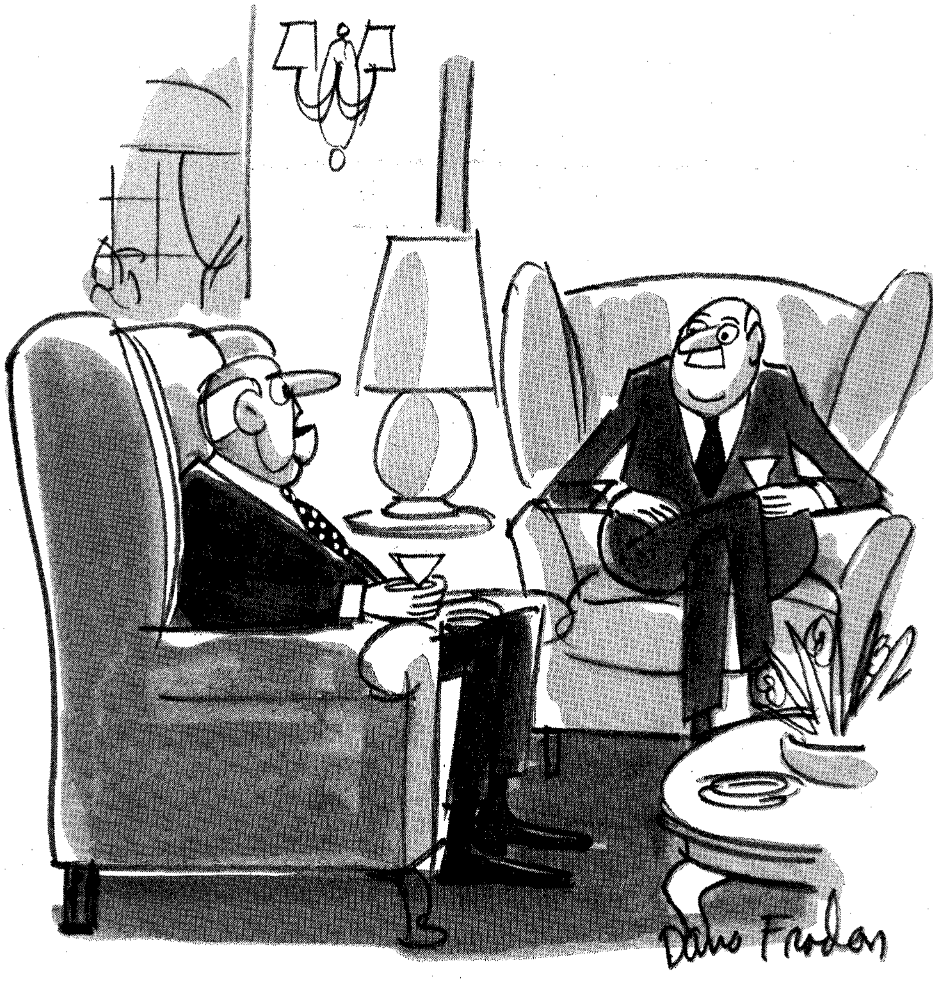
getting muddy in spring, sunburned and sweaty in summer, and dusty and cold in fall;

having it break down, waiting forever for the part, fixing it, then finally being reunited;

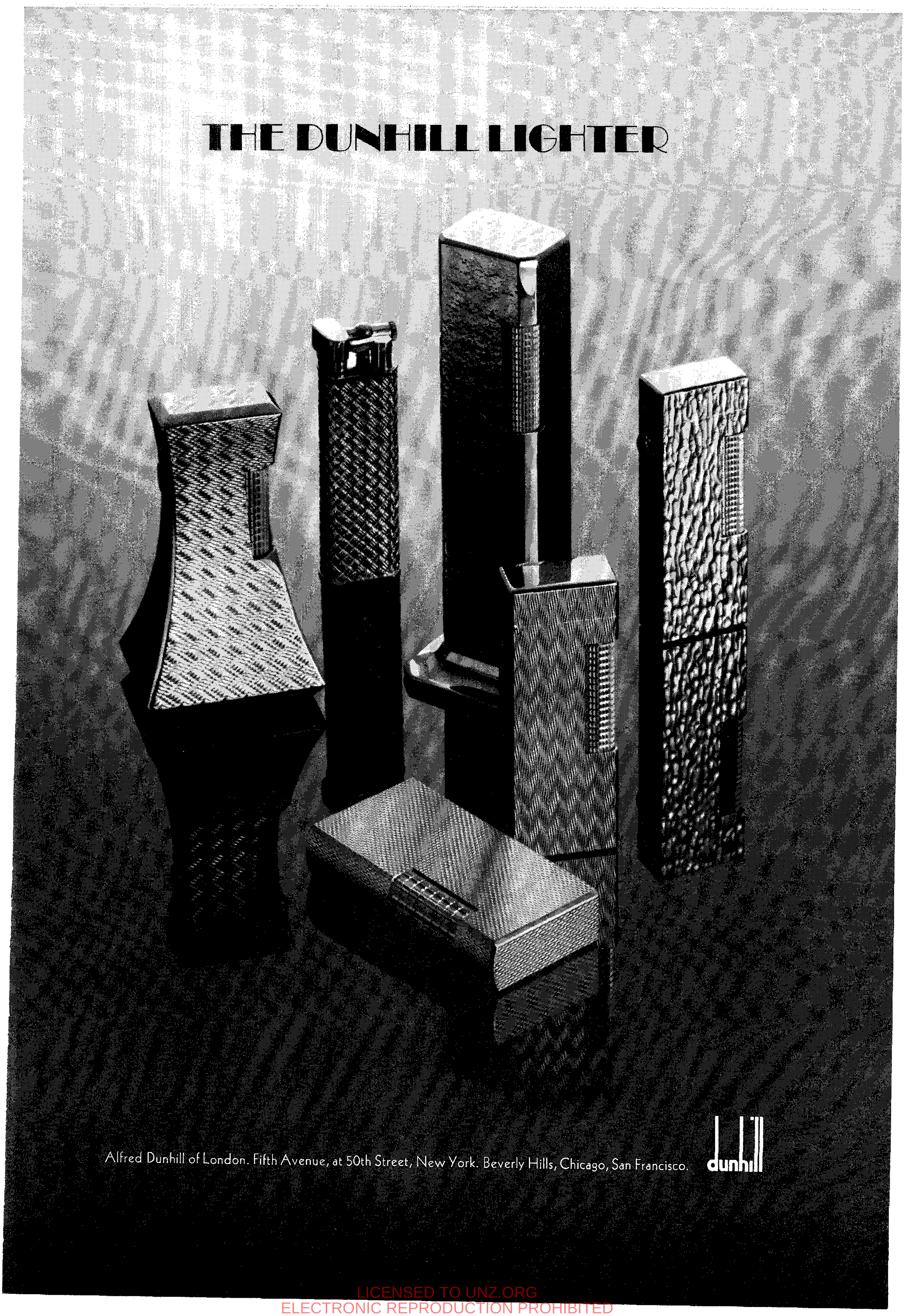
waiting for the day you get your license to drive on the road.

—LINDA JASINSKI
A student at CCHS
—*Altamont (N.Y.) Enterprise.*

We're *all* waiting for *that* day, Linda.



"If God hadn't wanted there to be poor people, He would have made us rich people more generous."



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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

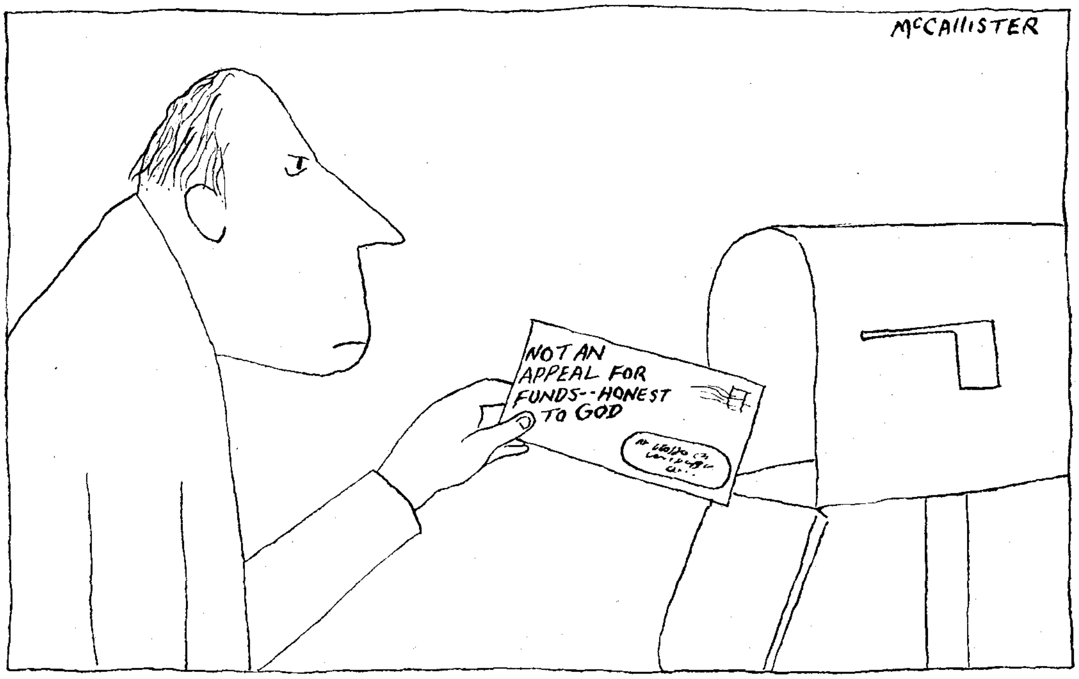
FEMININE FASHIONS

FOR years, some people have been saying that bluejeans constitute the one fashion of any significance in America. But only of late have any really fashionable people begun to support the assertion. Unprecedented honor is being given to denim—whose support is already so widespread that a blue haze floats above the pavements of the world—by two distinct and fashionable élites who have established particular ways of wearing the uniform of the masses. The first group consists, broadly, of the middle-aged, the middle class, and those who are still in revolt against the old sartorial rules but continue to be concerned with the way they dress. The second, and more exquisitely fashionable, group is slightly younger, though well out of its teens (the very young have no impact on fashion anymore), and its members long ago turned their backs on the idea of "fashionable" clothes. The first group continues to move vaguely toward self-expression; the second, and more evolved, group is in retreat from the flamboyance it courted some years ago. The first seeks out denim under the illusion that denim brings freedom; the second, more self-conscious, adopts denim precisely for its uniformity and as a purge.

The denim-wearers of the first group remain within the orbit of the fashion industry, which has set off after them with renewed vigor—one of the most bizarre twists of the whole extraordinary saga of innocent little denim and the giant, Commerce. From the beginning, this story has been one of impossible contradictions and ironic twists. The huge numbers of people in bluejeans proved a source of great profit for the sort of big business many of those people professed to despise. And then shops discovered that they could make money not only by selling many inexpensive versions of bluejeans to a lot of these people but by selling a few costly versions; the fashion industry, spared the painful decision between catering to fickle trend-setters and to sheeplike followers, was able to trundle after both with piles of denim. In the past few years, the cult of denim has extended not just to Watkins Glen but to the salons of couturiers and to furriers who sheared mink and dyed it in the sacred hue. And some of the most expensive versions of the All-American denim theme have come bouncing into our stores from European manufacturers. The irresistible pull of both European fashion and denim means that American customers will pay large sums for, say, French bluejeans despite the galling knowledge that fashionable young people in Saint-Tropez are only imitating young people in America, a country that can and does produce better and cheaper bluejeans than France. Not the least of the ironies associated with denim and business is the question of recycling. It has always been the thing to own battered and faded bluejeans that got that way in the wearing rather than by bleaching and other ways of precipitating maturity. As a result, a pair of bluejeans now costs more when it is bought secondhand than a pair of bluejeans that has never been worn by anybody. A taste for intricate and fanciful embroideries and nailhead arrangements of cabalistic symbols worked by hand on those wornout pants sometimes brings the price, for those who cannot find time to sew, to hundreds of dollars.

The litany of marvels that touch on the subject of denim is interminable, and much of it is familiar. What does seem new, though, this fall is the fervor with which "chic" women pursue bluejeans and their offshoots. One of the most curious derivatives of bluejeans, the skirt made of old bluejeans that have been opened in the crotch seams, had a considerable vogue this summer in the most expensive resorts. On Madison Avenue, one now sees rich women who continue to care passionately about the status value of their clothes staring coolly at their reflection in passing shop-windows and at their well-cut, pressed, and embroidered denim outfits. Such women wear denim on days when they are not wearing silk, cashmere, and tweed, and no doubt they consider it an extension of the "classic" look advocated by the fashion press. This variety of denim enthusiast wears her jeans tight enough to show off a well-groomed figure. She is, in spite of her enthusiasm for what she takes to be the latest fad, a late-bloomer in the denim world. Her approach to denim identifies it with the creaky notion of "throw-away chic," and it is a dated one. She is fashionable in her denim, but only in an old-fashioned way.

The other camp of denim-wearers is more complex, and more disturbing. These people, who are probably much more in tune with fashion—in the broadest sense—than anyone else, care so little for faddish finery and competitive display that they seem to prize utter sameness in dress. Their refined fashion sensibility is not immediately apparent, because their denim is, superficially, the humblest denim the world has seen since the stuff appeared only on the shelves of the general store. The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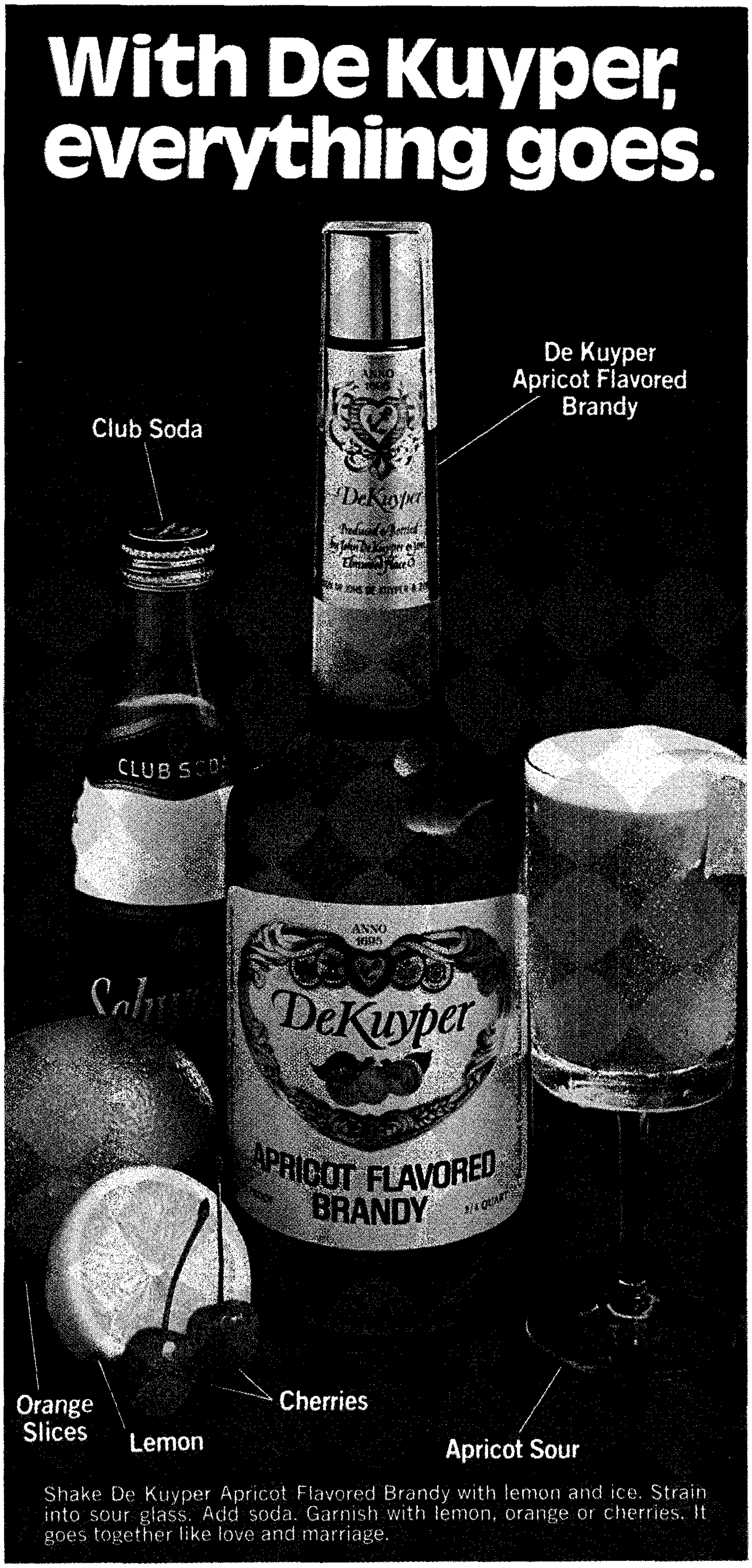
Madame Rochas

Parfums Marcel Rochas, Paris / New York

denim style of the more sensitive enclaves of the Village, the West Side, and SoHo is the style of the purist and the neo-ascetic. Unlike the "chic" devotee of bluejeans, this loyalist often wears positively baggy denims, and scorns such travesties as embroideries and nailheads. To underline their association with honesty and toil, the denims of choice are often overalls. At best, among the denim-clad souls in this group, one sees a man who is distinguished from his fellows by the single gold ring in his ear, a girl with Brünnhilde braids on top of her head, or someone in a pair of overalls that has a set of drab patches at the knees. Theorists of bluejeans in the sixties claimed that one's individuality was made more apparent when it was contrasted with the sameness of denim, and that the malleable clay of bluejeans brought out the touching differences in human bodies. But in those days self-expression, in the form of headbands, beads, badges, and so forth, was still permissible. The new style eliminates virtually all such frivolities. The almost fanatical rejection of color and individualism in dress by those in our society—people in their twenties and thirties—to whom such things have generally meant the most is a further reminder of the passing of an era. The new, uncompromising denim uniform belongs to a postwar generation involved more with introspection and intimacy than with society at large. In the late sixties, bluejeans were to a degree an emblem of militancy, an indication that the wearer wanted to end the war and change the system; they are now to be seen as an expression of the urge to lie low and keep out of trouble.

This new style of denim-wearing—what could be termed the totalitarian mode—might not make the casual observer feel that it has anything at all to do with fashion. In fact, though, the people you might see in rumpled overalls on a Saturday afternoon in SoHo, shuttling—like prisoners in a yard—among the fire escapes and gutted warehouses, are mostly very fashion-conscious. A negative reaction to clothes is part of a fashionable life style. If, in these most progressive circles of denim-wearers, it is unfashionable to be into clothes, it *is* fashionable to be into good taste and the good life. The new denim fits into the world in which former members of S.D.S. take up the art of wok cuisine; in which décors involve stripped floors, stripped walls, and stripped oak iceboxes; in which restaurants painted chocolate brown have amplifying systems that pipe in Beetho-



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ven cello sonatas and early Aznavour. Denim is valued as one of a number of textures—wicker, chromium, bare wood, brick, and Lucite among them—to which the most refined modern tastes are sensitive, and which are endowed with an almost religious significance. (Perhaps this unthinking veneration of surfaces and substances is related to the use of drugs.) Like other modern textures, denim is imbued with a moral value and is regarded as being both honest and true. It represents a return to first principles and mislaid paradises. But it deliberately does not pretend that it is a fashionable style of dress. The fact that in the new refinement of fashionable aestheticism there is a greater freedom in what people hang on their walls than there is in what goes on their backs is fresh evidence of how the torch of fashion has passed from Seventh Avenue to the art world.

Unlike couture customers in recycled denim, people with the real scent of fashion do not slip lightly into hypocrisy. In their world, sincerity is "in." They are, in theory, quick to spot fraud or exploitation; their materialism is nothing if not high-minded. But once the elements of this kind of fashion have established credentials for honesty they are subject to no further scrutiny. The trouble with bulldozing all the old things and leaving the new, bare essentials is that weeds invade the wasteland which remains. Self-regulated conformists, unencumbered by the need for choice, forget how to choose and are thus in a vulnerable position. The clean slate the new blue denim typifies is irresistible to any dictator of taste who happens by and leaves his mark—be it camp, neon sculpture, or the color chocolate brown—on the package accepted by a docile crowd. Perhaps the wearing of nothing but denim by people who ought to know better will quite soon come to an end. Before it's too late, it would be good to see taste struggle out from under the uniformity of fashion and back into the jumble of civilized life. —KENNEDY FRASER

•

Other extracurricular activities have included frequent lunches and dinners. Last night, for instance, President Houari Boumediene of Algeria was host at an outdoor dinner for several hundred people who watched dancers and musicians perform as they ate.

—*The Times.*

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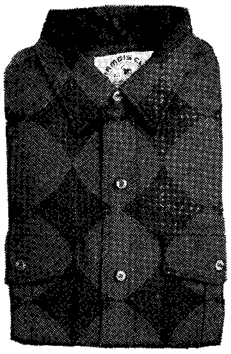

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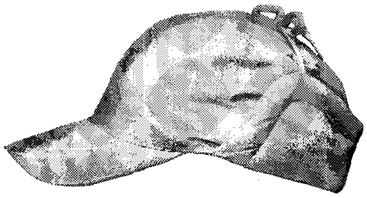

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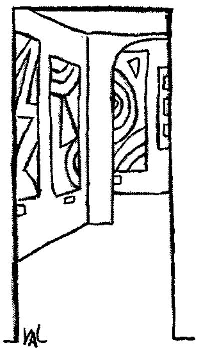
THE ART WORLD

Avant-Garde Masterpieces

THE Miró exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art is the second large survey in New York of this artist's work to be presented in the past twelve months. In the fall of 1972, the Guggenheim Museum showed sixty paintings by the leading Surrealist, selected from his creations of the twenties and the sixties, in order to propound a thesis about his work (discussed then in this column); the current show, of some forty paintings, sculptures, and collages, plus prints and drawings, presents the Mirós accumulated by the MOMA during the past thirty-five years or promised for the future. The collection represents all periods of Miró's creation, but it is weighted on the side of paintings, as against constructions and bronzes. At eighty, Miró has become a twentieth-century master of primary rank, the only Surrealist-inspired artist who is on the level of Picasso, Matisse, Braque, Mondrian. The MOMA exhibition is an official recognition of this status; it is accompanied by a book by the chief curator, William Rubin, issued in commemoration of Miró's birthday, that is described as "a companion volume" to the author's item-by-item analysis of the museum's collection of Picassos. Both collections are billed as "the finest and most complete" in the world, and the Miró group is said by Rubin to contain "a number of [his] unrivalled masterpieces."



Masterpieces there definitely are in the show: "Dutch Interior I," "Portrait of Mistress Mills in 1750," the drawing "Self-Portrait I," "The Birth of the World," "Hirondelle/Amour," and one of Miró's "big-foot" paintings—"Person Throwing a Stone at a Bird." Unlike an exhibition based on a single conception of the artist, the MOMA display has an emotional tone influenced by the tastes of the various persons who acquired the paintings. The first major Miró came to the Museum through the efforts of Alfred Barr in 1937, almost a decade after the excitement about Surrealism had died down. Reflecting this belated interest (in contrast to such pioneering collecting as that of Picassos and Matisses by the Steins), the MOMA exhibition is visually low-keyed and aesthetically conservative. Miró's "savage" aspect is manifest, of course, but not with the force of an exhibition that could be made up of others of his paintings and a larger proportion of constructions and sculptures. Selection by curators and donors intent on avant-garde masterpieces rather than by adventurous people attracted to innovations has resulted in a tamed Miró. But there are historical reasons as well.

Miró's paintings, and especially his constructions and sculptures, are exemplary embodiments of what is now called the counterculture. His revolution lay in loosening the shapes of things to the point of liquefaction. "He believes," writes Joan Teixidor, co-author, with Alain Jouffroy, of "Miró Sculptures," published in France early this year, "that a thing can become something else, and in this game of transformations he finds the major stimulation of his art." Metaphorical displacement (a snail shell representing a woman's heavy braids of hair), continuous metamorphosis (human hands turning into birds, into arabesques), plus arbitrary scale (microscopic torso, enormous tongue) produce the effect of a submarine world which blends into that of the dream. The characteristic two-planed format of his paintings is like water with petals and insects floating on the surface, below which a mottled bottom is vaguely visible; this could represent the surface of consciousness and the unknown underneath. In a universe of unstable identities, shapes of every kind—biomorphic, mechanical, symbolic, representational—are disencumbered of limits, and mix or grow together. Rubin quotes Giacometti: "For me, Miró was synonymous with freedom—something more aerial, more liberated, lighter than anything I had ever seen before." The liberated lyrical spirit perceived by Giacometti is, it must be emphasized, complemented by Miró's avant-garde negativism and its affiliation with the unconscious, the jungle, and anti-art. "Now I am involved with something more brutal," he said recently to the Parisian critic Pierre Schneider, referring to his earlier "sensitivity" to line. But a program of assault on civilized assumptions has always been the basis of Miró's vocabulary of matter-of-fact obscenity, fertility goddesses, bony and melonlike cave-dwellers, showers of birds and fish, huge primitive suns and

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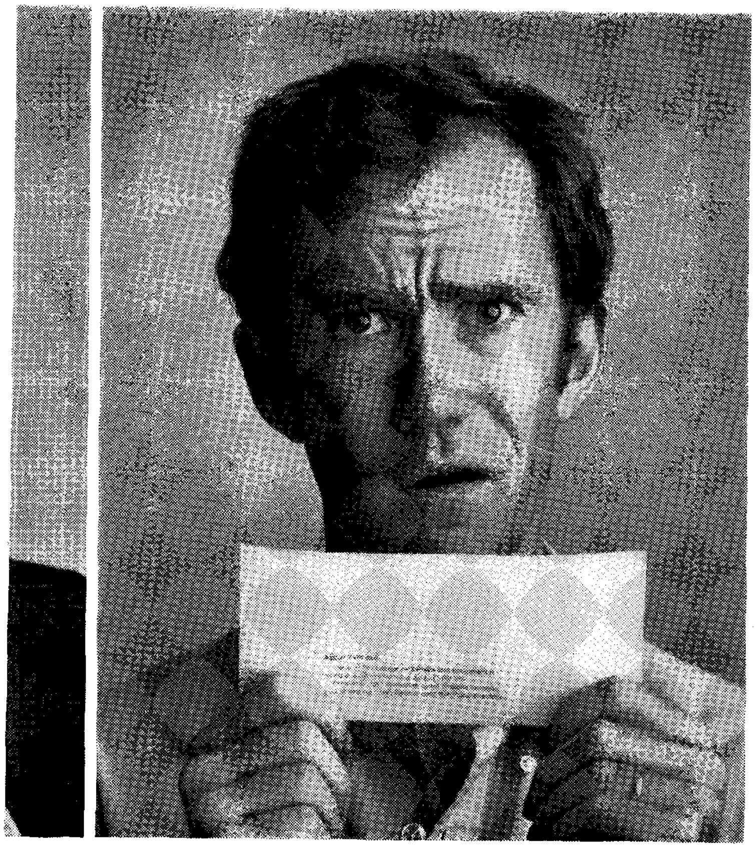

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stars, and—mixed with anatomical parodies—mockeries of art.

Most expressive of his cultural attitude are three paintings at the MOMA in which works by earlier artists are redone in what Kenneth Burke, referring to a general characteristic of avant-garde art and literature, called "perspective by incongruity." In each instance, Miró chose to liquefy an image of outstanding pictorial and social solidity. "Dutch Interior I" is translated from a colored postcard reproduction of a seventeenth-century Dutch painting. In the Miró version, the picture has become unrecognizable: the artist radically altered the scale and the placement of objects and transposed some, abstracted others, and inserted new matter. In "Portrait of Mistress Mills in 1750," a heavyset matron enveloped in folds of silk and lace and wearing an enormous feathered hat on a pile of curls has been reduced to a few simple forms endowed with a lyrical grace and balance entirely absent from the original composition. Most amusing is "Portrait of a Man in a Late Nineteenth-Century Frame," an actual nineteenth-century painting of a gentleman with a mustache and a gold watch, Miróized by scraping its surface to alter its depth and by introducing Miró's signs for the night mind, sex, music, the sun, and monsters. In these paintings, conventional styles of three centuries of Western art and life have been disintegrated and superseded by modernist radical aesthetics.

FOR Miró, the merit of a work lies in its capacity to disturb the spectator's equilibrium. Schneider reports that during a visit with him to the Louvre he complained of a famous sculpture that "you don't get that little shock. . . . it is too official," and Schneider notes that Miró's "predilection is for objects of bizarre shape, asymmetrical, tattooed with inscriptions." The violence, mystification, and black humor of Miró's creations amount to a systematic training of the psyche in appropriating the unfamiliar. Together with his anti-art, they serve the avant-garde enterprise of assimilating alien cultures and areas of consciousness. Signs are activators of feeling, whether or not they can be decoded. You don't have to comprehend what a row of medals stand for in order to be impressed by them, or to understand a hydrogen bomb to get a thrill out of confronting one. Miró belongs to the decade of "Finnegans Wake" and "The Large Glass," works that are impenetrable by direct scrutiny (to the same degree as

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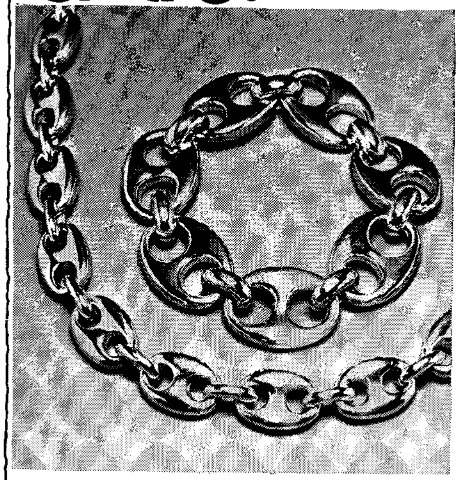

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"Dutch Interior I") and that challenge their public to manage, if only temporarily, without footnotes. The solution for the spectator is to take what is directly available to him, including the wonder. As Miró put it, "Above and beyond all, it is the visual shock that counts. Afterward, one wants to know what it says, what it represents. But only afterward."

No doubt half a century of encounters with Miró's sign language has contributed to the reduced emotional impact of the MOMA exhibition. In the seventies, the avant-garde creations of Miró's generation, and even later generations, have established themselves as masterpieces, and they are displayed as treasures. It is in this guise that the Mirós are presented at the museum and inventoried in Rubin's catalogue. When it is accredited as a masterpiece, what a work does matters less than what it is—and the more we know about it the better. Once "shock" has been dissipated, the appropriate reactions are aesthetic recognition and intellectual respect. Can a Miró still set in motion in the spectator that anxious and elated decoding of messages from the unknown that accompanies discovery? If a Miró no longer "works," one will be content to find it pleasing, and Rubin's catalogue can add to the pleasure by satisfying curiosity.

Alain Jouffroy, in "Miró Sculptures," confronts the issue of the continued *activity* of Miró's creations. In their Surrealist inception they were revolutionary; are they still? Jouffroy indignantly rejects the belief that modern art is, in the last analysis, a revolution without a future, a revolution that new traditionalists constantly succeed in redirecting along the old paths. For him, Miró at eighty is still a Surrealist; indeed, "he was never more Surrealist than he is today." Inventing new objects, he continues to undermine aesthetic criteria and ideologies, and to demonstrate that in the realm of art freedom exists as a possibility for the individual. Jouffroy quotes Miró's remark to Schneider about becoming less lyrical and more "brutal," and sees him as a mental participant in the wars and insurrections of the current epoch. In the heart of the thriving art market, which justifies itself on cultural grounds, art continues to face the possibility of its own abolition. "All of his [Miró's] work tends to prove, by the simplest means, that art is nothing in itself, and that it has no other function than that which can be given to it through frustrating society in the bold-

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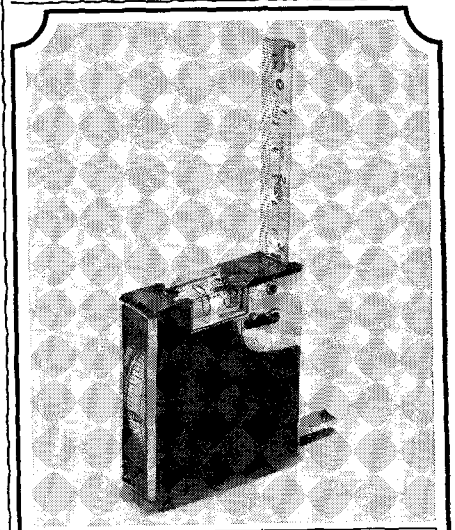

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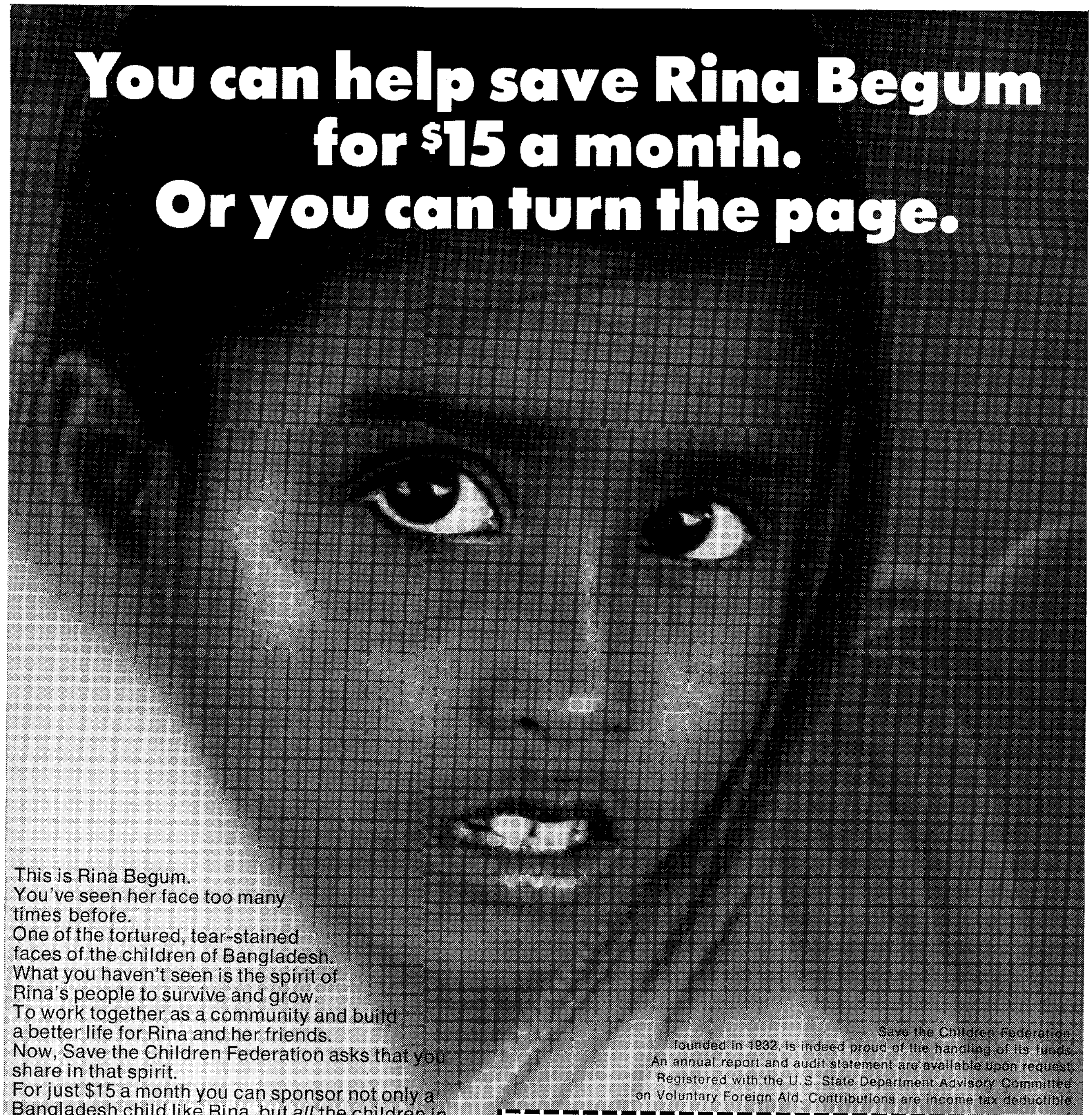
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est possible manner. All the scholarly and museological gravity that surrounds art today is nothing but a vast social comedy designed to disguise this elementary truth." And Jouffroy concludes that the fact that Miró's creations have become objects of financial speculation has changed nothing: paintings and sculptures ought always to be considered in terms of their original meaning. An economic crisis that at one stroke could destroy the market value of vanguard masterpieces would cause their fundamentally subversive character to reappear.

Jouffroy's argument is a vivifying corrective to the drab historical determinism that dominates thinking about art in the United States today. As far as the individual is concerned, nothing can prevent him, whether as spectator or as artist, from making out of a Miró whatever he wishes. He can dream his way into "Dutch Interior I" as Miró himself did into the original colored postcard, and can loftily disregard the sixty-five items of iconographical identification listed by Rubin in his analysis of the painting. But the individual has this creative liberty in regard to *any* work, past or present, radical or conformist, as Miró demonstrated in transforming his stuffy originals. Whether or not Miró's creations still have a revolutionary role is for society, not individuals, to decide. In seeing Miró as the personification of an unsinkable radicalism, whose paintings and sculptures need only to be liberated from high prices to begin to agitate again as they did in the twenties and thirties, Jouffroy has postulated a revolutionary essence subsisting outside of time and immune to change. Today, Miró's taste for the bizarre and his prizing of shock have been incorporated into traditional art appreciation, as has his liking for the use in art of brooms, kitchen chairs, and other everyday objects. The radicalism of his ideas and practices belongs to the Surrealist epoch and remains embedded in the physiognomy of that period: in those days it was not even necessary for Miró to have antisocial or anti-art ideas; his intellectual environment could be relied on to inject them into his work. Jouffroy's Miró is revolutionary by interpretation only. Miró Agitator is a subjective image, not a cultural fact. Avant-garde art, resting on a *frisson*, cannot sustain the weight loaded on it when it is recast as a masterpiece. Only a new radical avant-garde could reawaken the transforming energies in Miró's paintings and sculptures—as it could also, however,

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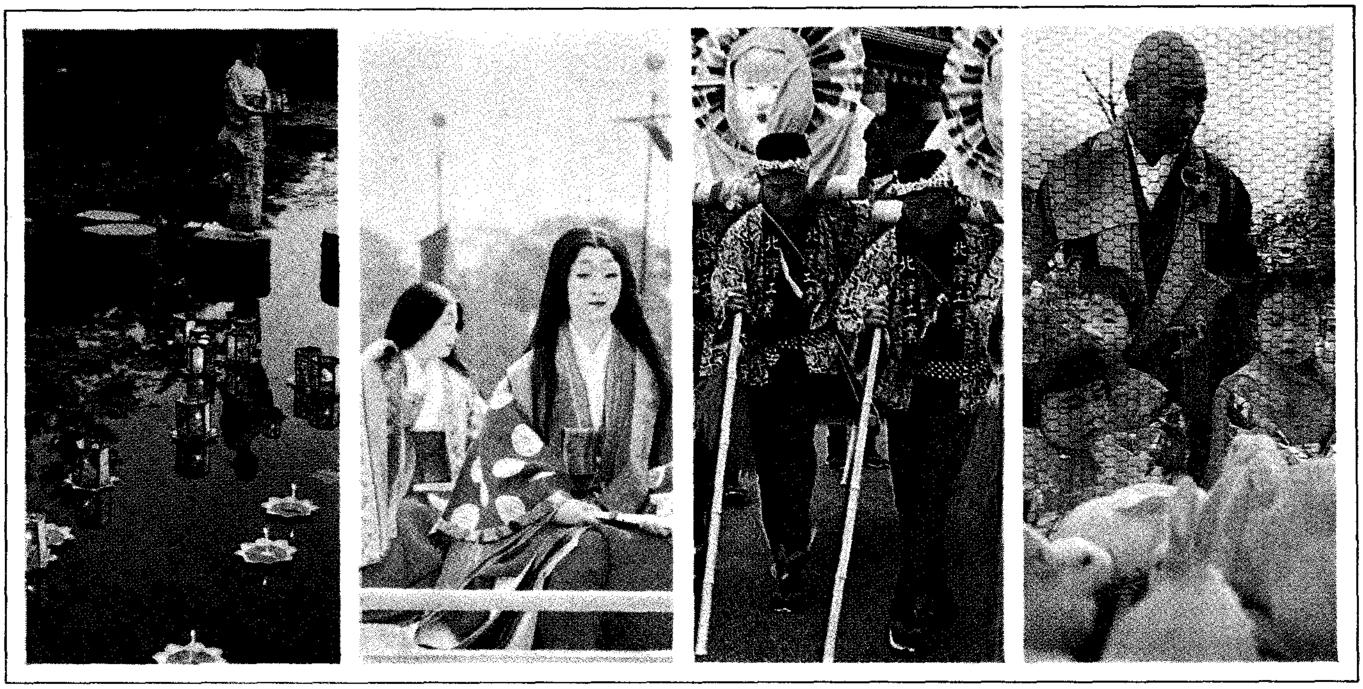

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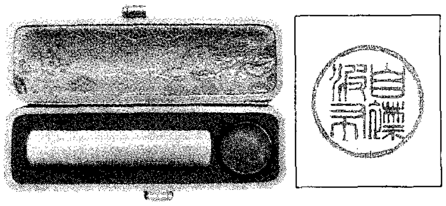

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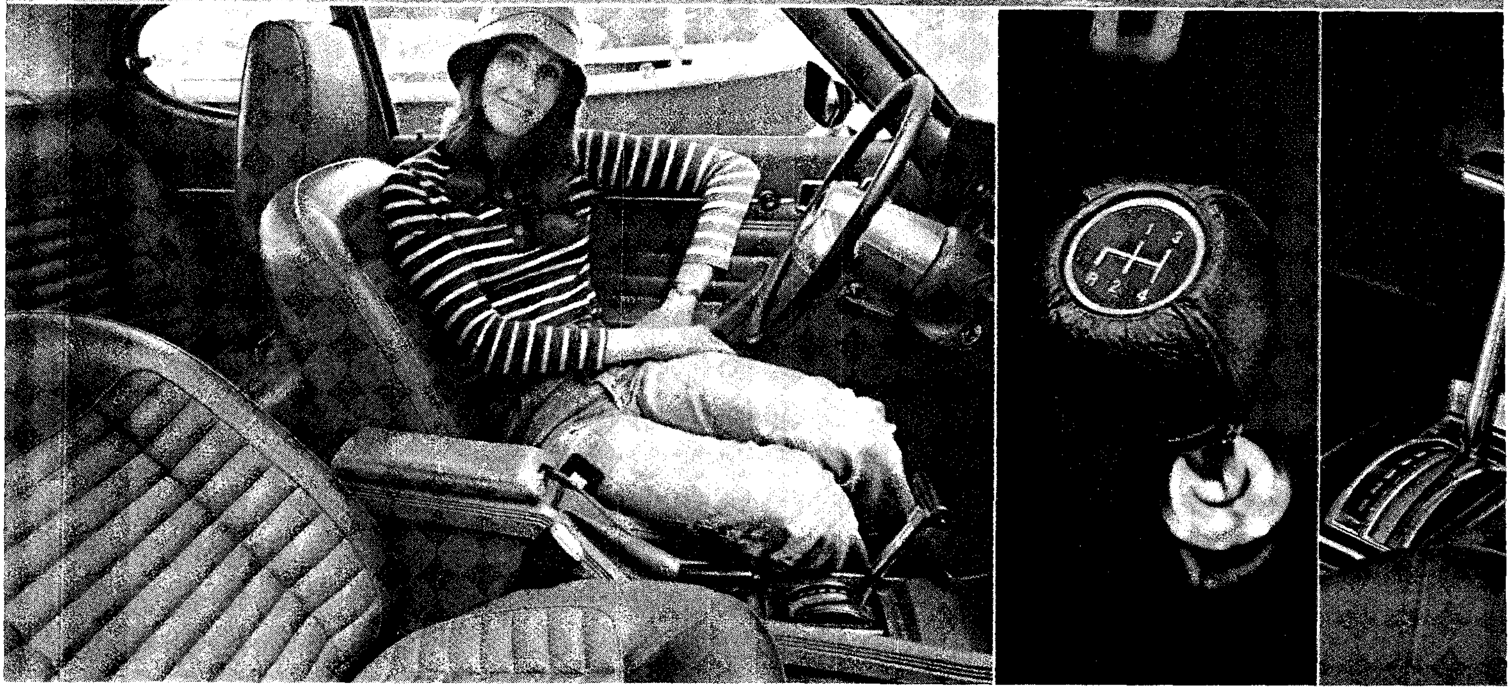

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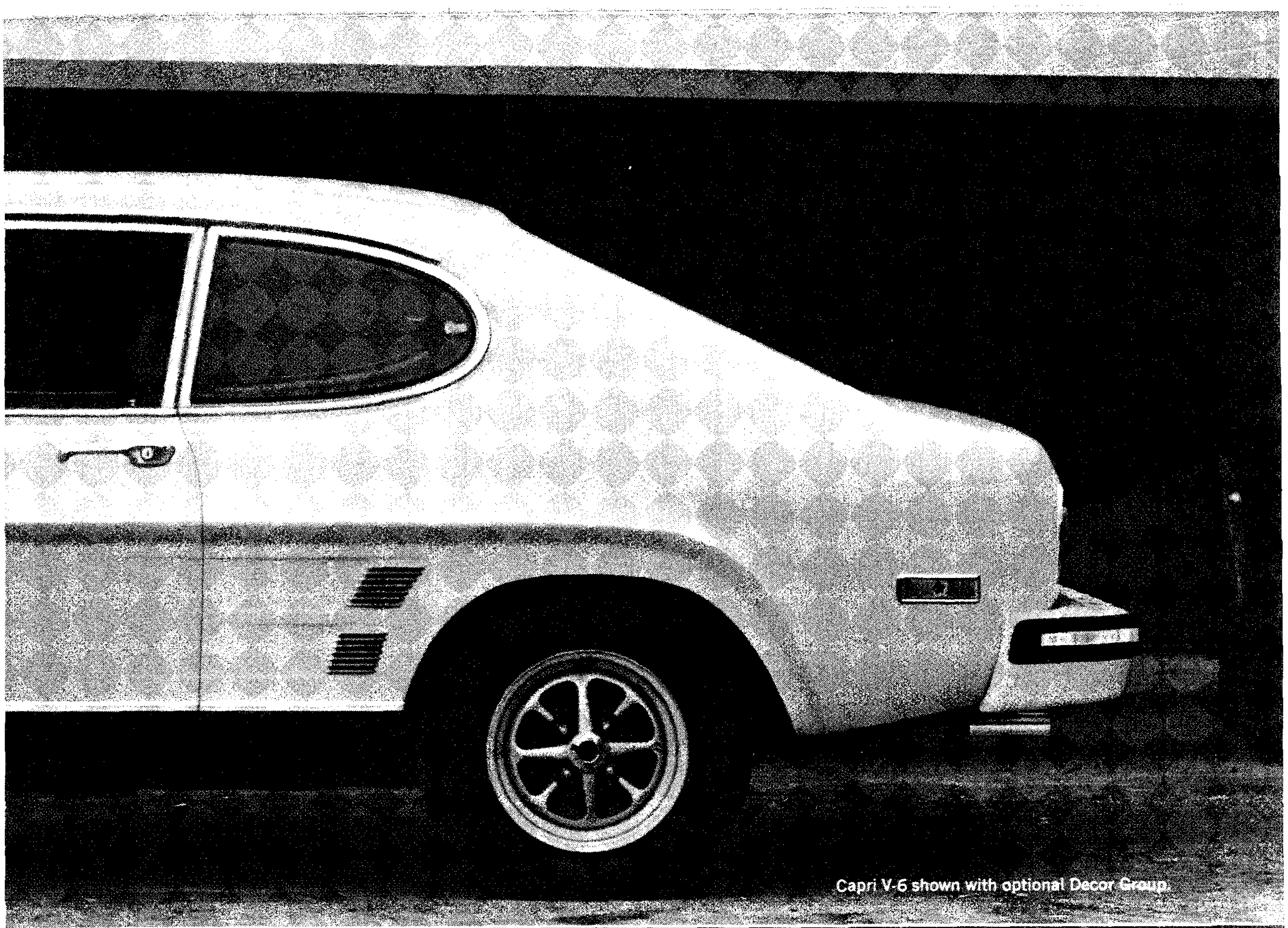

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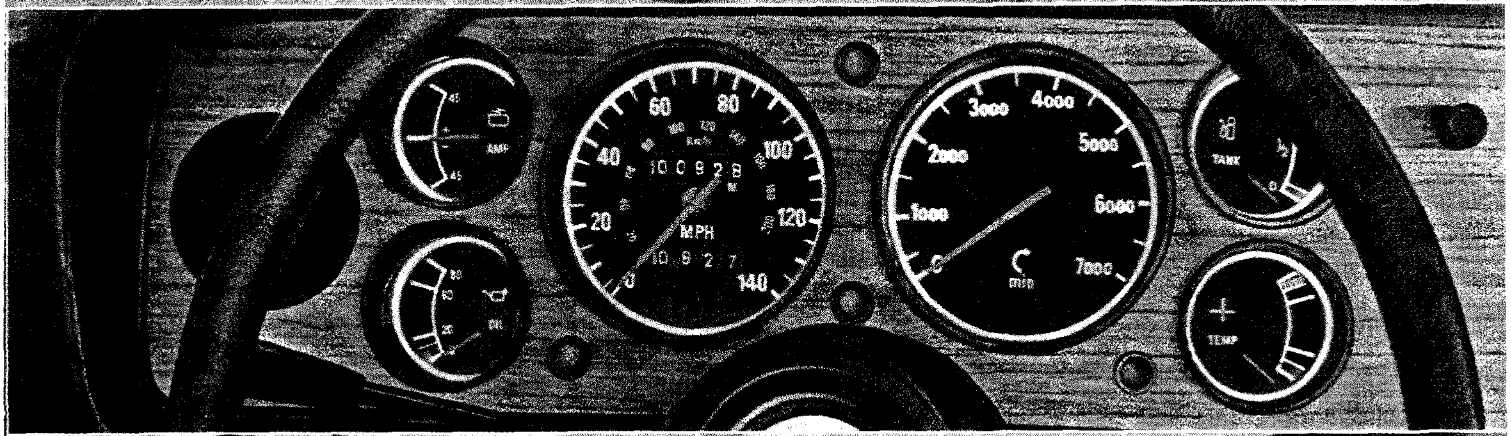
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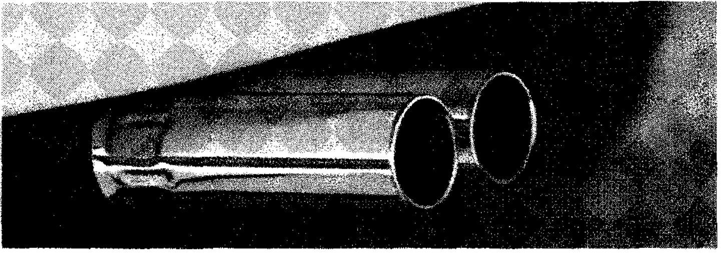

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those in a Poussin or a Cézanne. Art does not live past its day, though it is always susceptible of resurrection.

RUBIN'S catalogue of the works in the MOMA collection is devoted not to their revival but to a more informed public response. In it, Miró's enigmas are replaced by established fact and opinion. Rubin has assembled all the major available data on each work—its history, its place in Miró's *œuvre*, pertinent comments on it by other writers—and has analyzed its formal features and interpreted its iconography. A painting becomes a jewel box of elucidated signs; "The Hunter," a small picture, has fifty-eight items, from "sun-eggs" to "sardine spines," that the spectator can check off. Miró turned portraits into mysteries; Rubin turns Miró's mysteries into lists of labelled features. A spectator who has had enough of bafflement now has the opportunity to return for a second look through the window of authenticated information. Miró himself has collaborated with Rubin in revealing the origins of his works and the intended references of his images. Signs once under dispute have now been firmly codified: a figure in "The Hunter" that was taken by earlier analysts to be a rabbit has been identified as a sardine—no doubt a gain, though one is tempted to ask for whom or for what. A creature whose identity is so indecisive might well have been left in the dark. In painting "The Hunter," Miró wanted to supply a clue (but only a clue), so he wrote "SARD" in a corner of the canvas, but this only led to further misunderstandings, for ingenious exegetists missed *sardina* (sardine) and settled on *sardana*, a Spanish folk dance. Now the fuss is over and we know. One wonders, however, why, if Miró sees the need for keys to his compositions, he did not make them available long ago, as Eliot did for "The Waste Land." Perhaps the answer lies in Miró's remark about the visual shock's coming first and the understanding afterward. Today, apparently, is "afterward."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

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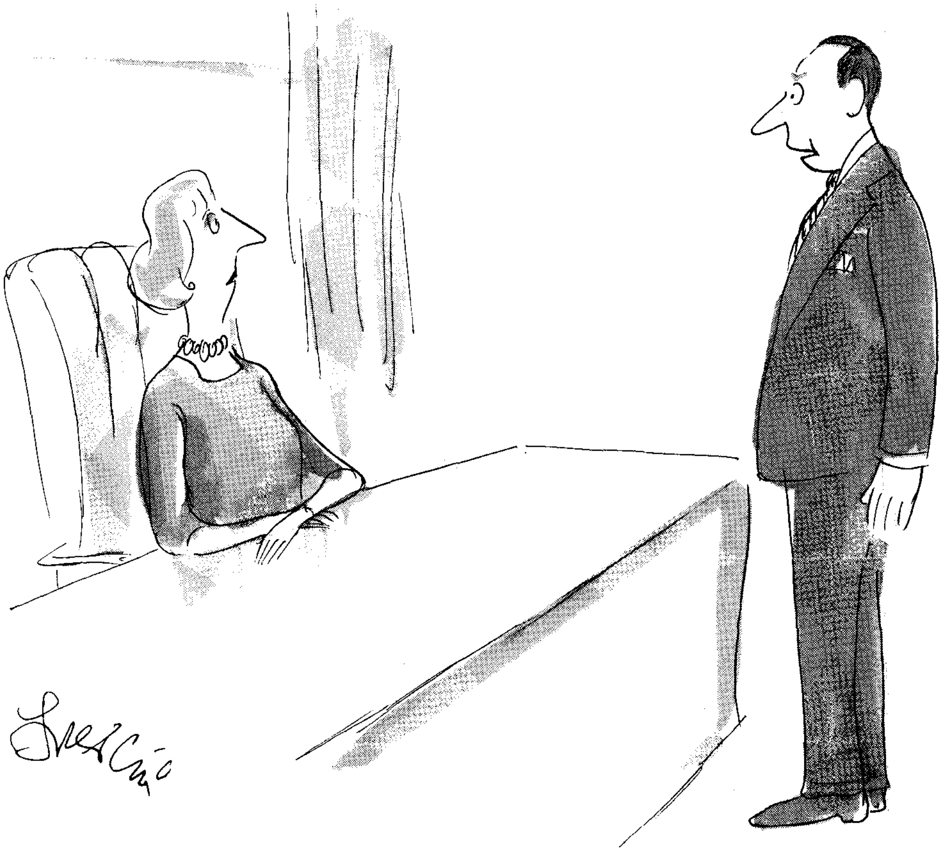
III—SOME CONFLICTS OF INTEREST

WHEN the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation shut down its asbestos-insulation plant in Tyler, Texas, in February of 1972, it did so because of determined and courageous action taken by Dr. William M. Johnson and Dr. Joseph K. Wagoner, who had joined the Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare's National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health in the summer of 1971. Shortly after coming to the division as its chief medical officer, Dr. Johnson discovered data showing grossly excessive and dangerous levels of asbestos dust in the Tyler plant—data that had been buried in the files of Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, the former director of the division, for years. Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner, the new director, set out to make sure that this information would be properly disseminated and used to benefit the workers, whose terrible jeopardy from asbestosis (pulmonary scarring resulting from the inhalation of asbestos fibres), lung cancer, mesothelioma, and other malignant tumors it described. By daring to release the government's dust counts at the Tyler factory to Anthony Mazzocchi and Steven Wodka, of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union; by expressing their concern to Dr. Lee B. Grant, the medical consultant to Pittsburgh Corning, for the plight of the men who worked in the plant; by inspecting the factory and writing a report stating that a critical occupational-health situation existed there; and by insisting to their superiors in the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health—or NIOSH—that action must be taken to remedy it, and that pressure be brought to bear upon Secretary of Labor James D. Hodgson to promulgate a safe standard for industrial exposure to asbestos, Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner had done something almost unheard of in the annals of occupational medicine in the United States: They had taken steps to force the federal government from its position of self-imposed neutrality and had placed the well-being of workers before the self-interest of industry. In so doing, not only had they become apostates against the old policy of suppressing occupational-health data that were embarrassing to industry but they had also introduced a revolutionary new concept at NIOSH by showing how the organization could actively carry out the primary mission assigned to it by Congress in the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970—that of preventing occupational disease. In addition, they had helped to crack the cornerstone of the medical-industrial complex of company doctors and industry consultants, whose triangular structure had come to rest largely upon an unspoken alliance with a number of key occupational-health officials at various levels of state and federal government.

For several years, Mazzocchi had been gathering evidence to show that industrial disease was rampant in the United States and that knowledge of it was being suppressed by the medical-industrial complex, and since the situation at the Tyler plant provided a quintessential example of the workings of this complex, he decided to draw public attention to it. In the meantime, he and Sheldon W. Samuels, who is the director of Health, Safety, and Environmental Affairs for the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department, had aroused the concern of other trade-union leaders over the asbestos hazard, and had been urging Secretary Hodgson to declare an emergency standard for occupational exposure to asbestos of two asbestos fibres per cubic centimetre of air, which would replace the totally inadequate twelve-fibre standard then in effect. The unions were strongly supported in this effort by Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, who is the director of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine's Environmental Sciences Laboratory and a pioneer in the field of modern asbestos epidemiology. However, in spite of the fact that Dr. Selikoff and Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, vice-president for epidemiology and statistics of the American Cancer Society, had provided indisputable evidence that one out of five asbestos-insulation workers was dying of lung cancer and that almost half of these men were dying of some form of asbestos-related disease, Secretary Hodgson, apparently searching for some middle ground that might be satisfactory to



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both industry and labor, declared a temporary emergency standard of five fibres per cubic centimetre. A further indication that the government was seeking a compromise between the well-being of the nation's asbestos workers and the interests of industry came late in November of 1971, when the Department of Labor's Occupational Safety and Health Administration, which has the responsibility of enforcing the provisions of the 1970 Act, inspected the Tyler plant as a result of Dr. Johnson's report that a critical occupational-health situation existed there. Although major deficiencies in the factory's ventilation system constituted serious violations of the Act—those likely to result in disability or death—the Administration chose to consider them nonserious and fined Pittsburgh Corning just two hundred and ten dollars. At the same time, it gave the company a deadline for making extensive improvements in the ventilation system—improvements that were considered too costly by Pittsburgh Corning's managers, who decided to shut the plant. All this provided a tense buildup for the public hearings that the Occupational Safety and Health Administration was required by law to hold as part of the process of replacing the temporary emergency standard for asbestos with a permanent standard. Since the permanent standard for asbestos was to be the Administration's first ruling under its mandate to redefine occupational-health regulations, industry and labor were prepared to look upon the ruling as an indication of whether the Administration would be determined or lenient in setting new standards for other hazardous substances. Thus, the public hearings on asbestos, which were scheduled for the middle of March, loomed as a crucial contest between the independent medical and scientific community, most of whose members were backing labor's demand for a two-fibre standard, and that part of the medical-industrial complex supported by the asbestos industry, whose members were preparing testimony to contend that a five-fibre standard was adequate to protect workers. In weighing the evidence and deciding upon a safe level of exposure, the Administration obviously needed to approach the problem impartially. The way things stood, however, the Administration's impartiality was open to question, because of its previous failure to enforce even the inadequate twelve-fibre standard at the Tyler plant and at hundreds of other factories across the land. Speaking at a press confer-

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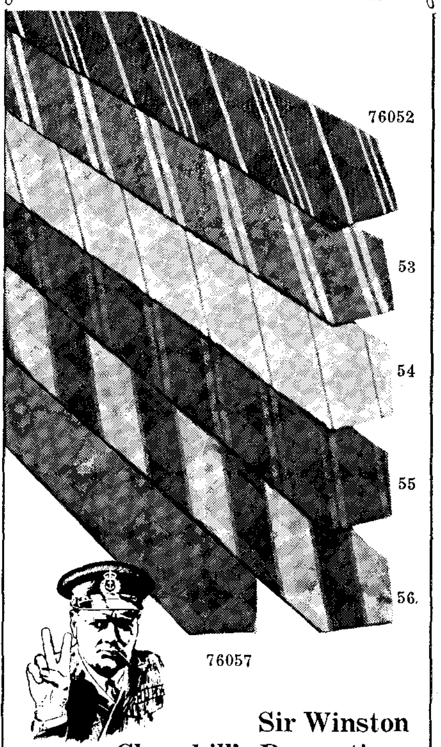

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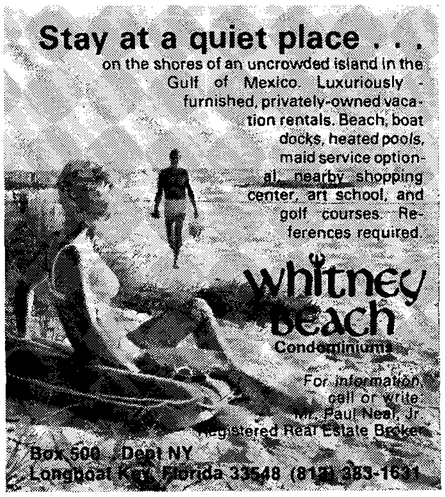

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ence in Washington, D.C., on February 10, 1972, Mazzocchi condemned this failure as bitterly as he did the blatant disregard shown by the managers of Pittsburgh Corning and its medical consultant, Dr. Grant, who, he claimed, had for years known about and ignored the excessive dust in the Tyler plant and the awful peril it held for the workers.

During the first week in March, I spent several days in Tyler talking with men who had been employed at the plant and with other people who were involved in the situation that had developed there. Shortly after I returned to New York, I arranged to fly to Cincinnati and spend a day with Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner. I also telephoned Dr. Grant, who, in addition to being the medical consultant to Pittsburgh Corning, is the medical director of PPG Industries (formerly known as the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company), which, together with the Corning Glass Works, had established Pittsburgh Corning. When I reached him, at his office at PPG Industries, in Pittsburgh, I asked him if he could spare an hour or so to talk with me about the Tyler plant. Dr. Grant was extremely cordial, but he declined to give me an interview unless I first obtained the permission of James H. Bierer, the president of Pittsburgh Corning. I then called Bierer, and he, too, was very cordial, but was somewhat hesitant regarding my request. He said that he would have to look into the matter before giving me permission to talk with Dr. Grant. "I'll get back to you as soon as possible," he said.

On Monday, March 13th, I took a morning flight to Cincinnati, and arrived at the offices of the NIOSH Division of Field Studies and Clinical Investigations shortly before noon. Dr. Johnson turned out to be a tall, pale, bespectacled man of thirty-one, with a quiet way of speaking and a serious demeanor. His boss, Dr. Wagoner, was a boyish-looking blue-eyed man of thirty-six; like Johnson, he is extremely soft-spoken, but his manner is more intense. I had a lot of questions for them about the survey they had conducted at the Tyler plant, in October of 1971, and by the time we had finished with these we were in the middle of lunch at a nearby restaurant. At that point, I told them something about my recent trip to Tyler, and how I had met several men who had become ill and stopped working in the plant even before it was shut down. When I finished giving them my impressions of these

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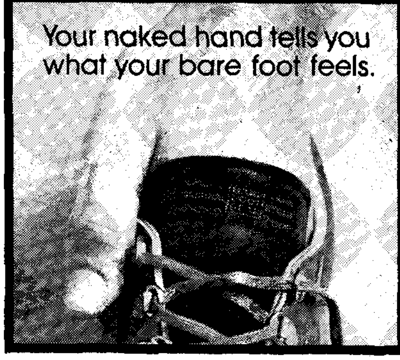

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men, Dr. Johnson put down his fork and shook his head.

"As you know, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond have conducted a study of the mortality experience of nine hundred and thirty-three men who worked between 1941 and 1945 at the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company's plant in Paterson, New Jersey, which was the predecessor factory to the one in Tyler," he said. "Because of their findings, we're awfully depressed about the future of many of the eight hundred and ninety-five men who worked at the Tyler plant during the seventeen years it was in operation. And what is even more depressing is that the Paterson and Tyler tragedies are being repeated over and over, from one end of this country to the other. Last summer, as Joe and I were unearthing the environmental data on Tyler, we came across some mortality data on men who had worked in asbestos-textile plants throughout the United States. Like the Tyler data, this information had been accumulating willy-nilly in the division for years, and, incredible as it may sound, no one had seen fit to do anything about it. Just from the most cursory look at those data, almost anyone would know there had been a tragedy of immense proportions in many, if not all, of those factories. Why, the men working in them were dying of asbestosis and cor pulmonale—a form of heart failure that often accompanies the disease—right on the job! Men in their fifties! And some only in their *forties!* Recently, Joe and I pulled together the figures on just one of those plants and analyzed them. It manufactures asbestos-textile, friction, and packing products, predominantly from chrysotile asbestos, and that's interesting, because the segment of the asbestos industry that mines and uses this particular variety of asbestos has been trying to claim that chrysotile is *not* as biologically harmful as other types of asbestos, including amosite, which was the type the Tyler men worked with. Between January 1, 1940, and December 31, 1962, thirty-three hundred and sixty-seven men and women worked in the chrysotile-asbestos plant, and, using the data that we found in the files, and more that we developed, we made a followup study of them from the time their employment ceased until January of 1968. As of that date, twenty-four hundred and eighty-one of these workers were known to be alive, six hundred and fifty-five were known to have died, and two hundred and thirty-one could not be traced. Death certificates were obtained for six hundred and twenty-six of the

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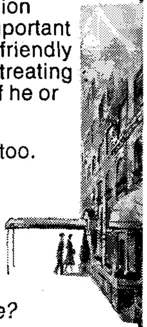

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dead. According to the standard mortality tables, there should have been approximately five hundred and twenty-seven deaths among these thirty-three hundred and sixty-seven people instead of six hundred and fifty-five. Of the excess of a hundred and twenty-eight deaths, the vast majority—one hundred, to be exact—were caused by diseases of the cardiopulmonary system. Approximately nineteen deaths from lung cancer were to be expected, but there were actually forty-six. Seventy-two deaths occurred from chronic lung disease, mostly asbestosis, whereas there should have been only about thirty-five. Two hundred and thirty-nine of the workers died of heart disease—many with cor pulmonale and congestive heart failure—as opposed to two hundred and two expected deaths from these causes. Among the eighty-three other deaths whose causes were known, sixteen resulted from malignancies of the lymphatic and blood systems."

Dr. Wagoner told me that he and Dr. Johnson had also evaluated the distribution of the cardiopulmonary deaths according to the elapsed time since termination of employment. "We did this partly to shed light on the consequences of a common practice in the asbestos industry, as well as in many other industries, of using respirators in the absence of strict environmental controls," he said. "Our findings tell a depressing story. The majority of the lung-cancer and asbestosis deaths occurred within five years of termination of employment. In fact, fourteen of the forty-six lung-cancer deaths occurred within six months of termination of employment, and the average age of those fourteen people was only fifty-three and a half. And of the forty-one asbestosis deaths that occurred within five years after termination of employment, a majority took place within the first year, including seventeen deaths that happened within six months, at an average age of fifty-four."

Dr. Johnson broke in to say, "Which means that a lot, if not most, of these people had advanced lung disease, malignant or nonmalignant, even as they were working. Now, what kind of medical program did that factory have, to allow men to be dying of pulmonary disease *right on the job?*"

Dr. Wagoner then continued, "During our medical survey of the Tyler plant, we found that almost fifty per cent of the men with ten or more years of employment showed X-ray, pulmonary-function, and clinical findings consistent with asbestosis. The

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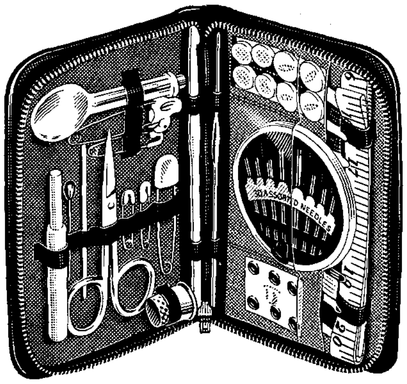

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routine use of respirators, which are often difficult to breathe through, in such a population of men is extremely hazardous, because it puts them at an excess risk of cardiopulmonary death. For that reason, the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard, of which I am a member, has recommended that the use of respirators during periods of excessive asbestos dust be preceded by strict medical evaluation."

I had heard previously of the existence of the Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard, and when we returned to the offices at NIOSH, I asked Dr. Wagoner to tell me about it. He explained that the committee was part of a long and complicated procedure by which criteria are developed for the recommendation of occupational-health standards. "The primary source of medical evidence and information about asbestos was provided in the NIOSH asbestos-criteria document, which I helped to write," Dr. Wagoner said. "This document included a critical evaluation of all known research on asbestos disease and a recommended standard based on this evaluation, and it was sent to Secretary Hodgson on February 1st. The document recommends that airborne asbestos dust be controlled so that no worker is exposed over an eight-hour working day to an average of more than two fibres greater than five microns in length per cubic centimetre of air. It proposes that the two-fibre standard become effective two years after its promulgation, in order to permit manufacturers of asbestos products to install the necessary engineering controls, and that in the meantime the temporary emergency standard of five fibres remain in effect. It urges that medical surveillance, including periodic pulmonary-function tests and X-rays, be required for all workers exposed to more than one asbestos fibre per cubic centimetre of air, and that these examinations be conducted at the employer's expense. It also recommends that warning labels be affixed to containers of raw asbestos and to finished asbestos products stating that asbestos is harmful, that it may cause delayed lung injury, including asbestosis and cancer, that its dust should not be inhaled, and that it should be used only with adequate ventilation and approved respiratory devices."

Dr. Wagoner went on to tell me that in proposing a permanent two-fibre standard for asbestos dust he and the other authors of the NIOSH document gave great weight to the fact that that standard had been recommended

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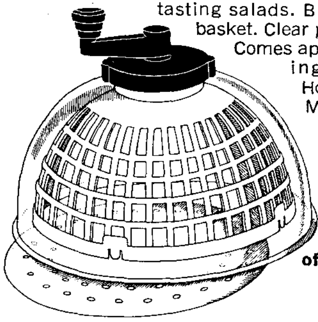

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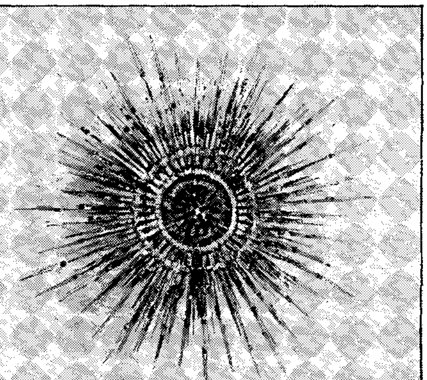

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in 1968 by the British Occupational Hygiene Society and had been adopted by Her Majesty's Inspectorate of Factories the same year. "However, we took care to point out that the British standard was designed only to reduce the early signs of asbestosis, and not to prevent asbestos-induced cancer, which may occur after exposure to levels of asbestos dust that are low enough to prevent lung scarring," he added.

Continuing, Dr. Wagoner said that the Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard had been set up by Secretary Hodgson two months before, in January, to provide additional evidence and information as to what the permanent standard should be. "The committee has five members, representing industry, labor, government, and the independent medical and scientific community," Dr. Wagoner said. "In addition to me, it includes Isaac H. Weaver, corporate director for environmental control of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc.; Andrew Haas, the president of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers; Jack Baliff, the chief engineer of the Division of Industrial Hygiene of the State of New York's Department of Labor; and Edwin Hyatt, of the University of California's Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, who is the chairman. We held meetings in Washington for five days in February, and, by majority vote, we supported the two-fibre standard and all the recommendations of the NIOSH criteria document. In fact, in certain areas we made recommendations to the Secretary of Labor that were even stronger than those of the criteria document. For example, as I said, we recommended that before respirators could be issued to workers for any reason, each worker must have a complete physical examination to determine whether he could wear a respirator without endangering his health. We took this action to avoid the recurrence of conditions like those at Tyler, where respirators were slapped onto men who already had pulmonary problems as a result of exposure to asbestos."

That night, I had dinner with Dr. Johnson and his wife, who lived, with their two children, in an apartment in the suburbs of Cincinnati. I had been told that Dr. Johnson was fulfilling his military obligation by serving with NIOSH, and as he was driving me to my hotel later in the evening I asked him if he intended to remain there when his two-year tour of duty was over.

For a few moments, Dr. Johnson

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was silent; then he shook his head and said he really didn't know. "I am greatly troubled by the question of respectability in the field of occupational medicine," he told me. "There's very little peer pressure among the doctors who are in it, either in industry or in government, and now that I find myself faced with the problem of defining myself professionally for the next thirty years or so, I'm afraid of becoming frustrated and fatigued in this field, and of becoming part of the fabric of how things are done in a huge bureaucracy. You see, the way things are set up in occupational health these days, it's all too easy for a man to look at the welter of problems awaiting solution, to realize the lack of any real intention on the part of many people in government and in industry to take any significant action to remedy them, and to say to himself, 'Well, I can't do anything on my own, so I might just as well sit back and fit into the mold.' "

"But you did do something about it," I said. "You and Dr. Wagoner did something that could be the beginning of turning the whole thing around."

"Yes, we did something," Dr. Johnson replied quietly. "But will they let us keep on doing it?"

EARLY the next morning, I flew to Washington to attend the opening session of the Department of Labor's public hearings on the proposed permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos. They were held in a large conference room in the Interdepartmental Auditorium, at Twelfth Street and Constitution Avenue, and when I arrived there, shortly after nine o'clock, the place was filling up with some hundred-odd representatives of industry, labor, government, and the independent medical and scientific community.

The morning was given over to scheduling and rescheduling appearances of people wishing to give testimony during the rest of the week, and this complicated business was accomplished with wit and dispatch by Arthur M. Goldberg, a diminutive, bearded man, who was a hearing examiner for the Department of Labor. After Goldberg had arranged the agenda for the four days of hearings, a tall man in his early forties, with dark hair and white sideburns, got to his feet, introduced himself as Bradley Walls, and said he represented the Asbestos Information Association of North America. "We have a number of questions asking for rulings from you, Mr. Goldberg," he said. "I preface them by saying that, in light of the number of witnesses, we concur with you that cross-exami-

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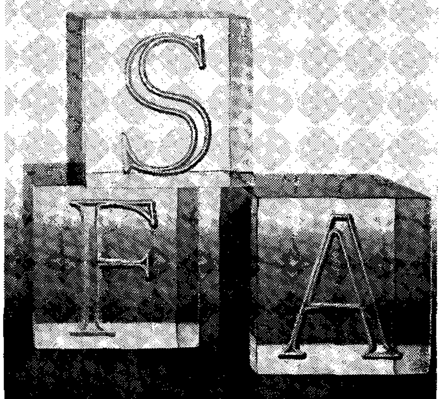

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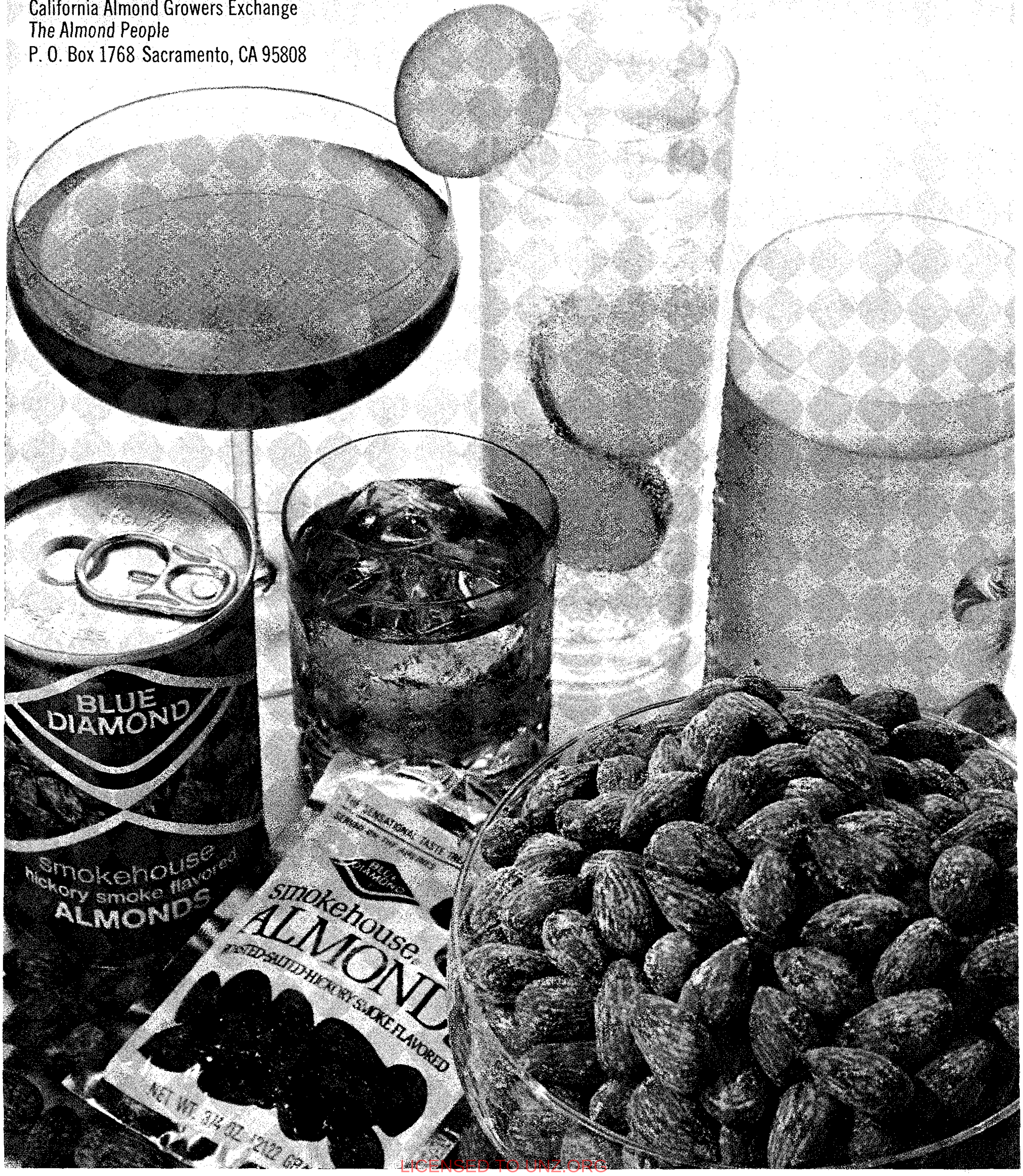

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nation might delay the hearings beyond our endurance and possibly yours, and that if clarifying questions be required they best come from you, sir. Secondly, we would like your ruling on your position with regard to physical evidence, either living or photographic. We would prefer that it not be presented, inasmuch as we do not think it would be helpful to this hearing."

With a puzzled frown, Goldberg inquired, "May I ask what you mean?"

"Either basket cases or X-rays," Walls said, with a grin. "We feel that their introduction would turn the hearings into a circus."

"The only thing I can say now is that evidence must be submitted in duplicate," Goldberg said dryly.

Walls grinned again. "Thank you, sir," he replied. "We will accept that."

When Mr. Walls sat down, a slight man in his early thirties rose at the rear of the room and, in a voice full of emotion, introduced himself as Colin D. Neal, the administrative assistant to the president of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union, which represents twenty-one hundred workers at the Johns-Manville Corporation's asbestos plant in Manville, New Jersey. "Sir, the United Papermakers and Paperworkers would like to express our indignation at Mr. Walls' characterization of those who may suffer the effects of asbestos-dust disease as 'basket cases,'" he said. "Using his terminology, however, we have a 'basket case' we would like to present to you sometime today."

Goldberg looked at Neal and nodded slightly. Then he said, in a quiet voice, "We will hear all witnesses who are presented, sir," and adjourned for lunch.

On my way out, I encountered Sheldon Samuels, of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Industrial Union Department, whom I had previously met and talked with on several occasions. Samuels, a stocky man in his middle forties, is ordinarily mild-mannered, but he was now flushed with anger. When I asked him to explain what had happened between Walls and Neal, he shook his head grimly. "We're holding a press conference at the Hotel Washington in a few minutes," he said. "Come on over and you'll find out."

The press conference was conducted by the Industrial Union Department in conjunction with the United Papermakers and Paperworkers, and was attended by a dozen or so journalists from various newspapers and magazines and by a Metromedia television camera team. Seated from left to right behind a long table at the front of the room were Samuels; Dr. William J.

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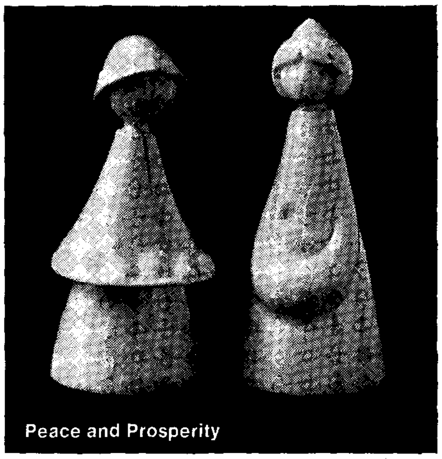
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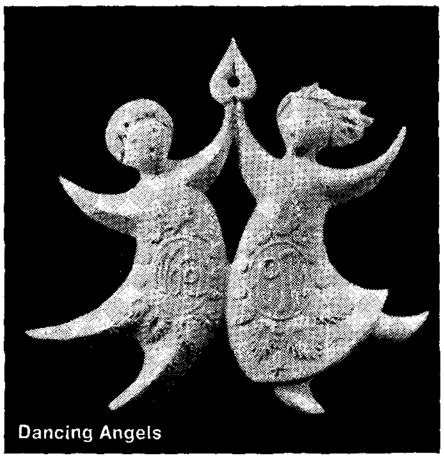
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Nicholson, assistant professor of community medicine at the Mount Sinai School of Medicine and a member of the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory; Dr. Maxwell Borow, a thoracic surgeon from Bound Brook, New Jersey, which is near Manville; Jacob Clayman, administrative director of the Industrial Union Department; Colin Neal; Joseph Mondrone, president of Local 800 of the Papermakers' union in Manville; Robert Klinger, Local 800's vice-president and the chairman of its Health and Safety Committee; Daniel Maciborski, a member of the local; and Marshall Smith, the local's international representative.

Samuels got the press conference under way by reminding his listeners that it had long been known that the inhalation of asbestos dust could scar and destroy the lungs. "For the past thirty years, asbestos has been a proven cause of cancer of the lungs, and of the stomach and intestines of the workers who breathe it," he went on. "Usually, exposure over a long period of time is necessary to produce asbestos-related disease, but there is now evidence that even a single day of breathing large amounts of asbestos dust will harm the lungs. Contamination in the community, especially in the homes of asbestos workers, has been shown to cause cancer in women and children who have never been in an asbestos factory. Indeed, no one who has been or who is being exposed is safe from the effects of asbestos, and tens of thousands of workers and their families may already have had their lives shortened by exposure to asbestos dust."

Samuels went on to say that the development of safe methods of working with asbestos had been hampered for years by the efforts of management to hide the facts about asbestos disease, to suppress government and private studies of the subject, and to prevent state job-safety agencies from taking effective action. He then declared the temporary emergency standard of five fibres per cubic centimetre of air to be totally inadequate. "The Industrial Union Department will recommend at the hearings this week that a standard of two asbestos fibres per cubic centimetre of air go into effect within six months, and that within two years the standard be lowered to one fibre per cubic centimetre," he said. "Moreover, since constant monitoring of fibre levels in hundreds of plants is obviously impossible, we are calling for the installation of engineering controls and work practices designed to bring asbestos exposures ultimately to a zero level."

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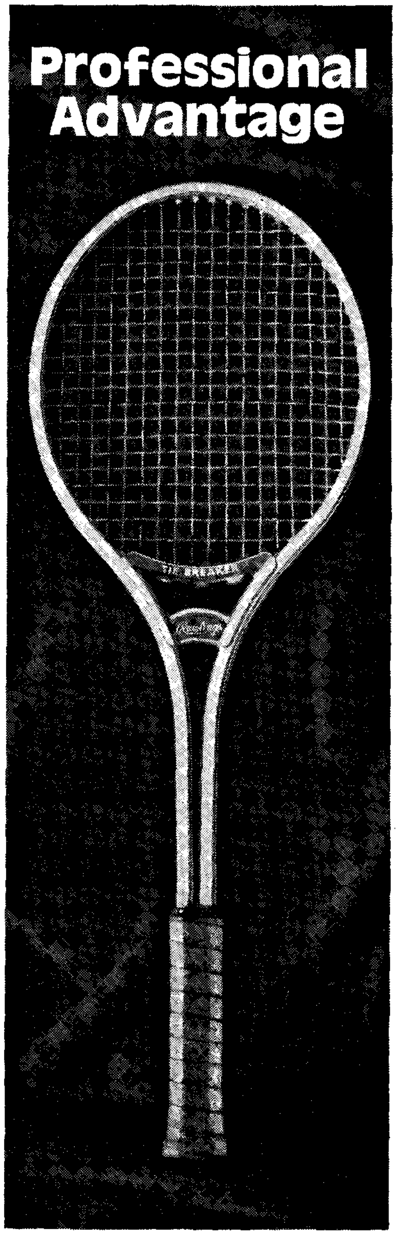

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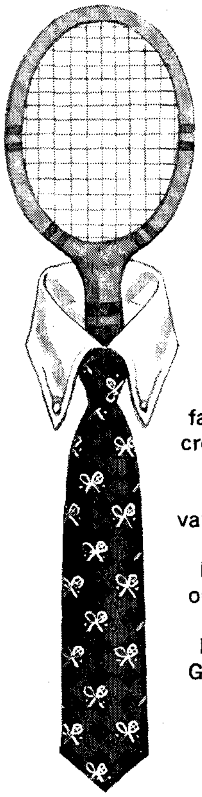

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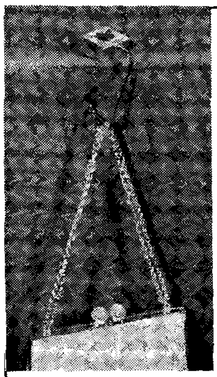

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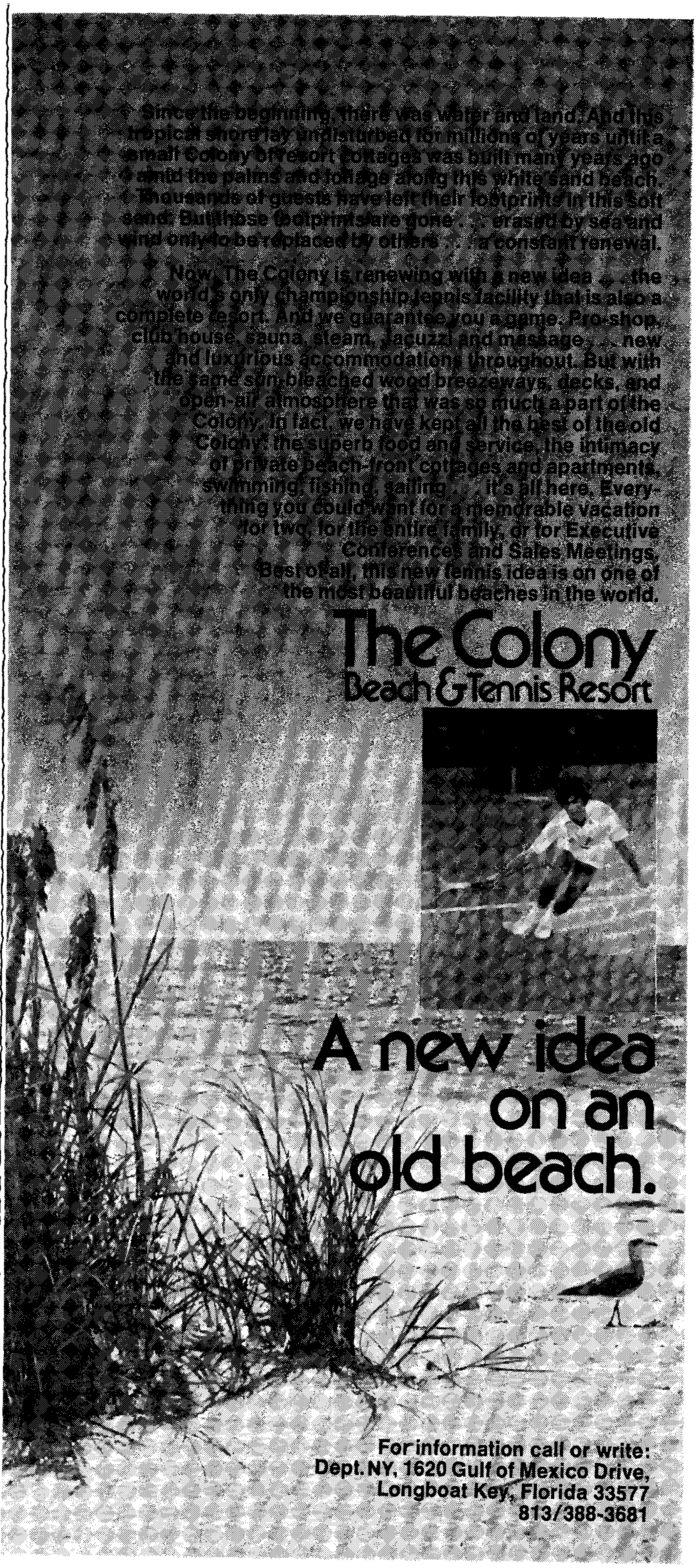
Samuels then introduced Clayman, who has been with the Industrial Union Department since its formation, in 1956, and had been its administrative director since 1960. Clayman, a soft-spoken man in his middle sixties, has spent a lifetime in the labor movement, first as a steelworker, then as a member of the Ohio state legislature fighting for improved workmen's-compensation laws, and, just before joining the Industrial Union Department, as secretary-treasurer of the Congress of Industrial Organizations in Ohio. Speaking in measured tones, Clayman told his audience that the press conference had been called to bring to public attention what might well be the most devastating environmental disaster yet perpetrated by any industrial nation. "Today, millions of American workers, their families, and their neighbors may be exposed to toxic concentrations of asbestos," Clayman said. "God only knows how many thousands of workers have died, and how many will die or be terribly sick, because of the routine way this country has dealt with the problem of occupational exposure to asbestos for so many years. We cannot bring dead workers back to life or prevent pain long since experienced, but we can and must bring an end to this inexcusable environmental crime of huge proportions that afflicts workers and totally unaware victims in the plant community."

Dr. Borow was then introduced, and he described the cases of malignant mesothelioma that he and his associates at the Somerset Hospital, in Somerville, New Jersey, had begun to find in 1964, and said that he had witnessed a sharp rise in the incidence of the disease since then. He quoted from a letter he had written on October 12, 1967, to Marshall Smith, then president of the Papermakers' Local 800. The letter stated that Dr. Borow and his associates were planning an exhibit on the rising incidence of mesothelioma in the Manville area, which they had hoped to display in 1968 at four major medical conventions throughout the country and at various hospitals in New Jersey, but that, though they had applied to forty different sources for funding, they had been unable to obtain money for this purpose. "We were told frankly that local industry would not support this project for fear of upsetting the Johns-Manville Corporation," the letter continued. "Johns-Manville themselves, after six weeks of deliberation, refused support, as they were not ready to acknowledge the association between asbestosis and meso-



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thelioma." Dr. Borow's letter to Smith concluded by asking the union to provide the three thousand dollars that would be necessary to assemble and transport the exhibit, and after he had finished reading it Dr. Borow said that the union had supplied the money and the exhibit had been widely displayed.

Dr. Borow then introduced Daniel Maciborski, a patient in whom he had discovered an abdominal mesothelioma a few months earlier. Maciborski, a gaunt man in his middle fifties, told the audience with calm and dignity that he had contracted mesothelioma while working for Johns-Manville, and that he hoped his personal misfortune would encourage government officials to act promptly so that it would not be shared by other workers.

THE hearings had begun by the time I had had some lunch and returned to the conference room. As I took a seat, I saw that Maciborski and Dr. Borow had been giving testimony at a witness table at the front of the room—to the right of Goldberg, the hearing examiner, and directly opposite a cross-examination panel consisting of Nicholas DeGregorio, an attorney with the Department of Labor's Office of the Solicitor, and Gerald Scannell, acting director of the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's Office of Standards. Toward the end of his remarks, Dr. Borow said that he had now encountered fifty-two cases of mesothelioma in the Manville area, and that all the victims of the disease had worked for Johns-Manville with the exception of two, who had simply lived in the community.

Dr. Borow and Maciborski were followed at the witness table by Dr. Nicholson, of the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, who began his testimony by stating that the health experience of American asbestos workers could be described only as a national tragedy. Referring to a mortality study Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had made of insulation workers in the Newark-New York area, Dr. Nicholson reminded his listeners that two in ten of those men had died of lung cancer, one in ten of gastro-intestinal cancer, nearly one in ten of mesothelioma, one in ten of other cancers, and almost one in ten of asbestosis. "Past standards are not an appropriate reference in setting a new permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos, simply because all past standards were conceived only for the purpose of preventing asbestosis," Dr. Nicholson continued. "But asbes-

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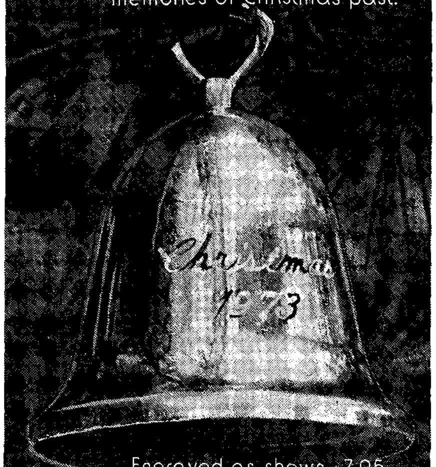

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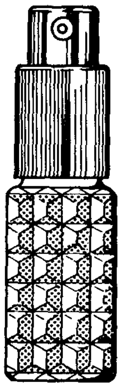

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tosis is obviously not the major problem among asbestos workers. Cancer is the major problem. Cancer accounts for seventy-five per cent of the excess deaths among the asbestos-insulation workers studied by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond, and this asbestos-cancer hazard is not appropriately covered by the proposed asbestos standard." Dr. Nicholson went on to say that no knowledge now existed of a safe working level of exposure to asbestos which would prevent the occurrence of cancer, and he urged that asbestos not be used in the workplace except with approved techniques and methods designed to remove asbestos dust from the working environment. "There is evidence that a standard of two fibres per cubic centimetre of air will be inadequate for the prevention of asbestos disease," he said. "The recently measured long-term exposure of the asbestos-insulation workers, whose disastrous disease experience has been documented by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond, was approximately three fibres per cubic centimetre, even prior to the implementation of improved control measures."

Another of the afternoon's witnesses was Dr. Sidney Wolfe, who is the director of Ralph Nader's Health Research Group and a former medical researcher on the staff of the National Institutes of Health. Dr. Wolfe testified that "if workers were guinea pigs and asbestos were a food additive, the Delaney Clause of the Food and Drug Act [which prevents the introduction into the marketplace of any substance known to cause cancer in test animals] would have mandated the elimination of this carcinogenic dust from the environment long ago. However, in 1972, twelve years after the publication of data showing the relationship between asbestos exposure and mesothelioma in humans, and at a time when there are now hundreds of cases of this cancer in workers exposed to asbestos, the slaughter continues. Under these circumstances, regulations which do not ultimately reduce the fibre count to zero fail to comply with the Occupational Safety and Health Act of 1970, which clearly states that 'no employee will suffer diminished health, functional capacity, or life expectancy as a result of his work experience.' "

Dr. Wolfe was succeeded at the witness table by Anthony Mazzocchi, who was accompanied by his assistant, Steven Wodka, and who stated the position of the Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union in blunt language. "The proposed Labor Depart-

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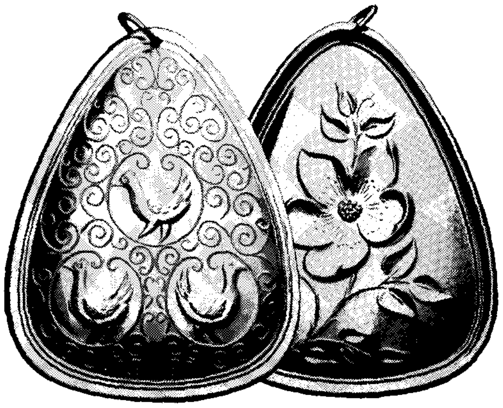

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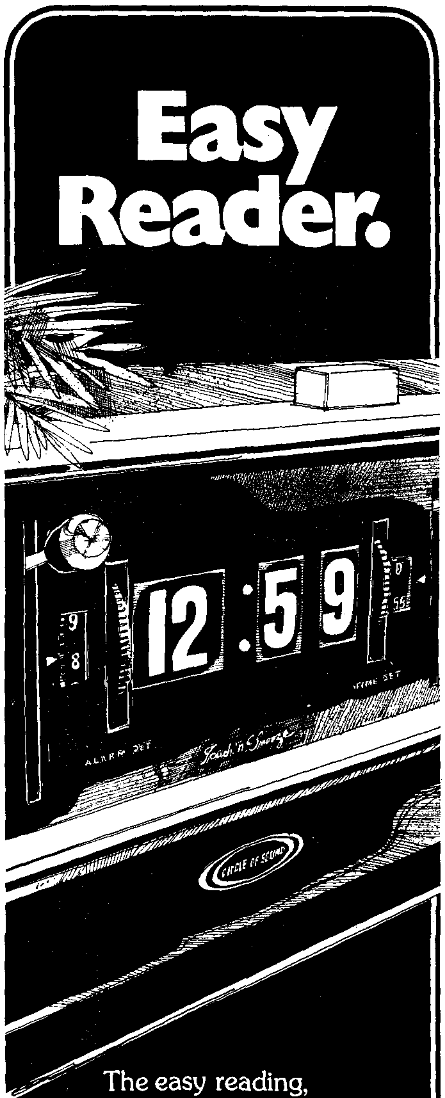
ment standard for exposure to asbestos dust is a very sad document," he said. "It serves to confirm what many members of our international union already fear—that the [Occupational Safety and Health] Administration is frivolous with the health and rights of working people." Mazzocchi went on to say that there were far more people exposed to asbestos in the workplace than one was usually led to believe. "The often quoted Labor Department figure of two hundred thousand workers isn't conservative, it's ridiculous," he declared. "In our international union, which represents one hundred and eighty thousand workers in the oil, chemical, and atomic-energy industries alone, almost every shop and plant uses asbestos in one form or another. For example, in a major oil refinery on the East Coast—Mobil Oil in Paulsboro, New Jersey—asbestos has captured our concern as the single most serious industrial-health hazard in that facility. We had nineteen workers who handle asbestos-insulation materials in that refinery examined by Dr. Irving Selikoff, of the Mount Sinai School of Medicine. Dr. Selikoff's tests revealed a very serious occupational-health problem resulting from their exposure to asbestos. Now our concern is that two to three hundred other workers—pipefitters, boilermakers, welders, bricklayers, and others who work in and around this insulation—may also have been overexposed. Asbestos turns up in the most unexpected situations. Recently, I was touring a plant in northern New Jersey where Prestone antifreeze is made. At one point in the tour, I caught a completely unprotected worker dumping asbestos into a vat of antifreeze. He told me that asbestos is what gives Prestone its anti-leak quality. If that was an unexpected situation, then what has been our experience in a primary asbestos plant—for example, one that manufactures asbestos-insulation products? Up until recently, the O.C.A.W. [Oil, Chemical, and Atomic Workers International Union] represented workers at the Pittsburgh Corning Corporation's asbestos plant in Tyler, Texas. This plant was the sister to the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company's factory in Paterson, New Jersey, where Dr. Selikoff conducted his now famous mortality study of amosite-asbestos workers. At the Paterson plant, Dr. Selikoff found that total deaths were more than twice the number anticipated, and now at the Tyler plant the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health has already found that seven out of eighteen workers with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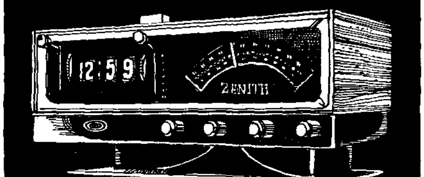
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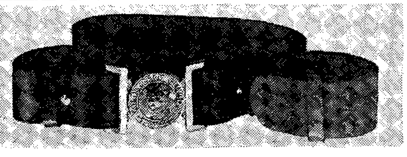
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ten or more years of employment meet at least three of four criteria for asbestosis. Worse yet, H.E.W. studies of the plant dating back to 1967 have found grossly excessive levels of asbestos dust throughout the plant. While this particular factory employed only sixty or so people at its peak, the turnover was such that nearly nine hundred men had worked there for varying periods of time from 1954 to 1972. The story of Tyler is sadly filled with episodes of corporate indifference and governmental secrecy."

Mazzocchi went on to say that, because even very small quantities of asbestos were known to cause cancer, the union was recommending that all exposure to asbestos ultimately be reduced to zero by the enforcement of strict equipment-performance standards. "All manufacturing, maintenance, and other industrial and construction processes using asbestos must be reëngineered so that they perform at zero exposure," he declared. "We propose that industry be put on notice, as soon as possible, that within six months of the effective date of this standard, no worker shall be exposed to more than two fibres per cubic centimetre of air; that within two years this level shall be reduced to one fibre; and that within three years of June of 1972 zero exposure shall be the law. As for respirators, they should be authorized only when the employer has a definite abatement plan to reduce the exposure to asbestos through engineering means. The other situation in which respirators would be allowed is where there is no feasible technology for controlling asbestos dust." Mazzocchi added that the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's proposed standard on medical examinations of asbestos workers would truly allow the fox to guard the chickens. "The medical community, like many other professional groups in this country, has physicians that industry can rely on to deny valid occupational-disease claims of workers," he said. "Therefore, we recommend that workers be allowed to have annual physical examinations performed on them by doctors of their own choice, but at the employer's expense. Furthermore, the records of these examinations should not be sent to the employer but to a central record-keeping facility at NIOSH, where such records could be kept intact and confidential. NIOSH would then send each employer an annual statistical summary on the examinations of all his employees. It has been our sad experience, in case after case, that as soon as management finds out

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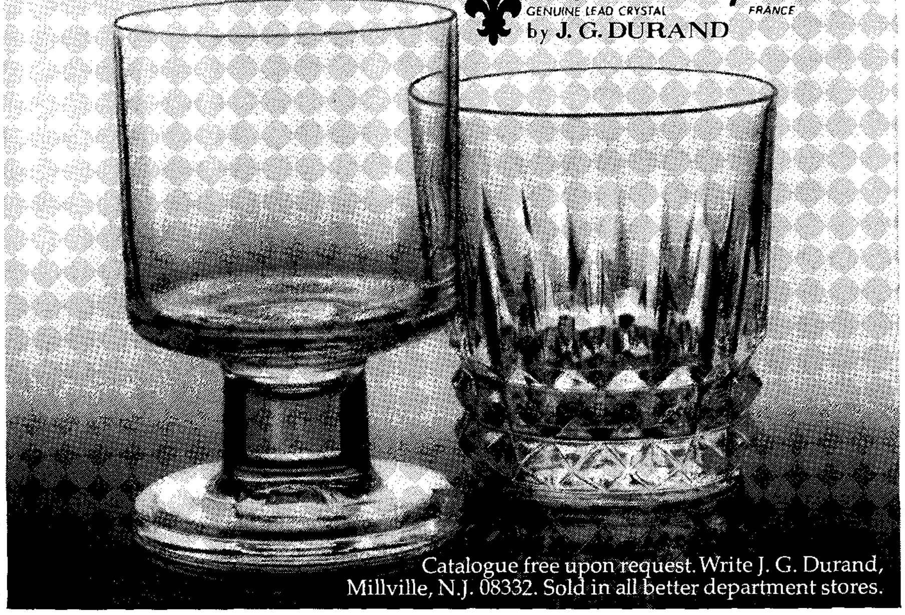

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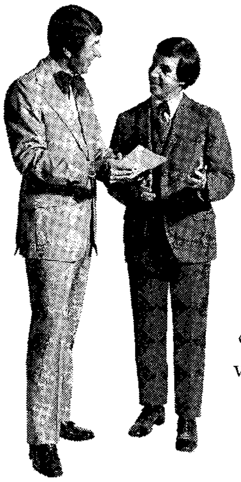

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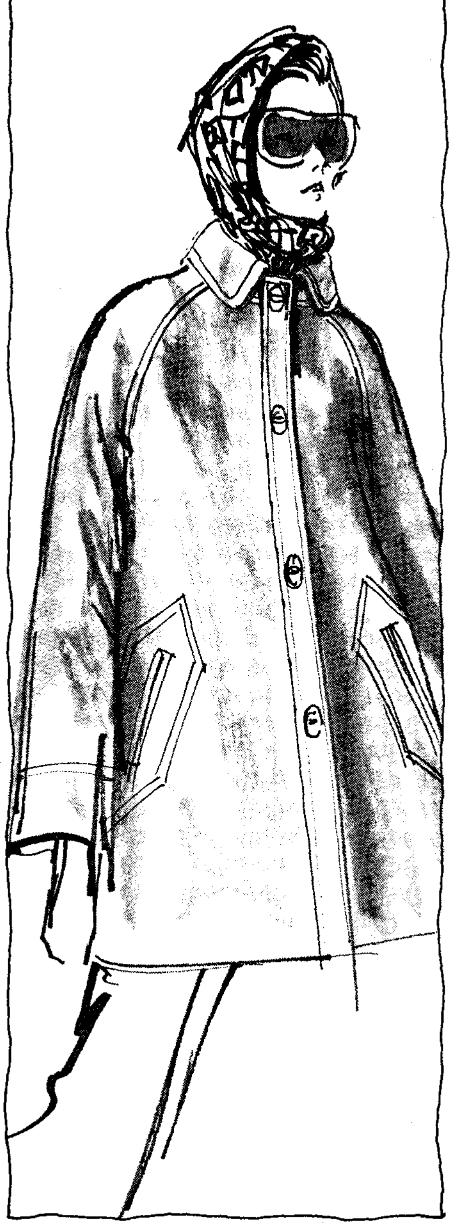

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how badly it has injured the health of a worker, management does its best to get rid of him. Thus these records need to be kept intact for at least forty years." Mazzocchi concluded by declaring that a deficient standard for protection from the hazards of asbestos would legislate sickness and an early death for thousands of people. "Faced with this prospect, I would seek no new rule at all, rather than be held responsible for the cases of asbestos disease that will surface thirty years from now," he said.

One of the final witnesses of the afternoon was Alex Kuzmuk, a governor of the Asbestos Textile Institute—which in 1964 had sent a letter to the New York Academy of Sciences urging caution in the public discussion of medical research into asbestos disease in order "to avoid providing the basis for possibly damaging and misleading news stories." Kuzmuk now testified that the Asbestos Textile Institute was opposed to the NIOSH criteria document and to the recommendations of the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard. "We find that even the five-fibre standard is not feasible for us," he said. "Indeed, it will price American-made asbestos-textile products right out of the world and domestic markets, with the result that imports from nations where workers are under no such protection will flood the country. We feel that the proposed standard is based upon incomplete studies and that new evaluations are needed. Pending more comprehensive studies, we respectfully urge the Secretary of Labor to reconsider the establishment of asbestos standards, to reinstate the threshold limit value for asbestos dust at twelve fibres per cubic centimetre, and to provide for representation of the Asbestos Textile Institute on future advisory and study committees."

WHEN Goldberg recessed the first day's session, I flew back to New York, where business kept me during the second day of the hearings. The day after that—Thursday, March 16th—I took an early plane to Washington to be present for what Goldberg had referred to previously in the proceedings as the Johns-Manville "scenario." The conference room of the Interdepartmental Auditorium was almost full when I arrived, just before 9 A.M., and the hearings got under way promptly, with John B. Jobe, Johns-Manville's executive vice-president for operations, sitting down at the witness table and stating that the asbestos industry had first supported research on asbestos disease during the nineteen-

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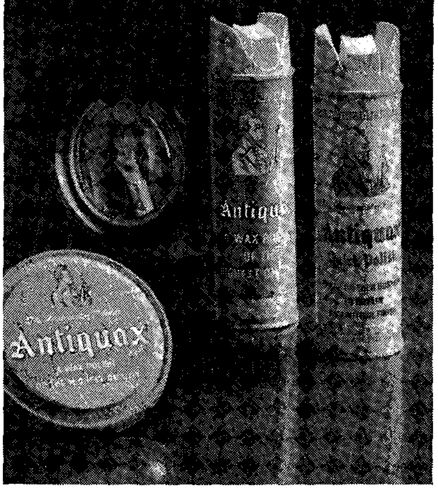

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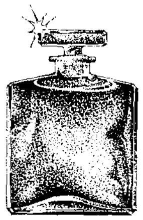

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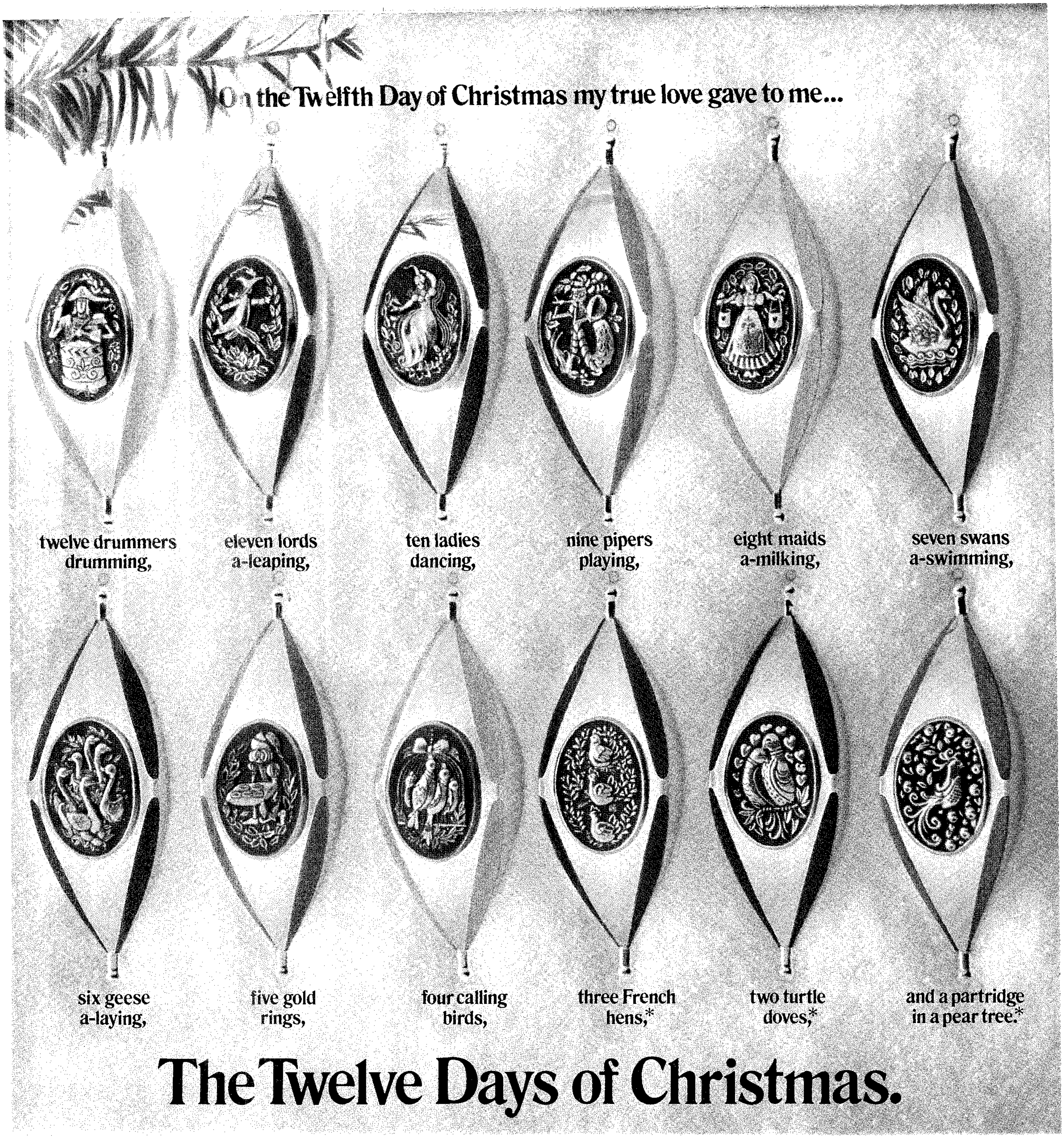
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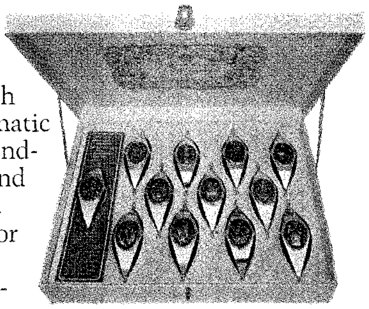

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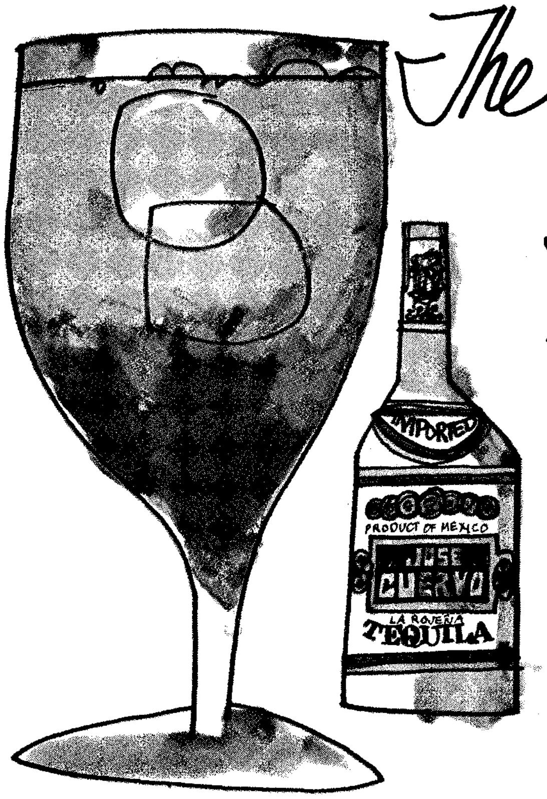

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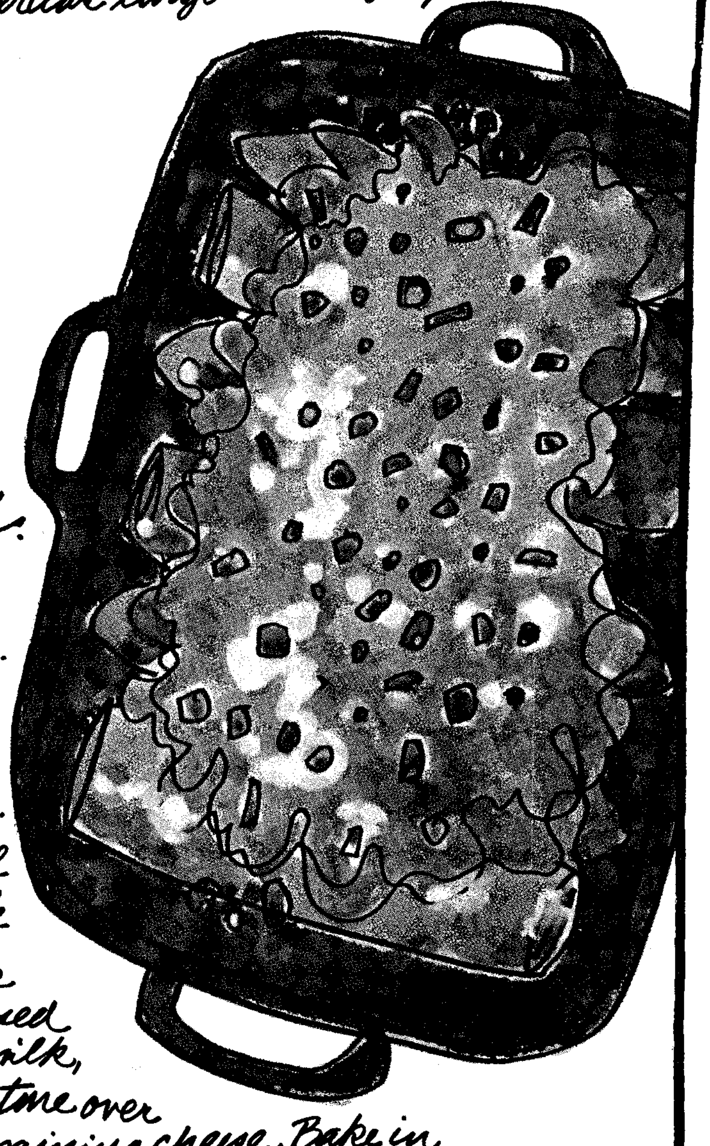

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twenties, at the Saranac Laboratory of the Trudeau Foundation, in Saranac Lake, New York, and was at present supporting such research at more than half a dozen medical schools in the United States and Canada. He went on to say that although the asbestos industry recognized its responsibility to support the intent of the Occupational Safety and Health Act, there was no credible evidence demonstrating the necessity for a standard lower than five fibres per cubic centimetre of air.

Jobe was followed by Dr. George W. Wright, a longtime paid medical consultant for Johns-Manville, who was also director of medical research of the Department of Medicine of St. Luke's Hospital in Cleveland. Dr. Wright began his testimony by saying that he had been conducting research on asbestosis since 1939, first as a member of the Saranac Laboratory of the Trudeau Foundation and then, since 1953, at St. Luke's Hospital. After reviewing the various standards for occupational exposure to asbestos that had been in effect over the years, Dr. Wright told the hearings that no evidence had been found to indicate that the present asbestos standard should be changed. "Moreover, since I believe that the five-fibre standard will certainly prevent asbestosis, I am in complete disagreement with the NIOSH criteria document with respect to its expressed opinion that the data relating asbestos exposure to biological reaction are inadequate to establish a meaningful standard at this time," he said. "While the evidence may not be as far-reaching as we would like, it is scientifically valid, and adequate to support as a first approximation the opinion that the present standard of five fibres per cubic centimetre should not be lowered, but left as it is."

According to Dr. Wright, a recent study conducted by Dr. John Corbett McDonald, of the Department of Epidemiology and Health of McGill University, in Montreal, furnished strong support for not lowering the asbestos standard below five fibres per cubic centimetre of air, and proof that mesothelioma was virtually absent in people who were exposed only to chrysotile asbestos—a type of the mineral that accounts for ninety-five per cent of the world's production, and the type that Johns-Manville mines, uses, and sells almost exclusively. "Mesothelioma appears to be predominantly linked with exposure to crocidolite or amosite," Dr. Wright declared. "Therefore, both of these types of asbestos should be controlled more stringently than is chrysotile." Dr. Wright

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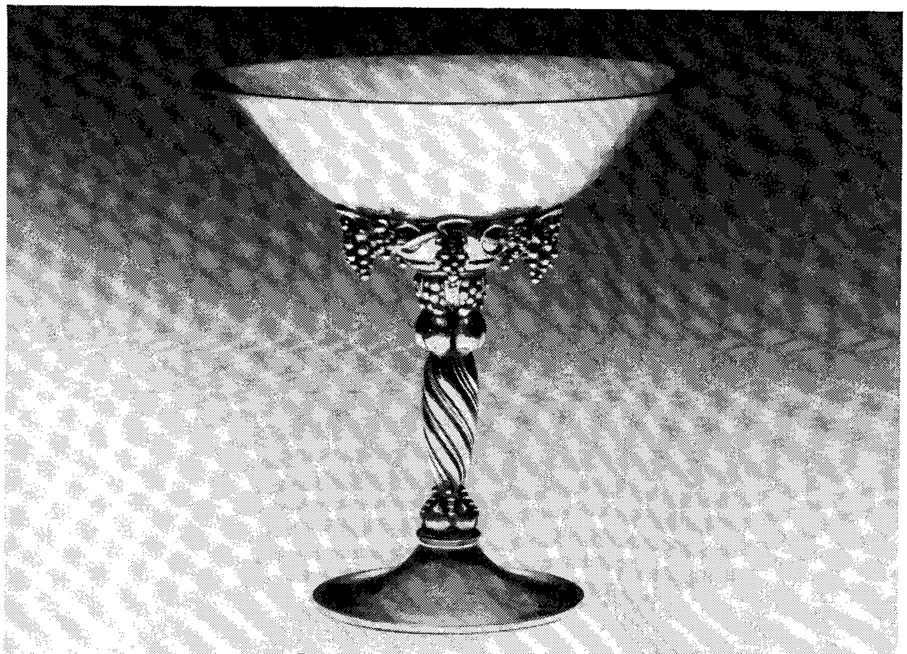

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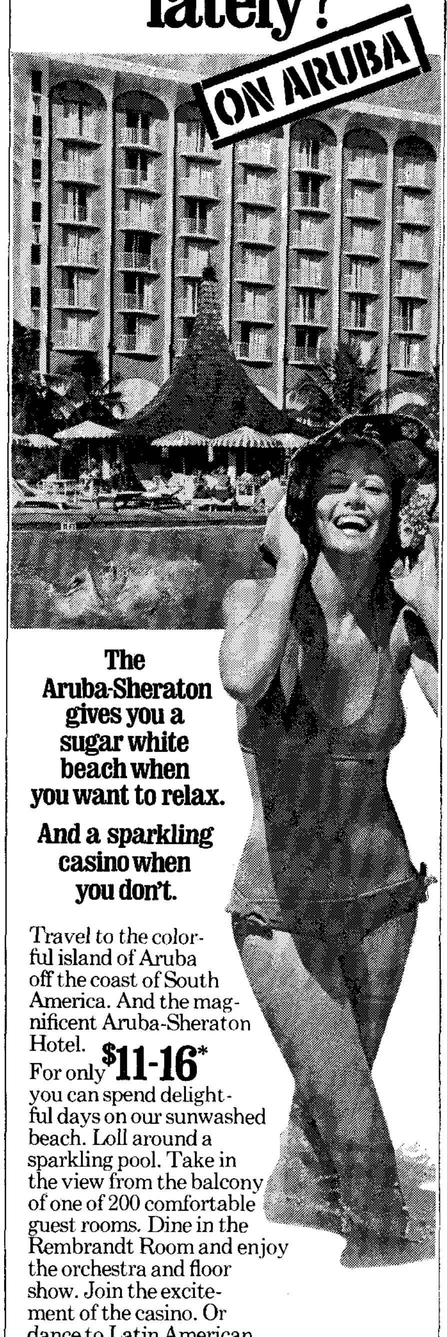
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then criticized certain aspects of Dr. Selikoff's and Dr. Hammond's mortality studies of the asbestos-insulation workers; the studies did not include adequate control populations, he said, and the incidence of mesothelioma among these workers was caused not by their exposure to chrysotile but by their dual exposure to chrysotile and amosite. He ended by reiterating his support of the five-fibre standard, because, as he put it, "this is a correct standard and constitutes a level of exposure that will protect against the development of asbestosis and bronchogenic cancer."

Thus far in the hearings, there had been very little cross-examination, but when Dr. Wright concluded his remarks a number of people made it known that they had questions to ask and points to make concerning his testimony. Among them was Nicholas DeGregorio, of the Department of Labor, who pointed out with some asperity that he had never heard the validity of Dr. Selikoff's and Dr. Hammond's study of the asbestos-insulation workers questioned by any of the leading epidemiologists in the field.

After a short recess, the Johns-Manville testimony continued with the appearance at the witness table of Dr. Thomas H. Davison, who introduced himself as the medical director of the corporation. Dr. Davison's testimony was very brief, and was chiefly concerned with his objections to the proposed frequency of medical examinations for asbestos workers. When he completed his remarks, he was succeeded at the witness table by Edmund M. Fenner, the corporation's director of environmental control. Fenner testified that Johns-Manville had worked diligently to lower dust levels in all its plants. He also criticized the two-fibre standard proposed in the document, on the ground that adequate monitoring and dust-sampling equipment was not available to measure such a level.

Then Dr. Fred L. Pundsack, Johns-Manville's vice-president for research and development, came to the witness table. "Perhaps nowhere else in the asbestos standards being considered today is the opportunity to bring about bad changes so clearly evident as it is in some of the proposed label requirements," Dr. Pundsack said. "If these label requirements are adopted in their proposed form, they will in our opinion destroy large amounts of the industry and eliminate thousands of jobs." Dr. Pundsack went on to declare that warning labels need only indicate that precautionary steps should be taken when handling asbestos, and that labels

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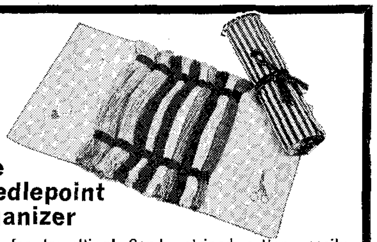
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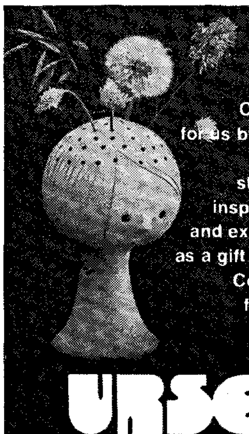
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need not contain terrifying language, such as the word "cancer." He pointed out that asbestos is not an acutely toxic chemical or drug that reacts within minutes or hours, nor is it an explosive, nor can it be absorbed through the skin. "Therefore, the application of frightening labels to asbestos is inappropriate," he said. "Instead, we recommend that a caution or warning label with the following type of text be used on bags or containers of asbestos fibre: 'Caution—This bag contains chrysotile asbestos fibre. Inhalation of asbestos in excessive quantities over long periods of time may be harmful. If proper dust control cannot be provided, respirators approved by the United States Bureau of Mines for protection against pneumoconiosis-producing dusts should be worn.' "

When Dr. Pundsack finished his remarks, there was an hour's recess for lunch. The first afternoon witness was Henry B. Moreno, senior vice-president for the industrial and international divisions of Johns-Manville, who said that the company's dust-control programs had already cost twenty million dollars. "For us to achieve a standard of two fibres per cubic centimetre would require capital expenditures of twelve million dollars, and additional operating costs of five million dollars per year," Moreno declared. "It would simply not be economically feasible to operate at this level in five of our plants, which, if closed down, would put sixteen hundred employees out of work. This and similar closings across the country would have a substantial effect upon the nation's economy, and would result in higher costs reflected all across the board. In addition, Japan, Taiwan, India, other Asian countries, and nations in South America would come on strong and flood the American market with asbestos products. For these reasons, we believe that it would be nothing less than complete social irresponsibility to adopt a two-fibre standard for occupational exposure to asbestos without stronger medical evidence than that which presently exists."

When questioned by Dr. Nicholson, Moreno, like Dr. Wright before him, sought to place chrysotile asbestos above suspicion as a cause of mesothelioma, and, like Dr. Wright, he implicated amosite. Moreno declared that from 1930 until 1960 all high-temperature-insulation materials contained amosite, that since 1960 there had been a trend away from amosite, and that for the past five years almost no amosite had been used.

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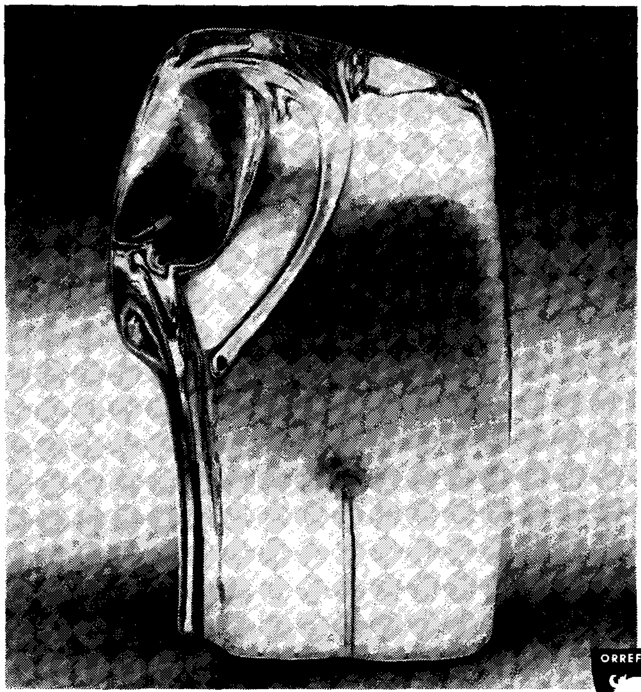

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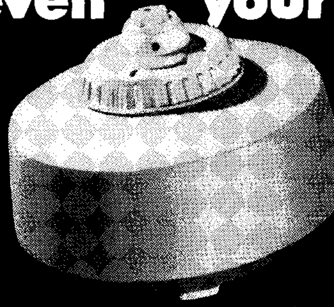

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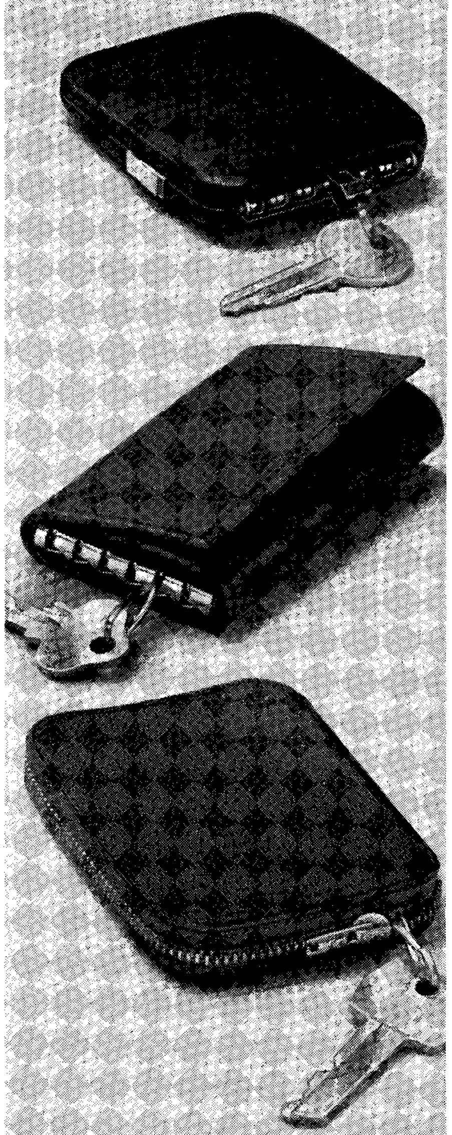

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site asbestos for the occurrence of mesothelioma, and that most members of the independent medical and scientific community considered such efforts to be self-serving, I was not surprised to hear Dr. Nicholson strongly question Moreno about his statement that amosite asbestos had been a major constituent of insulation materials between 1930 and 1960. Later, I learned that Dr. Nicholson reinforced this refutation by sending an addendum to Goldberg on March 24th for inclusion in the record of the hearings. Dr. Nicholson's accompanying letter referred Goldberg to two tables of information he had included in his addendum. The first table, which listed the quantity of asbestos used in the manufacture of insulation materials in the United States between 1920 and 1965, had been furnished by Dr. Pundsack himself to Dr. Selikoff for presentation at the Fourth International Pneumoconiosis Conference of the International Labor Office, held in Bucharest, on September 29, 1971. The second table, compiled from the *United States Minerals Yearbooks*, listed imports of amosite asbestos into the United States during those same years. Since a comparison of the two tables showed that only a few hundred tons of amosite was imported each year between 1920 and 1940, and that this amount was only a small fraction of the total amount of asbestos used in the manufacture of insulation materials during that period, Dr. Nicholson pointed out, "clearly, amosite could have been only a minor constituent of insulation material until World War II," and even through 1950 "it could only represent a small fraction of the asbestos used in non-marine commercial and industrial insulation, if one considers the extensive use in shipbuilding." Dr. Nicholson concluded his letter by calling Goldberg's attention to a table showing that the disease experience (including mesothelioma) of shipyard insulation workers was not significantly different from the disease experience of non-shipyard insulation workers. "It is not possible to assign an important role to amosite in the insulation workers' experience," he wrote.

AFTER Dr. Nicholson's cross-examination of Moreno, the seat at the witness table was taken by Dr. McDonald, who stated at the outset that he was a professor of epidemiology and the chairman of the Department of Epidemiology and Health of McGill University, and that he had specialized in epidemiology for twenty-four years. "I would now like to add one or two

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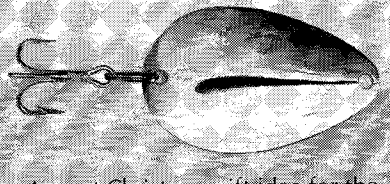

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points not in my written submission, in order to clarify my position here," Dr. McDonald continued. "The first point is that I am a full-time employee at McGill University, and an independent research worker. I do not work, nor am I associated, with any asbestos producer or manufacturer. The research I shall be describing is supported by grants, not to me but to McGill University, from a number of sources—the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health, the Canadian government, the British Medical Research Council, and the United States Public Health Service. I am not here to support the testimony or position of Johns-Manville or any other body affected by the proposed regulations."

Dr. McDonald went on to quote at length from a report entitled "The Health of Chrysotile Asbestos Mine and Mill Workers of Quebec," which he and some colleagues were preparing for publication in the near future. Dr. McDonald said that he and his associates had begun an epidemiological study of miners and millers in 1966, using records of the Quebec asbestos-mining companies to identify all persons known to have worked in the industry since its inception, in 1878. He explained that the mortality aspect of the study was limited to those men who had worked for a month or more, and who were born between 1891 and 1920, adding that he and his colleagues had already published an initial analysis of the mortality experience of these workers. Dr. McDonald then said that about eighty-seven per cent of the 11,572 persons included in the mortality study had been traced by the end of December, 1969, and that 3,270 of them had died. "Cancer of the lung showed a rising death rate with increasing dust exposure, particularly in the two highest dust-exposure groups," he continued. "Of one hundred and thirty-four deaths from respiratory cancer, there were five from pleural mesothelioma. These cases, however, showed no clear relationship with dust exposure."

Later in his presentation, Dr. McDonald assessed the results of his mortality study by declaring that the number of excess deaths related to asbestos exposure among the workers he had investigated probably constituted no more than two per cent of the total of 3,270 deaths; that most of these deaths were caused by lung cancer and pneumoconiosis (by which he presumably meant asbestosis); and that almost all of these excess asbestos-related deaths occurred among workers employed in

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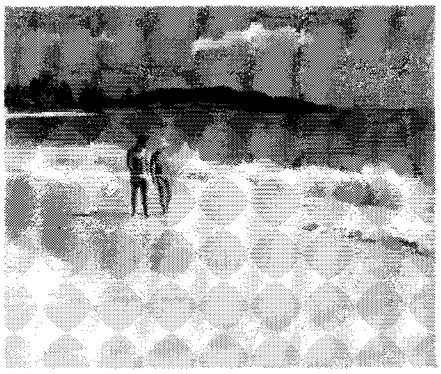

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the highest dust-exposure categories. After pointing out that the death rates from cancer and mesothelioma among the chrysotile-asbestos miners and millers he had studied were very low compared with the death rates from those diseases found among the insulation workers studied by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond, Dr. McDonald concluded that only high levels of exposure to chrysotile asbestos during mining and milling operations had an appreciable effect on mortality. Dr. McDonald ended his presentation by further concluding, from the findings of his study, that a reasonable standard for chrysotile mines and mills would be somewhere between five and nine fibres per cubic centimetre.

When Dr. McDonald finished his testimony, he was questioned at some length by Dr. Nicholson and by DeGregorio. Dr. Nicholson's questioning elicited a statement from Dr. McDonald that in a previously published report on mortality among the Quebec asbestos miners and millers, he had concluded that among those workers in his cohort who were exposed to the highest level of chrysotile dust the incidence of lung cancer was five times that of the workers exposed to the lowest level. He also obtained an admission from Dr. McDonald that his recommendation of a standard of between five and nine fibres was based upon a total of only thirty-two fibre counts made in mines and mills of Quebec in the summer of 1971. DeGregorio, too, asked Dr. McDonald a series of pointed questions about the scientific validity of his study. He expressed open skepticism of Dr. McDonald's ability to substantiate the accuracy of chrysotile-exposure levels that workers were exposed to during the nineteen-fifties and the nineteen-sixties. He also obtained an admission from him that not all the effects of whatever exposures there may have been were observed directly by Dr. McDonald and his associates—through, for example, the examination of autopsy material—but that they had been observed by other people and recorded by them in reports and death certificates, which he and his associates had then included in their study as valid.

I was not surprised to hear Dr. McDonald questioned in this manner, for several members of the independent medical and scientific community had previously expressed grave reservations to me about the accuracy of the conclusions he and his colleagues had drawn in a report of their study which had appeared in June of 1971, in Vol-

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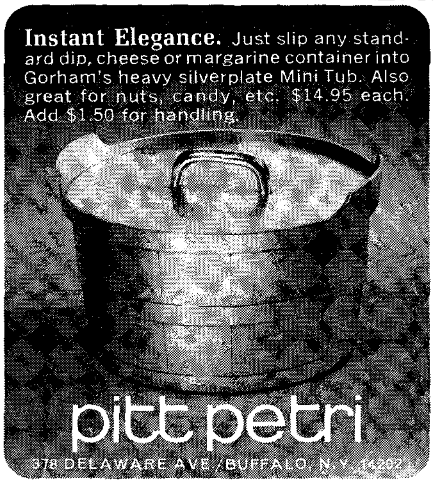

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ume XXII of the *Archives of Environmental Health*, under the title "Mortality in the Chrysotile Asbestos Mines and Mills of Quebec." Some people had pointed out that many, if not most, of the workers studied by Dr. McDonald could have had little or no exposure to airborne asbestos fibres, because they had worked in open-air pits, extracting asbestos in wet-rock form. Others deplored the fact that Dr. McDonald and his associates had conducted very little pathological review, such as the examination of autopsy material and lung-tissue slides, in arriving at their conclusions. Still others pointed out that ninety per cent of the lung cancers and mesotheliomas found in insulation workers occurred twenty years or more after the onset of exposure to asbestos—as, for example, in the cases of men who began working with asbestos at the age of twenty, and who died of cancer at fifty—and that by omitting persons born before 1891 Dr. McDonald and his associates had excluded from their calculations precisely the people who might be expected to show the effects of asbestos inhalation. (It was as if in studying the total occurrence of gray hair one refused to look at anyone born more than forty or fifty years ago.) In addition, a number of people pointed out that by including only deaths that occurred twenty years or less after the onset of exposure, Dr. McDonald had perforce diluted the major disease effect of asbestos in his study. Perhaps the most telling criticism of Dr. McDonald's study, however, was made in a letter sent to Dr. Selikoff on January 7, 1972, by Herbert Seidman, who is chief of statistical analysis in the Department of Epidemiology and Statistics of the American Cancer Society. Seidman's critique was included in the addendum for the hearing record that was submitted by Dr. Nicholson. It described some of Dr. McDonald's methods of computing death rates as "ill-advised." It pointed out the lack of consideration that Dr. McDonald and his associates had given to the importance of the long latency period in the development of asbestos tumors, and it described the methodology used in the study to assess separately the importance of cumulative dust exposure and duration of exposure in relation to lung cancer as "inappropriate," because of the "paucity of basic data." In conclusion, Seidman wrote, "I think that the data have been collected fairly well but analyzed quite poorly."

As a layman, I had little way of judging the scientific validity of Dr. McDonald's work except through the

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observations of those members of the independent medical community who had communicated their opinions of it to me. However, I had brought with me to the hearings a copy of Volume XXII of the *Archives of Environmental Health*, containing Dr. McDonald's article on mortality among the chrysotile-asbestos miners and millers of Quebec, which had been sent to me some months earlier by William P. Raines, a vice-president and director of public affairs for Johns-Manville. Since Dr. McDonald had referred to this mortality study during the course of his testimony, and since anyone attending the public hearings had the right to cross-examine witnesses, including members of the press, I decided to ask him some questions about it. After receiving permission from Goldberg to address Dr. McDonald, I reminded him that in his opening remarks he had declared that all his research had been performed independently.

"That is correct," Dr. McDonald replied. "All things are relative."

I then reminded Dr. McDonald that John Jobe, the executive vice-president for operations of Johns-Manville, had testified at the morning session that his company was supporting research on asbestos disease, and asked him if that was research other than what he had performed.

"I guess what Mr. Jobe is referring to is the fact that Johns-Manville, together with other mining companies, helps support the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health, which is a granting body that receives research applications, and which therefore indirectly supports our research," Dr. McDonald replied. "Now, it is a very indirect relationship."

I then pointed out to Dr. McDonald that at the end of his article in the *Archives of Environmental Health*, a credit was listed in small type: "This work was undertaken with the assistance of a grant from the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health of the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association."

"That is correct," Dr. McDonald said.

With that, I took my seat. Dr. McDonald had just indirectly admitted that Johns-Manville, together with other asbestos-mining companies, supported the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health, and that the institute, in turn, had helped support his study. Moreover, the credits at the end of his article, which listed no financial support other than that supplied by the institute, had given the full and correct title of this organization—

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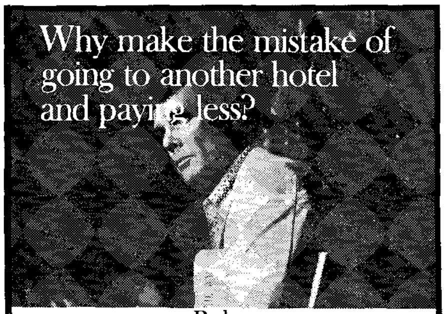
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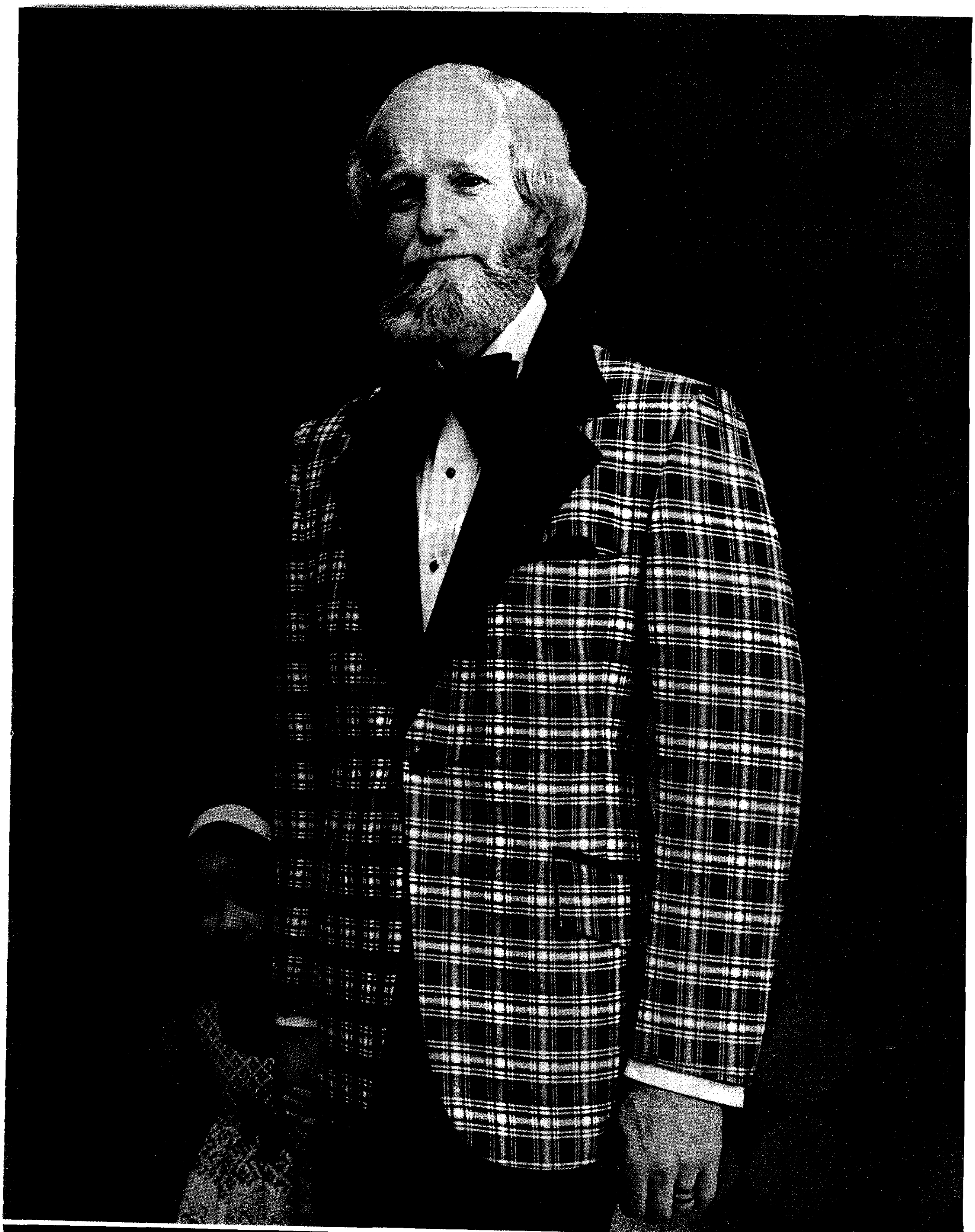

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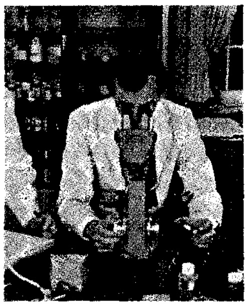

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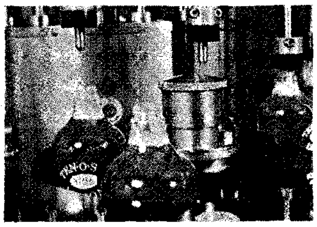

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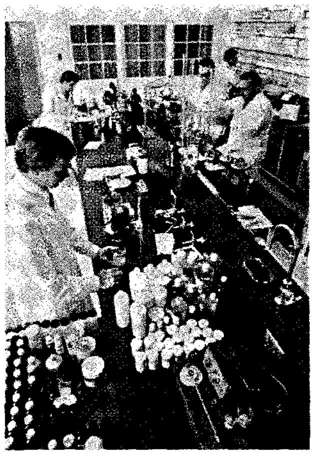

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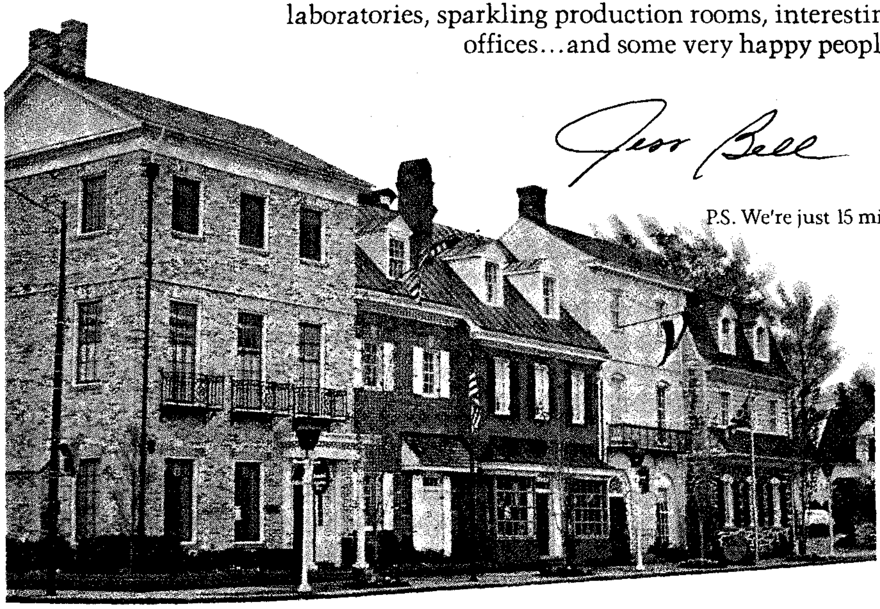

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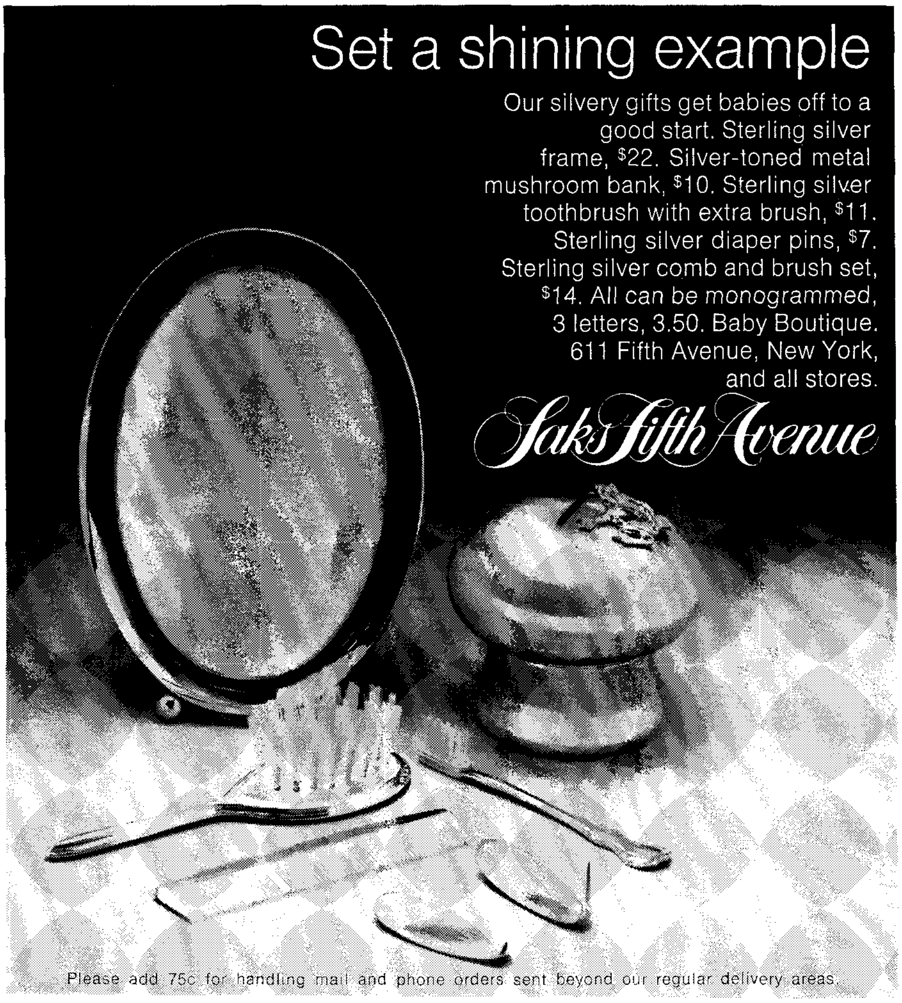
the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health of the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association. It seemed unnecessary to point out to the representatives of industry, labor, government, and the independent medical and scientific community who were gathered in the conference room something that many of them already knew—that Johns-Manville is, and for the past quarter of a century has been, the dominant member of the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association.

When the hearings were adjourned that afternoon, Ivan Sabourin, former attorney for the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association, came up to me and introduced himself. We talked briefly, and then I took a plane back to New York. I had never met Sabourin before, but I remembered reading something about him in connection with McGill University in a copy of the minutes of a 1965 meeting of the Asbestos Textile Institute. The following day, I took the minutes from my files and read them again. They informed me that a meeting was held on June 4, 1965, at the Motel Le Provence, in Thetford Mines, Canada, and they quoted Sabourin as saying that a recent article associating asbestos and cancer in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* was not convincing, and expressing regret over the adverse publicity that resulted from such articles. Sabourin then told the meeting that the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association wished to study respiratory diseases related to chrysotile asbestos, and that it was seeking "alliance with some university, such as McGill, for example, so that authoritative background for publicity can be had."

According to the minutes, the next speaker at the meeting was Dr. Lewis J. Cralley, of the United States Public Health Service, "who for the past several years has been supervising the extensive environmental study of asbestos employees in textile plants in the U.S.A." Dr. Cralley told the meeting that "the study was going well," that the Public Health Service was now extending its work into other asbestos industries, and that "the results to date certainly justify the program and its further expansion." Dr. Cralley did not elaborate on what these results had been, nor, for that matter, did he ever see fit to officially warn any segment of the asbestos industry, least of all the workers, that the data he was collecting showed that men employed in asbestos factories across the land were being exposed to grossly excessive levels of asbestos dust, and that excess mor-



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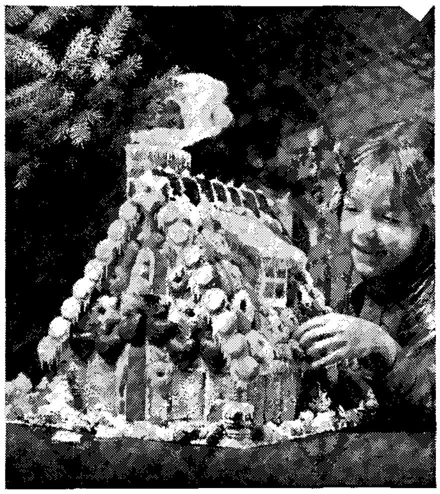
tality from asbestos disease among workers in asbestos-textile factories had reached tragic proportions. (Indeed, six years passed before Dr. Johnson and Dr. Wagoner unearthed the data buried in Dr. Cralley's files and undertook to do something to rectify the appalling situation they discovered.) In this connection, I found it interesting to note that out of the seventy-odd people listed in the minutes as attending the 1965 meeting of the Asbestos Textile Institute, Dr. Cralley was the only invitee from any government, and the only one who did not represent an asbestos company or a related organization.

At the same time, I also reread a paper sent to me some months before by Johns-Manville, which gave a history of the company's health-research programs. Referring to Dr. McDonald's study of the Quebec asbestos miners and millers, the paper had this to say:

> This study is being funded by the Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health, the scientific research arm of the Quebec Asbestos Mining Association (QAMA). As mentioned before, Johns-Manville is a principal member of the QAMA. The Institute of Occupational and Environmental Health plays a vital role in the Johns-Manville health research effort. Besides allocating QAMA funds for research projects, the seven-man scientific advisory committee of the Institute also reviews requests J-M receives from scientists and scientific organizations for money to conduct research in the asbestos/health field.

The paper then listed the chairman of the Institute's seven-man scientific advisory committee as Dr. George W. Wright, Director of Medical Research, St. Luke's Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

I DID not return to Washington for the final day of the hearings, but during the following week, thanks to Gershon Fishbein, editor of the *Occupational Health & Safety Letter*, and as a result of reading the *Occupational Safety & Health Reporter*, a newsletter published by the Bureau of National Affairs, Inc., I was able to keep abreast of most of the testimony that had been delivered during the two days of hearings I missed. By and large, this testimony ran true to form, in that it reflected the beliefs and self-interest of those who delivered it. Representatives of the asbestos industry, on the one hand, stated that an asbestos standard of two fibres per cubic centimetre of air either could not be achieved technically or would be prohibitive in cost, and that it would surely result in the shutting



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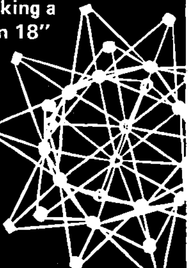

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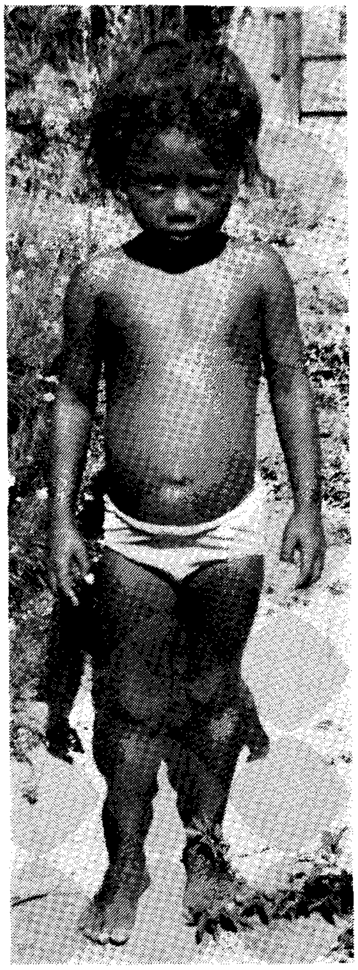
down of many asbestos-manufacturing plants, with an attendant loss of jobs and an influx of foreign asbestos products into the United States. Representatives of labor unions, on the other hand, urged that the safety and health of workers be placed ahead of any economic considerations, that the two-fibre standard be adopted, and that efforts be made to reduce occupational exposure to asbestos to zero. In a way, much of this testimony tended to be misleading, for the hearings on the asbestos standard had become far more than just a disagreement between industry and labor over whether the standard should be five or two fibres. The introduction—by Dr. Selikoff and his associates at the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory, by the authors of the NIOSH criteria document, and by the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard—of proposals for performance standards that would a priori reduce dust levels in the manufacturing and installation of asbestos products by requiring the use of proper equipment, efficient exhaust and ventilation systems, and safe work practices was of crucial importance, for the carrying out of performance standards would obviously put the horse before the cart, where it belonged. In short, effective performance standards would be bound to lessen the importance of and reliance upon the laborious and time-consuming process of taking air samples and counting asbestos fibres beneath a microscope in order to determine whether the asbestos standard was being complied with. Thus, performance standards would go a long way toward obviating the kind of coöperation between industry and government that in factories such as Pittsburgh Corning's Tyler plant had for so many years reduced the taking of air samples and the counting of asbestos particles and fibres to a farce of tragic proportions and fatal consequences.

Two pieces of testimony delivered at the sessions I had missed were of particular interest to me in this respect, so a few days after the hearings were concluded I obtained full texts from the men who had presented them. The first was given on the second day by Duncan A. Holaday, research associate professor at the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory and formerly a senior industrial-hygiene engineer with the United States Public Health Service, where he had been instrumental in developing standards for protecting uranium miners against radiation exposure. (For this work, he



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had been given the Distinguished Service Award of the Health Physics Society.) Holaday addressed himself at the hearings to the problem of how best to control asbestos dust:

> The use of procedural standards, by which I mean regulations requiring the use of specified methods of treating and packing material, and work rules that reduce dust production and dispersion, is the best means of preventing overexposures to harmful substances. It is based upon the knowledge that certain operations and processes will release contaminants in the work area unless they are controlled. It is also known from experience that certain control measures will markedly reduce or eliminate these emissions. Therefore, the prudent course is to require that control procedures be instituted without waiting for information obtained by air samples and dust counts to demonstrate that contamination has, in fact, occurred.

The second piece of testimony that I found of special interest was delivered on the final day of the hearings by Sheldon Samuels. He began by saying that there were certain advantages in appearing at the end of the prolonged hearings. "As you know, Mr. Goldberg, I did not plan it that way, but it has provided me with an important overview, which I intend to exploit," he declared. "The basic issue before us was made crystal clear at your prehearing conference, when Mr. Walls, of the Asbestos Information Association, attempted to prevent Daniel Maciborski from being heard, and referred to him in a disgustingly unmentionable manner. Daniel Maciborski did not ask to be heard at these hearings for dramatic effect. He was trying to tell you that more than the company's admittedly advanced environmental-control and medical-surveillance programs were needed to reduce the risk to other workers. The issue before us is whether human life can be traded off in the marketplace, and whether workers must really face death on the job."

Samuels continued his testimony by urging the adoption of performance standards that would require equipment and work practices designed for zero emission of asbestos. "For a six-month transitional period the Industrial Union Department recommends a two-fibre level," he said. "Within two years, this level should be lowered to one fibre per cubic centimetre of air, and, ultimately, there should be a zero exposure to asbestos dust." Samuels also urged the adoption and strengthening of the NIOSH recommendations for labelling asbestos, for monitoring airborne asbestos dust, for conducting periodic medical examinations of asbestos workers, and for guaranteeing that the records

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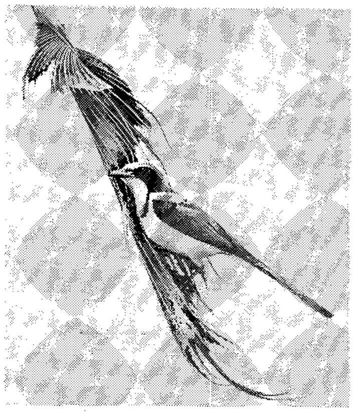

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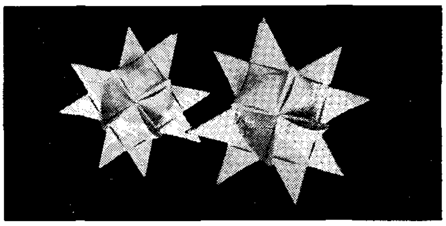

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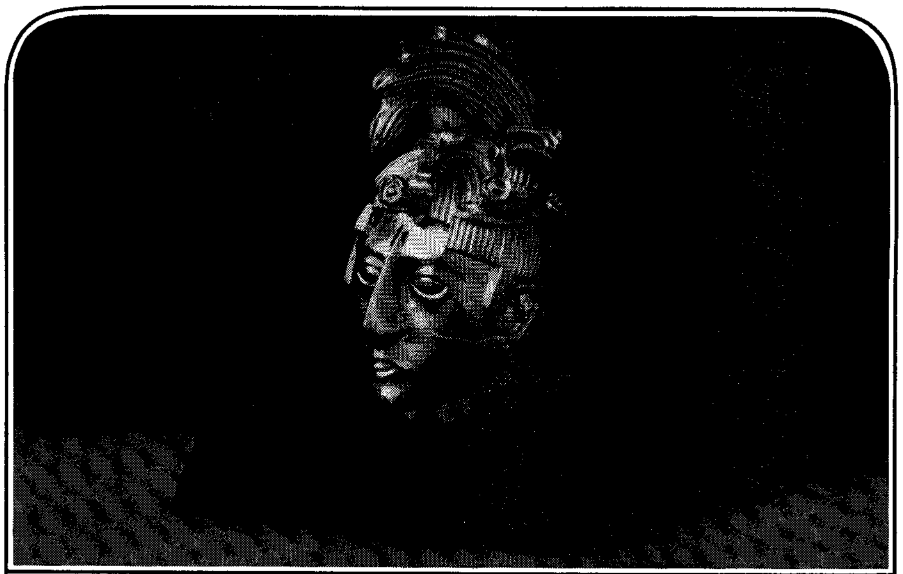
of such examinations be the property of the employee, and not the employer. "Most important of all, any employee who lacks confidence in the judgment of a physician who is directly responsible to the employer should have the right to choose another source of medical service," Samuels declared, adding that Daniel Maciborski had passed a medical examination provided by a Johns-Manville physician only a few weeks before his own physician had diagnosed him as suffering from terminal mesothelioma.

MOST of the members of the independent medical and scientific community with whom I spoke seemed pleased by what had taken place at the hearings, and thought it likely that a two-fibre level would be adopted by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration as a permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos. Their optimism was based largely upon the reasoning that except for the testimony of Dr. Wright and Dr. McDonald—neither of whom could be considered completely independent medical researchers—the asbestos industry had set forth no real data to refute the conclusions and recommendations of the NIOSH criteria document and the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard. Mazzocchi, Samuels, and other union people, however, expressed a skepticism concerning the Department of Labor's motives and intent which was based upon long and bitter experience. In any event, once the hearings were concluded, nobody involved in the matter could do much but wait until June 6th, when, having presumably weighed all the evidence, the Department of Labor was required by law to promulgate a permanent standard for asbestos.

On Monday morning, March 20th, I received a long-distance call from James Bierer, the president of Pittsburgh Corning. Bierer started out by apologizing for not getting back to me sooner concerning my request to interview Dr. Grant about the Tyler plant. Then he told me that, upon the advice of legal counsel—because of the recent hearings in Washington and on account of possible litigation inherent in the Tyler situation—Pittsburgh Corning could not authorize me to conduct an interview with Dr. Grant, or, for that matter, with anyone else in its employ.

During the first week of April, I drove out to Paterson, New Jersey, and spent a day at the offices of the



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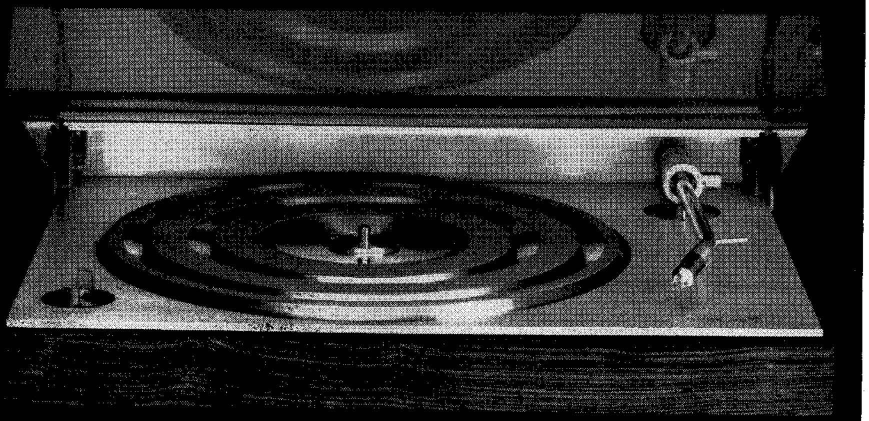

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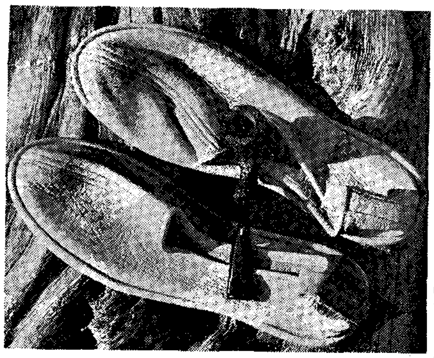

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Mount Sinai School of Medicine's Paterson Asbestos Control Program, where Dorothy Perron and several aides (among them Shirley S. Levine, Rayla Margoles, and Charles Nolan) have been working since 1968 to trace the nine hundred and thirty-three men who had worked for at least a year between 1941 and 1945 at the Union Asbestos & Rubber Company's plant there. I learned that, pressed by its insurance company, Union Asbestos had paid its workers five cents an hour extra to wear respirators, and had threatened in editorials published in the plant newspaper to fire them if they refused. I also discovered that the workers had lodged numerous complaints about the respirators, saying that they were difficult to breathe through. Indeed, some of the men had complained that, unable to work with the respirators, they had coated their nostrils with Vaseline and drunk large quantities of milk in an attempt to protect their respiratory tracts from the irritating amounts of airborne asbestos dust that filled the plant. (Obviously, such measures were pitiful protection against the pervasive nature of asbestos fibres, for when Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond conducted their study of mortality among the men who had worked in the plant, they found a gross number of excess deaths resulting from asbestosis, lung cancer, mesothelioma, and other malignant tumors. Moreover, the asbestos-disease hazard extended far beyond workers directly involved in the production of insulation materials. For example, Rudolph Wild, the engineer who had developed the product manufactured in the Paterson and Tyler plants, died of mesothelioma. He may have had ample occupational exposure to asbestos, but his daughter also died of mesothelioma, and her only known exposure to asbestos had occurred when as a child she had played with samples of asbestos products her father had brought home from work. In addition to the engineer and his daughter, Robert E. Cryor, who had been manager of the Paterson plant between 1941 and 1944, died of mesothelioma in April of 1970.) During my visit to the Paterson Asbestos Control Program, I went through nearly fifty separate reports of medical examinations conducted by the company's physician which either told of abnormal lung X-rays or contained such notations as "This man is a poor risk" and "This man should not be put into a dusty area." I also discovered that during the war all blacks hired at the Union Asbestos plant in Paterson were automatically assigned to the ship-

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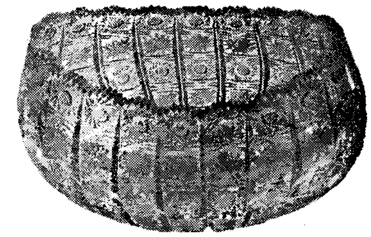

ping department, where dust levels were considerably lower than on the production lines, because of a belief—widely held at the time—that the lungs of black people were somehow more susceptible to dust than the lungs of whites.

While I was in Paterson, I called Thomas Callahan, of Waldwick, New Jersey, who had been a foreman in charge of the asbestos-block department of the Paterson plant. Callahan had been sent to Tyler in October of 1954 to help set up machinery for the new factory that Union Asbestos was opening there and that was later purchased by Pittsburgh Corning. "I stayed a couple of months in Tyler, and then I was sent to the Union Asbestos plant in Bloomington, Illinois, where I worked for the next eight years," Callahan told me. "As far as I was concerned, our biggest problem was health. I always wore a respirator at Paterson, at Tyler, and up in Bloomington, and on one occasion I discharged a man who refused to wear his. A lot of men hated to wear them, you know. None of them seemed to understand the hazard."

Callahan went on to tell me that he felt that the Union Asbestos people had been concerned about the safety and health of the workers in the Paterson plant. "The company doctor X-rayed all the men continually to detect asbestosis, and, once he suspected it, he would always tell a fellow to get himself a job out-of-doors," Callahan said. "In addition, the company used to pay its workers an extra five cents an hour to wear their masks, but the men were human beings, you see, and a lot of them wouldn't conform to regulations. Believe me, the company did everything it could in those days, but there was no way it could improve the ventilation system. In any case, we were a lot more humane than other people in the business. I remember going one day in the early fifties with Edward Shuman—he was then the general manager of the plant—to see some Johns-Manville people in New York. We asked them if they knew of any way we could improve the dust situation in our factory. My God, they were brutal bastards! Why, they practically laughed in our faces! They told us that workmen's-compensation payments were the same for death as for disability. In effect, they told us to let the men *work themselves to death!* Afterward, we went to the Metropolitan Life Insurance people. Only one doctor over there knew anything about asbestosis. He told us that the only solution was to

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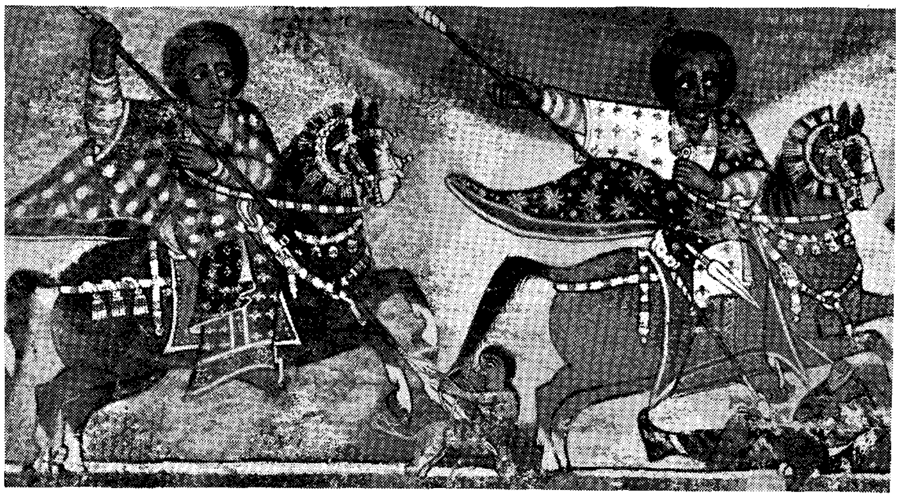

spot it early and tell the guy to run for his life. We did our best, you understand, but a lot of the men wouldn't wear their respirators, and our engineers told us it was impossible to improve the ventilation."

THE next day, I dropped by the Mount Sinai Environmental Sciences Laboratory to see what progress Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond had made in their investigation into the mortality experience of the Paterson workers. Dr. Selikoff told me that as of December 31, 1971, Mrs. Perron and her associates had been able to trace eight hundred and seventy-seven of the nine hundred and thirty-three men who had worked at the Paterson plant during the war years. "It was a remarkable job of detective work, and Charles Nolan in particular has been incredibly adept at tracking down men who appeared to have dropped from sight," Dr. Selikoff said. "On the basis of the standard mortality tables, Dr. Hammond has calculated that in a normal population of that size, two hundred and ninety-nine deaths were to be expected. Instead, there were four hundred and eighty-four. As with the studies we conducted of the asbestos-insulation workers, the reason for the excess deaths—eight hundred and eighty-five, in this case—was not hard to come by. There should have been about fifty deaths from cancer of all sites. Instead, there were a hundred and forty-three. Only eleven of the men could have been expected to die of lung cancer, but there were actually seventy-three—a rate that is almost seven times as high as that of the general population. And though virtually none of these workers could have been expected to die of mesothelioma according to the mortality tables for the general population, there were seven deaths from the disease. Moreover, in this group of men the death rate from cancers of the stomach, colon, and esophagus were twice as high as they should have been. And though none of the men could have been expected to die of asbestosis, twenty-seven of them did."

When I asked Dr. Selikoff how he felt these statistics for the Paterson workers applied to the eight hundred and ninety-five men who had worked at the Tyler factory between 1954 and 1972, he shook his head. "I can only say that for the younger men—those who could be expected to live from twenty to fifty years after their first exposure to asbestos—the future looks awfully dismal," he replied.

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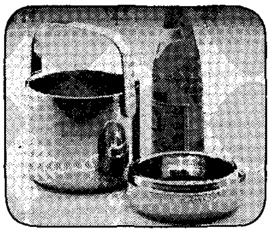

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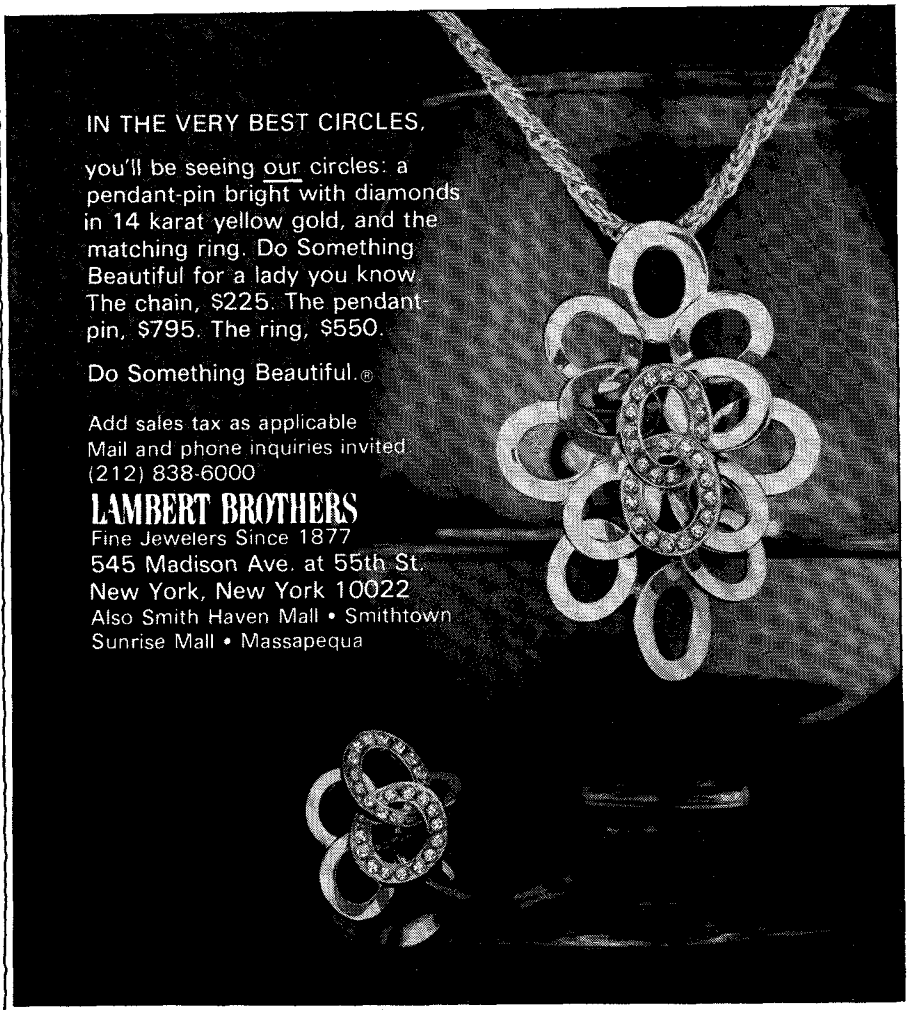
Dr. Selikoff then told me that in 1971 Local 800 of the United Papermakers and Paperworkers Union had asked him and Dr. Hammond to review the medical histories of its members to help evaluate the effectiveness of Johns-Manville's dust-control measures at its Manville plant. "We have since completed this study, which, sadly, serves to corroborate our previous findings," he said, adding that he would call Dr. Nicholson in and let him describe the actual results, since he had headed the field team that developed the information.

Dr. Nicholson told me that out of a total of three thousand and seven employees at the Manville complex of factories he, Dr. Selikoff, and Dr. Hammond had decided to review the histories of the six hundred and eighty-nine production workers who were actively at work on January 1, 1959, and had by that time had at least twenty years' exposure to asbestos. "We studied the mortality experience of these men from January 1, 1959, until December 31, 1971," Dr. Nicholson said. "Unhappily, the results were at least as depressing as those for the Newark-New York asbestos-insulation workers and for the men employed in the Paterson plant. Using standard mortality tables of the National Center for Health Statistics, Dr. Hammond calculated that one hundred and thirty-four deaths were to be expected in this group of people. Instead, there were a hundred and ninety-nine."

Dr. Nicholson went on to say that the reasons for this large number of excess deaths among the Johns-Manville workers were, unfortunately, all too familiar. "Only eight deaths from lung cancer should have occurred, but there were twenty-seven," he told me. "And though no deaths from mesothelioma could normally be expected, there were fifteen. Cancers of the stomach, colon, and rectum were two and a half times what they should have been. In addition, though virtually no deaths from asbestosis would have been expected among the general population, twenty-four of the Johns-Manville employees died of this disease."

When I asked Dr. Selikoff if he thought it likely that the proposed two-fibre level would be adopted by the Department of Labor as a permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos, he shrugged. "I have no idea," he replied. "There has been a strange development in the past week that leads me to wonder, but before I tell you about it, I'd like Dr. Nicholson to give you his outlook on number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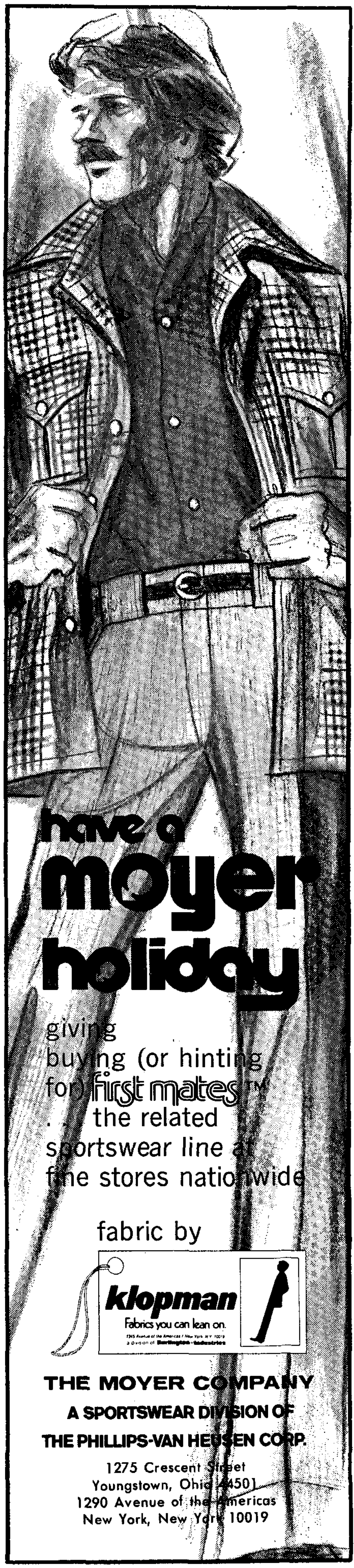

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standards in general, for I wholeheartedly concur with it."

"I tend to think of number standards in this way," Dr. Nicholson said. "A standard specified as two fibres per cubic centimetre of air or five fibres per cubic centimetre of air sounds fairly innocuous. However, it is well to remember that a worker may inhale eight cubic metres, or eight million cubic centimetres, of air in a working day. Leaving aside the fact that there are many more fibres smaller than five microns in length in any environment containing airborne asbestos dust, a five-fibre-per-cubic-centimetre standard thus becomes, in terms of a man's lungs, a forty-million-fibre-a-day standard, and by the same token the proposed two-fibre standard would allow a worker to inhale sixteen million fibres a day. This, you see, is why we testified at the hearings in favor of performance standards designed not only to control asbestos emissions but to reduce them as close as possible to zero."

When Dr. Nicholson had concluded, I asked Dr. Selikoff to tell me about the recent development that had caused him to wonder whether the Department of Labor would promulgate the proposed two-fibre standard. By way of reply, he handed me a set of documents that included a page with this heading:

> Enclosure A
> Expert Judgments: Asbestos
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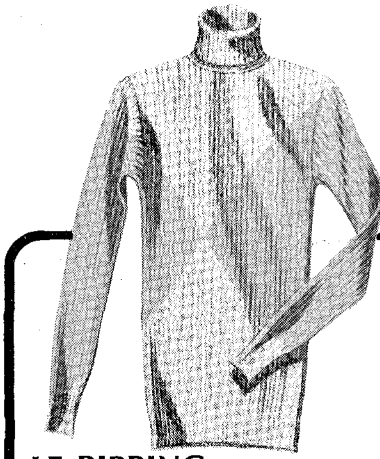
Beneath this was a request: "*Return as soon as possible to Arthur D. Little, Inc., 35 Acorn Park, Cambridge, Massachusetts, 02140. Retain a copy for reference during Phase II.*" Beneath the request was a space for the name and affiliation of the person to whom the documents were sent, and beneath that, under the words "Exposure-Response Judgments," was a table of boxes that asked the recipient to estimate what might be the incidence of asbestosis, lung cancer, and mesothelioma in a hundred workers after forty years of exposure, on the basis of an eight-hour working day, to two, five, twelve, and thirty asbestos fibres per cubic centimetre of air. Dr. Selikoff had filled in the boxes, and these were his estimates: At two fibres per cubic centimetre, fifty-five of a hundred workers would contract asbestosis, twelve of a hundred would develop lung cancer, and four of a hundred would be afflicted with mesothelioma. At five fibres per cubic centimetre (basing his judgment on what had happened to the asbestos-insulation work-



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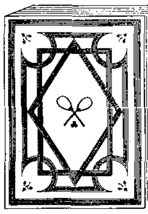

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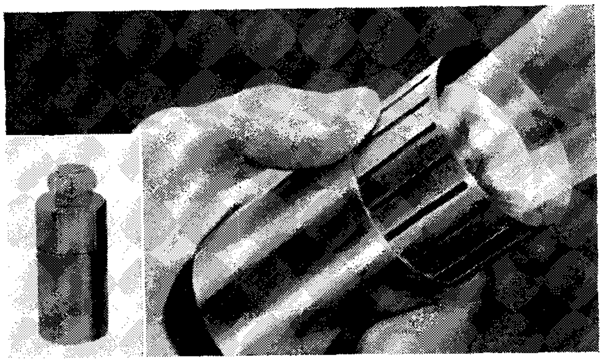
ers), eighty-five of a hundred would develop asbestosis, twenty of a hundred would contract lung cancer, and seven of a hundred would develop mesothelioma. Dr. Selikoff's estimates were, of course, higher for workers exposed to twelve fibres per cubic centimetre of air, and for workers exposed to thirty fibres he estimated that ninety-five of a hundred would be afflicted with asbestosis, twenty of a hundred would be afflicted with lung cancer, and five of a hundred would develop mesothelioma. The reason Dr. Selikoff estimated fewer mesotheliomas at the highest level of exposure to asbestos dust was simply that previous studies had indicated that there would be more early deaths from asbestosis at such levels, and that fewer individuals would, therefore, survive long enough to develop mesothelioma.

The Arthur D. Little Phase I questionnaire also asked for a judgment on how frequently asbestos workers should be examined, and it stated that all the estimates and judgments solicited would be synthesized and included in a Phase II questionnaire, which would be sent out later. The front page of the questionnaire, which was headed "Health & Asbestos, Phase I Judgments, Background," explained what the Arthur D. Little people had in mind:

> The formulation of public policy for coping with an occupational hazard such as asbestos will necessarily rely upon judgment until a great deal more research evidence is available than now exists. In particular, judgment concerning the relationship between exposure and response will be implicit in health standards for asbestos established by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration in the near future. But judgments, possibly different ones, on the same issue will be implicit in the response of labor and of industry to the proposed standards. As long as judgments on the response to exposure relationship are implicit rather than explicit and as long as groups affected by the standard lack needed data to buttress their judgments, protracted conflicts are inevitable and difficult to resolve. Moreover, the absence of a clearly defined and credible set of judgments makes it difficult, if not impossible, to identify the various costs and benefits associated with policies for reducing the hazard. This is so because the benefits of candidate standards depend upon projections of lives saved or illnesses eliminated at various exposure levels. So crucial a matter should not depend upon implicit judgment or even the explicit view of a single expert. We are led to a search for a consensus that will make explicit and credible the necessary judgments on the exposure-response relationship for asbestos. Such a consensus is sought through the participation of 12 to 15 qualified experts whose judgments will be obtained, combined, and refined in a systematic way—a variant of the Delphi



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process that has been used extensively to apply expertise to important issues not yet open to analysis.

When I told Dr. Selikoff that I had never heard of the Delphi process, and asked him what it meant, he shook his head and smiled. "I've never heard of it, either," he said. "But I'm pretty sure I know what it means. It means guesswork. And what's the point of guessing about the biological effects of asbestos when mortality studies of asbestos workers have already shown exactly what the effect has been?"

Dr. Selikoff now handed me a letter he had written on April 3rd to Mrs. Sonja T. Strong, of Arthur D. Little, Inc., concerning the Phase I questionnaire. Regarding the effectiveness of dust-counting as a method of insuring safe working conditions, Dr. Selikoff wrote:

> As matters now stand, meager use of performance standards seems to be intended. In this case, nothing in our experience indicates that the threshold limit values listed in your questionnaire will provide any effective safeguard against the occurrence of disease.
>
> An obvious rejoinder might be: "Yes, but what if they were enforced? How much disease might then occur?" Following you into this never-never land, in which one-tenth of the workmen wear personal samplers on their coveralls and the rest of us are at the phase microscopes in the laboratory, the results would still not be very much different, although perhaps somewhat better, since peak excursions would not necessarily have been engineered out.
>
> I have previously commented on the sorry state our nuclear-reactor industry would be in if radiation control had depended upon "threshold limit value" rather than engineering criteria. Can you imagine such regulation depending upon an army of inspectors with Geiger counters?

After describing some of the data developed in his studies of asbestos disease, Dr. Selikoff told Mrs. Strong that it was impossible to answer with any degree of accuracy the questions posed by her firm. He went on to point out that the weight of medical and scientific evidence concerning the occurrence of mesothelioma in non-occupational circumstances, such as in families of asbestos workers and in people living in the vicinity of asbestos factories, bore heavily on the advisability of reaching a level of exposure as close to zero as possible. "The numerous instances of mesothelioma among workmen presumably exposed to asbestos as *a result of indirect occupational exposure* in shipyards, even in the absence of fibre counts thirty years ago, strongly points to asbestos disease at low levels of exposure," his letter continued. "Literally hundreds of cases of mesothelio-

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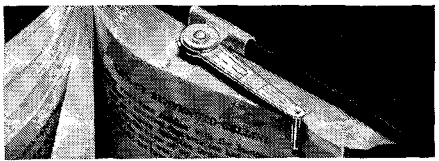

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ma are now known to have occurred in such circumstances."

When I had finished reading the letter, I asked Dr. Selikoff why the Arthur D. Little company should be soliciting exposure-response judgments at this time.

"It is my understanding that A. D. Little has been awarded a contract by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to formulate a consensus regarding exposure-response for asbestos disease," Dr. Selikoff replied.

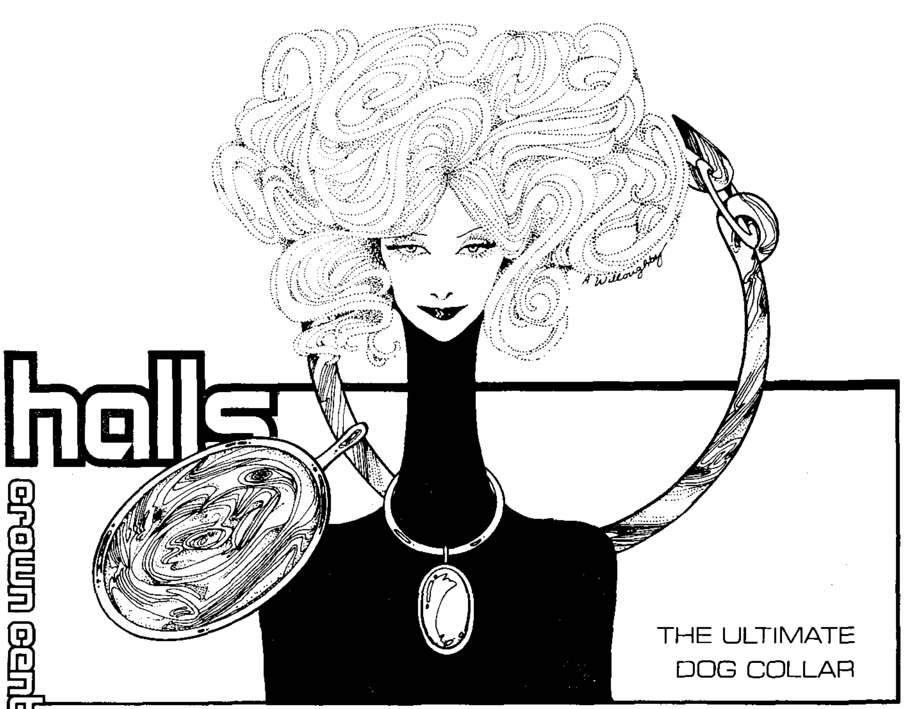
"But the NIOSH criteria document and the Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard have already covered this ground by reviewing all the literature concerning asbestos disease," I said. "Not to mention the testimony given during four days of public hearings."

"True enough," Dr. Selikoff replied. "However, the A. D. Little people appear to have been specifically charged with determining the economic impact of the proposed permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos."

"Then why a questionnaire focussed solely upon medical judgments?" I asked.

"That is a question I have been asking myself," Dr. Selikoff said dryly. "I don't know the answer. If you find out, please tell me."

DURING the next few days, I made dozens of telephone calls to people in various agencies of the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, in the independent medical community, and in a number of labor unions, trying to ascertain what lay behind the involvement of Arthur D. Little, Inc., in the process of promulgating a permanent standard for occupational exposure to asbestos. The people I spoke with at NIOSH were clearly unhappy over the fact that a private consulting firm had been asked, in effect, to duplicate (if not amend) in the space of a few weeks all the effort that over a period of years had gone into the assessments, conclusions, and recommendations of the NIOSH document. "Look," one of them told me. "Our recommendation for a two-fibre standard and our conclusion that it is technically feasible were upheld by the Secretary of Labor's own Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard. However, A. D. Little is up to something that has no basis in science and no specific authorization in the Occupational Safety and Health Act. It's trying to form a consensus for what is sometimes called the 'socially accept-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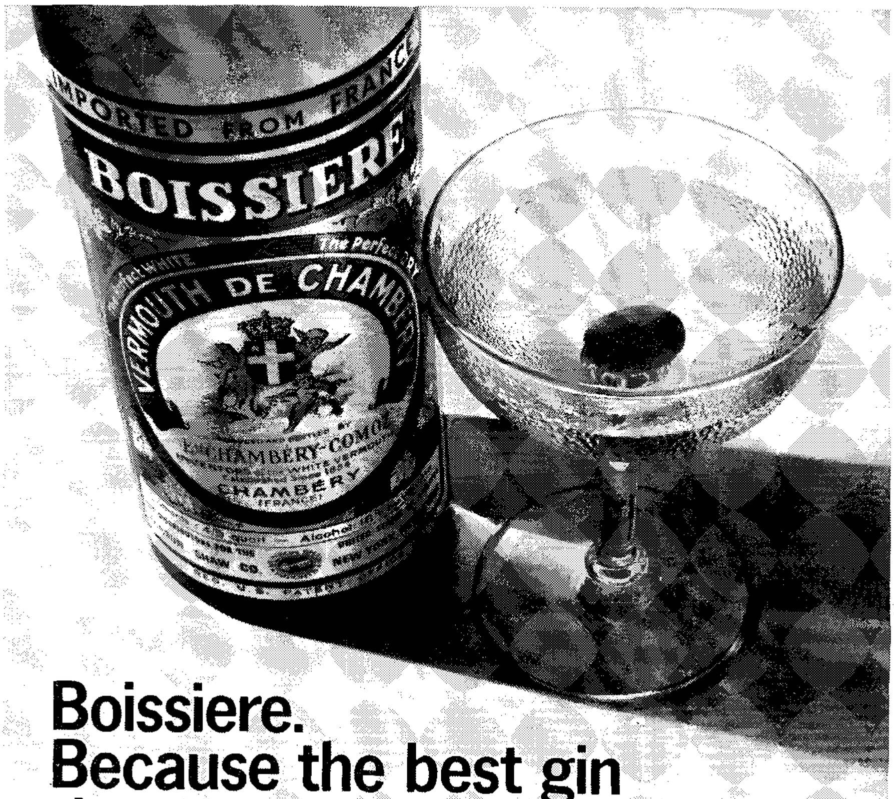
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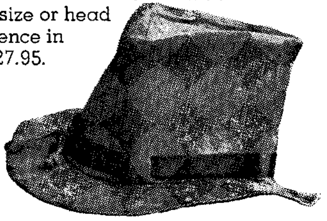

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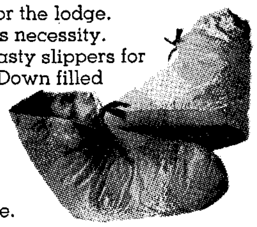

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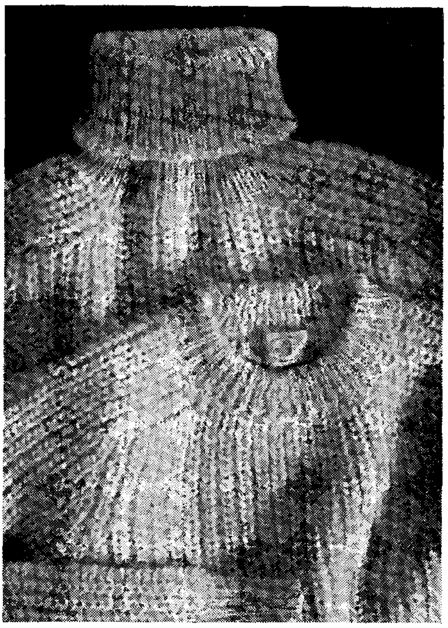
able risk' involved in occupational exposure to hazardous substances. In other words, it's trying to determine how much society is, or should be, willing to pay to avoid the loss of lives. The Act, however, clearly states that 'each employer shall furnish to each of his employees employment and a place of employment which are free from recognized hazards that are causing or are likely to cause death or serious physical harm to his employees.' "

When I called Sheldon Samuels, at the Industrial Union Department, however, I was able to gain a new perspective on the matter. "The whole concept of economic-impact studies, as they now exist, began back in 1968 with the President's Task Force on Government Reorganization, which was headed by Roy L. Ash," Samuels told me. "The Ash commission called for an assessment of all government programs in terms of their effectiveness, and this has since been made by the Nixon Administration's Office of Management and Budget through a whole series of cost-benefit analyses that are conducted under the guise of environmental-impact studies. The present A. D. Little study has some extremely serious ramifications. Congress to the contrary, and throwing its Occupational Safety and Health Act to the winds, the executive branch of government has decided on its own that the cost to the employer of meeting any new occupational-health standard must fall within an economic range that is acceptable to industry. The major point, of course, is the government's order of priorities in this whole matter. I mean, how in the name of God can a serious, in-depth cost-benefit study of the proposed asbestos standard fail to assess as one of its first priorities the cost to the worker and the whole community of the terrible incidence of asbestos disease?"

When I asked Samuels if the Industrial Union Department had heard from the Arthur D. Little people, he told me that two representatives of the firm had visited him the previous week. "A Dr. Donald W. Meals and an engineer spent a whole day here," Samuels said. "They indicated that they had been brought into the picture to mediate between labor and industry, and to come up with a standard for occupational exposure to asbestos that would make everybody happy, and they asked for our help. During the past few days, I polled the members of our ad-hoc Committee on the Asbestos Hazard, and we have decided to stand firm on the recommen-

Alan Paine



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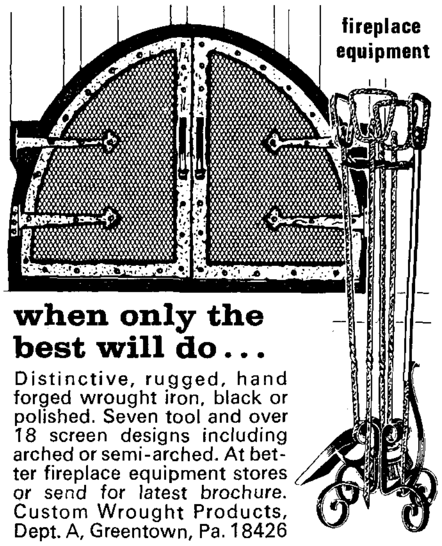

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dations we made at the public hearings, and not to participate in the A. D. Little economic-impact study. We have good reasons for believing that the A. D. Little people were brought into the standard-setting process not just to satisfy the Office of Management and Budget but to justify the asbestos industry's position. We have learned, for example, that in the economic-feasibility part of their study the A. D. Little people are relying almost entirely on guess-estimates from the asbestos industry—particularly from the shipbuilding industry, in which the government has an enormous stake."

I asked Samuels if he was aware that the A. D. Little study was also seeking medical judgments on the incidence of asbestos disease.

"Indeed I am," he replied. "In fact, just the other day I heard that A. D. Little's so-called panel of medical experts is loaded with doctors who are or have been connected with the asbestos industry. It'll be interesting to see this roster when the final report of the study comes out."

IN the second week of May, I visited Dr. Selikoff again and asked if he knew of any further developments in the involvement of Arthur D. Little in the standard-setting process. He told me that the firm had sent him the Phase II questionnaire of its economic-impact study. He also showed me a letter he had written on May 9th to Dr. Meals. The letter said, in part, "I have carefully considered the asbestos data forms sent me and am returning them to you unanswered. To have completed them, in my opinion, would only contribute further to an inappropriate exercise; my original misgivings (see my letter of April 3, 1972) are now amplified." In conclusion, Dr. Selikoff told Dr. Meals that the methodology upon which the A. D. Little study was based "could lead to serious misconceptions and misdirected advice."

The following morning, I telephoned Samuels to find out if he had any new information about the Arthur D. Little study, and he said he did.

"Have you looked at your mail today?" he asked.

I told him that I had not yet had time to do so.

"Well, see if there's a letter from me."

I went through the envelopes on my desk and saw that there was.

"Well, open it up and talk to me later," Samuels said. "You aren't going to believe what's inside."

After hanging up, I opened Samuels'

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letter and pulled out three documents that had been stapled together. The first was a press release for Monday, May 8th, sent out by the Connecticut Development Commission, in Hartford. The second was a letter written on May 4th by Mark Feinberg, managing director of the Commission, to Jack Cawthorne, executive director of the National Association of State Development Agencies, in Washington, D.C. The third document was a letter written on Arthur D. Little stationery on January 25, 1972, by one John E. Kent. The letter from Feinberg to Cawthorne read:

DEAR JACK:

We have learned that a Massachusetts-based consulting firm, Arthur D. Little Inc., is attempting to sell a Connecticut manufacturer on moving its plant to Mexico. That information in itself is not startling, but what is startling is the fact that Arthur D. Little Inc. has a consulting contract from the U.S. Department of Labor to measure the impact of the standards being set for the asbestos industry under the recently enacted Occupational Safety and Health Act. And the company which Arthur D. Little is trying to move from Connecticut to Mexico is also in the asbestos industry. Thus it appears to me that at the same time as Arthur D. Little is carrying out a federal contract dealing with the asbestos industry and its problems, Arthur D. Little is also attempting to take one of our companies in that same industry to Mexico.

This activity by Arthur D. Little in my opinion looks like a Trojan horse which I feel is highly improper. On the one hand, Arthur D. Little is accepting federal funds and on the other hand, it is attempting to help Mexico attract a firm directly involved in the federal project. Furthermore, it is shocking to me that a New England consulting company which has so frequently put forth the doctrine of helping economic development here would "raid" a company in our state. As you know, we are certainly advocates of competition, free enterprise, and profit, but when a consultant presumably making a profit with federal dollars is at the same time attempting to take jobs away from our state and out of the country, it is a most serious matter.

I do not know what other companies in other states are being approached as our company was, and I feel strongly that the development directors of the other states should be warned about this Trojan-horse operation which certainly seems to be against the best interest of the people in the various states which may have similar situations. This operation by Arthur D. Little also seems to be contrary to all the efforts which we state development directors are making in coöperation with the U.S. Government to improve the national balance of payments and the economic development of our individual states.

Therefore, I am enclosing, for your use, the copy of the letter on Arthur D. Little stationery which was sent to the Connecticut company being "raided." I have taken out the company name and address in

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order to avoid embarrassment for the firm. I strongly urge you to send a bulletin to all our members alerting them to this serious problem as soon as possible.

Sincerely yours,
MARK FEINBERG
Managing Director

P.S. You don't suppose there could be a relationship between the health and safety standards Arthur D. Little sets and the success of efforts to relocate American asbestos companies to Mexico?

After several phone calls, I learned that the corporation Arthur D. Little had attempted to relocate in Mexico was Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., whose factory in Stratford, Connecticut, is a major producer of asbestos brake linings, clutch facings, and gaskets. A few weeks later, when I was able to examine a copy of Arthur D. Little's first report to the Department of Labor, which was entitled "Impact of Proposed O.S.H.A. Standard for Asbestos," I saw listed among its panel of experts John H. Marsh, who is the director of planning for Raybestos-Manhattan, and who had testified at the public hearings in Washington against the NIOSH recommendation requiring warning labels on asbestos products. Meanwhile, I had discovered that the asbestos industry was taking a hard look at the feasibility of moving some of its plants and facilities to Taiwan and Korea, where, presumably, it could operate unhindered by occupational-safety-and-health regulations. It was already becoming clear, however, that by involving Arthur D. Little, Inc., in the standard-setting process, the Department of Labor was attempting to counter the recommendations of the NIOSH criteria document, of the Secretary of Labor's Advisory Committee on the Asbestos Standard, and of the members of the independent medical and scientific community who had testified at the public hearings. It was also becoming clear how deeply the medical-industrial complex had succeeded in penetrating the workings of the government in matters relating to the prevention of industrial disease.

—PAUL BRODEUR

(This is the third of a series of articles.)

•

She plunked herself into a chair in her room at the Somerset Hotel, kicked off her fingers through her hair and started to work on a piece of needlepoint embroidery.
"I can't keep still for a minute," she said.
—*Boston Globe.*

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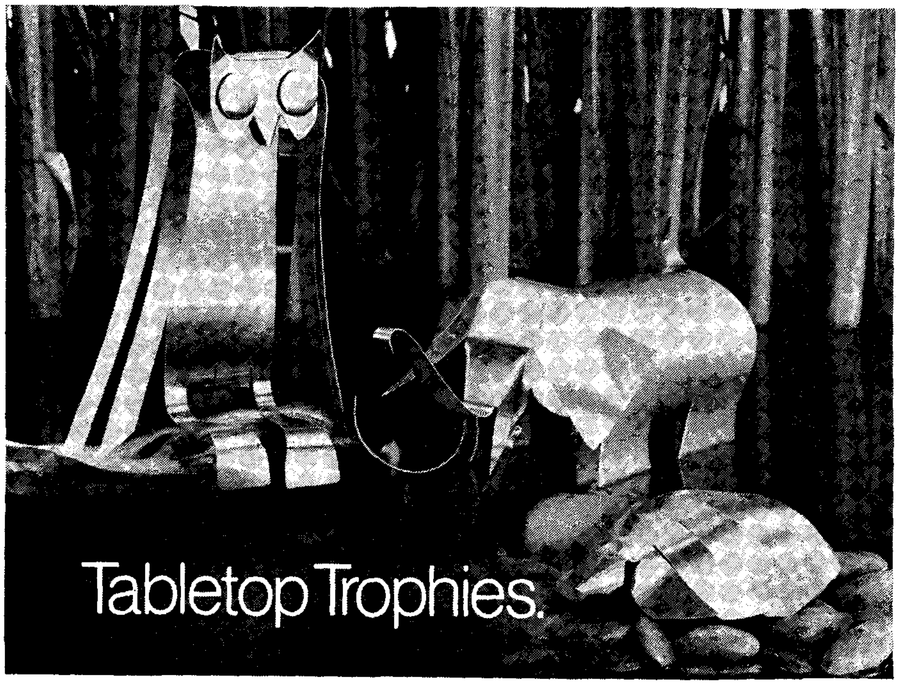

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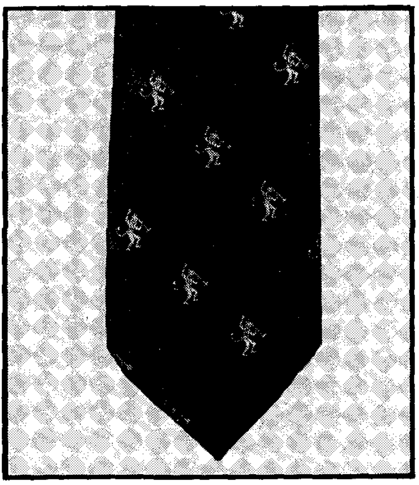

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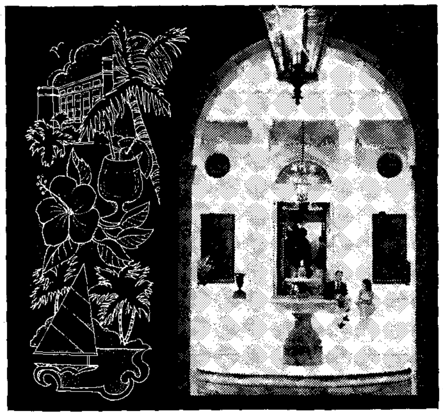
Grand Finale

THE Meadow Stable's Secretariat bowed out with a typical dramatic victory in the Canadian International Championship Stakes at Toronto's Woodbine. Even though his winning margin was only six and a half lengths, and not the unforgettable thirty-one it was in the Belmont Stakes, his curtain was the sort that actors yearn for. He had an audience, too, of more than thirty-five thousand, although the weather was far from the sunny day it should have been to give him a golden farewell. Instead, it was a gray, misty, rainy day, and a wind loaded with needle points of sleet whipped across the infield and into the stand as he and the eleven other runners went to the post for the mile and five furlongs over the turf course and its purse of $142,700—the richest ever run for in the Dominion.

According to a favorite observer on the grounds (I wasn't there), Secretariat, as ever, outshone his rivals in the parade past the stand and looked trained to perfection—which was no mean feat, because he has been kept at concert pitch since early in the season. The other runners were not of the calibre of some he'd met before, but winning was not a mere formality. The track was strange to him and its footing a little slippery. Besides, there were memories that forbade anybody's overconfidence. Kennedy Road, the Canadian-bred who won the Queen's Plate at Woodbine two years ago, and since then has been a hero on the California tracks, was away on his toes and led for more than a mile while Secretariat was getting into his long, ground-devouring, ruthless stride. Going down the backstretch, Maple, riding Secretariat with assurance, steered him outside Kennedy Road, and the two raced together to the far turn. That finished the Canadian colt, who wound up ninth. And then, my man says, all opposition faded away. Swinging into the stretch, Secretariat was in front by five lengths, and he increased it to twelve. In the last furlong, Maple eased him down, while Big Spruce, coming from far back, took second place by a length and a half from Golden Don.

Secretariat had barely passed the winning post when the crowd came running onto the course to greet him,



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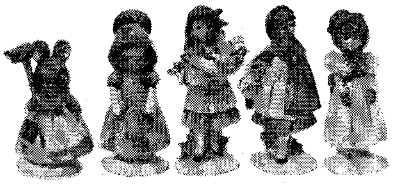

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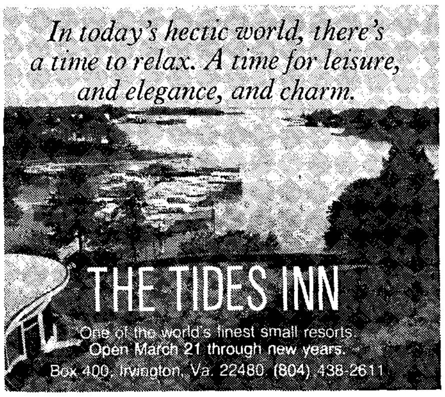

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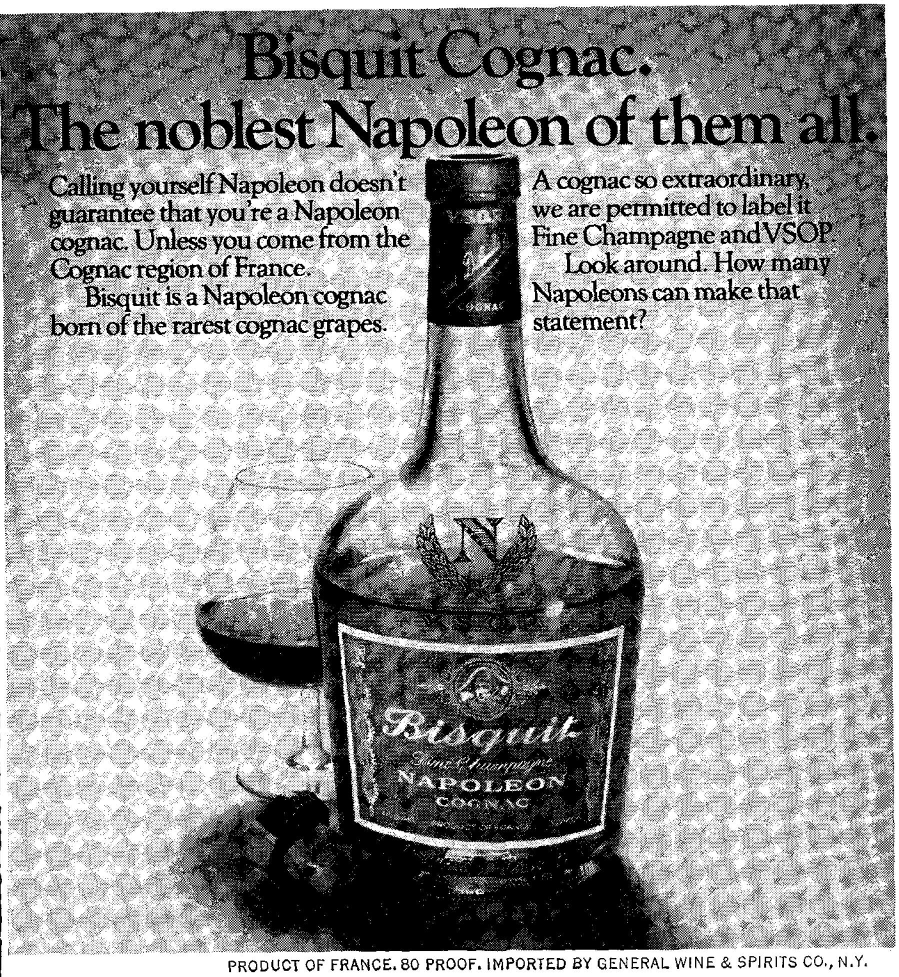
and as he walked proudly through the people he was cheered to the echo. His time—2:41⅘—was no record, but he has plenty of records, among them that of 1:59⅖ for the fastest Kentucky Derby, and the world's mark of 1:45⅖ for nine furlongs on a dirt track, which he set in the Marlboro Cup at Belmont. His share of the Championship purse—$92,755—ran his earnings up to $1,316,808, amassed in twenty-one starts, of which he won sixteen. That put him in fourth place on the list of the world's great money-winners. Of course, he'll be voted Horse of the Year, and receive the Eclipse Award for the best three-year-old, and no doubt he'll also get the award for the best on the grass.

Last week, there was much talk of "just one more race"—a match with Prove Out—to which Lucien Laurin, his trainer, and Mrs. John Tweedy, who directs the operations of the stable, said a firm "No." Presently, Secretariat and Riva Ridge will be shipped to Claiborne Farm in Kentucky to begin their lives next spring as a couple of sultans. It is generally agreed that no other thoroughbred race horse has ever caught the American public's fancy as Secretariat did this year. Kelso's aficionados were many, but only where he raced. Secretariat's fame was nationwide. The news media made it so. And he was really something to write about, and something to see. He was an imposing, handsome individual, and you knew just by looking at him that he was a champion. He did a lot for racing, and racing could do with another like him. But, as the old song goes, "When shall we see his like again?"

Every race has its disappointments. I felt especially sorry for Ron Turcotte, the Meadow Stable's jockey, who had ridden Secretariat to all but a couple of his previous triumphs and defeats. Set down by the stewards at Aqueduct for careless riding, he watched Big Boy's final gallop from the stand at Woodbine.

THE day before the Canadian Championship Stakes, the Meadow Stable's Riva Ridge went to the post at odds-on for the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct, his final appearance under colors, and he finished last, thirty lengths or so behind the Hobeau Farm's Prove Out. Well, that's racing. It was also the second stunner that the Hobeau Farm's colt has brought off. Just four weeks before, he beat Secretariat in the Woodward Stakes. In the Gold Cup, he rolled home nearly five lengths ahead of Loud, and Twice a Prince came in



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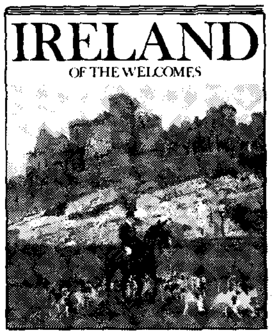

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third, thirteen lengths behind. Only six ran for the Cup, and it was fascinating to follow on TV, because for a mile and a half of the two miles it was a two-horse affair, Prove Out and Riva Ridge alternating in the lead. After that, it was Prove Out all the way. Maple, who rode Riva Ridge, said later that from the start his mount never did feel as if he were going smoothly. It seems the jockey was right, and, anyway, I never thought Riva Ridge was a real stayer. As for Prove Out: at Saratoga last August, Allen Jerkens, who has an eye for a horse, suggested to Jack Dreyfus, Jr., for whom he trains, that the colt could be bought from the King Ranch for $65,000, and he was. A lot of horses were sold at the Spa, but offhand I'd say Prove Out was the bargain of the month. He is a sturdy, well-made chestnut colt, beautifully bred, being by Graustark out of Equal Venture, a daughter of Bold Venture, the winner of that rough-and-tumble 1936 Kentucky Derby. Prove Out is through for the season, but, no doubt about it, Jack Dreyfus, Jr., has a nice horse for 1974—probably the top one in the handicap division.

FOR many years, when there have been more starters in a stakes than the fourteen stall gates would hold, the race has been split and run in two divisions. Sixteen fillies and mares were entered for the $60,250 Firenze Handicap, at a mile and a furlong on the grass, at Aqueduct last Saturday, but only thirteen actually went to the post, so the management did not have to put up prize money for a second division. In the race, John Bell III's Aglimmer had the foot of her company, as racetrackers put it, taking the lead from Dresden Doll and going on to win by two lengths from Garland of Roses, with Cathy Baby third.

THE Washington, D.C., International comes up for its twenty-first running at Laurel this weekend with nine starters. From France are the three-year-old filly Dahlia and two older colts, Card King and Acacio d'Aguilar; from Ireland, Conor Pass and Hurry Harriet; and from England, Scottish Rifle. The Americans are Big Spruce, London Company, and Tentam. It should be a good show.

—AUDAX MINOR

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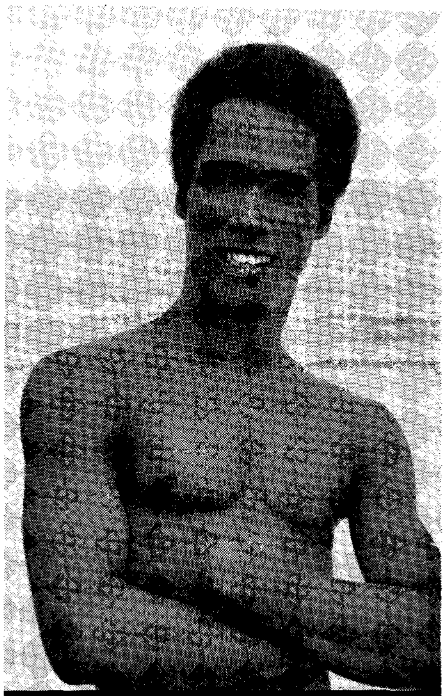
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LETTER FROM LONDON

NOVEMBER 1

THE Queen, accompanied by a daughter who looked as though her thoughts were pleasantly elsewhere, drove yesterday in the customary state to open what will probably be the last session of Parliament before the next general election. It was noted that her speech setting out the legislative program markedly included a reference to the high importance that her Government would continue to attach to good relations with the United States—something that has not appeared to need such stately underlining since the agitated days following the catastrophic Suez adventure of 1956. The past week has certainly been a black one for the Atlantic alliance and for this deeply uneasy sector of it. Not that the uneasiness is being voiced very loudly at the moment. Public opinion had been sharply divided, of course, over the Government's Middle Eastern arms embargo, approved by many British as an agonizing decision but the best one, and angrily denounced by very many others—and not only the Jewish community—as a policy officially aimed at not spreading the disastrous war but also at keeping on the right side of the oil sheikhs. In contrast to the recriminations flying back and forth between Washington and the European capitals last week, however, there has been a curious absence of impassioned talk, as though the necessary breath had been temporarily knocked clean out of people's bodies by the enormous shock of finding themselves three jumps away from nuclear Armageddon. On Thursday, a day of splendid autumn sunshine to lift the heart, the crowds pouring home from work saw the startling evening-paper placards, which gave many of them their first news of what was happening. Large numbers of British, apparently, had no time to feel anything much before they were seated before their televisions, gazing with stunned incredulity at Dr. Kissinger. Earlier that afternoon, in the House of Commons, crammed with anxious Members, Sir Alec Douglas-Home, the Foreign Secretary, rose to his feet to give one of his low-keyed displays of old-fashioned tight-lipped diplomacy, in this case designed to cover up the humiliating fact that Her Majesty's Government had really not been much ahead of the ordinary citizens reading the unbelievable in their evening papers. It was a dry exercise in brickmaking without straw. The Foreign Secretary came in for a good deal of press criticism for not so diplomatically saying that he had no information as to whether the "reported" Russian troop movements were "mythical" or not—which fell rather short of pointing out firmly that Washington must have had very good information indeed. Several less inhibited Labour Members shot up from their places to voice their blunter doubts. It is one of the appalling effects of Watergate and the numbing uncertainty hanging over the White House that many British appear to have immediately doubted the reality of President Nixon's nuclear alert, as they would never have doubted any other President from Roosevelt on. What principally chilled the politicians at Westminster and their anxious constituents was a painful reminder of eleven years ago. Many Londoners, watching their TV pictures of the American airfields in Britain that were already on the alert, had the nasty sensation of being helpless, unwilling spectators of this crisis, as they were over Cuba—even more so this time, as the press later pointed out, since the Kennedy Administration had informed its allies in advance. There are those, possibly far too optimistic, who think that the unpleasant new jolt to the national pride may result in this country's beginning to look toward its European partners with the first glimmering of enthusiasm for a Europe that would be united politically and defensively as well as in trade matters. Considering that in the past few months more and more British have become violently opposed to the Common Market in any guise at all, blaming it, as expected, for everything from rocketing food prices to the juggernaut Continental trucks that are about to threaten their towns and villages, this would seem to be a fairly far-off hope.

In yesterday's debate on the Queen's speech, the Prime Minister repeated the assurance that oil rationing was not yet necessary. This assurance had been given by Mr. Peter Walker, the Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, to the Commons last Wednesday—ironically, in the week when the crowds at Earl's Court were gazing thoughtfully at the shining new models in the motor show. Instead, Mr. Walker asked for voluntary economies, and suggested that patriotic citizens leave

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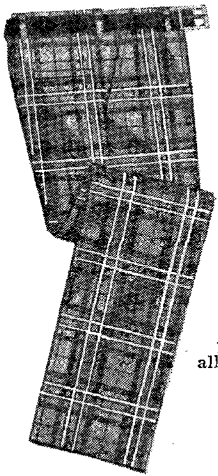

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their cars in the garage and use public transport instead. This got a shout of jeering laughter from the Conservatives as well as from the hooting Opposition benches. The serious shortage of bus and train crews (including the Underground), who are getting out of their badly paid jobs into more lucrative ones, is now uncomfortably obvious to all. Every evening, disconsolate armies stand patiently waiting at the bus stops or pour down into the Underground to inch their way toward infrequent trains. Indignant M.P.s for country areas asked Mr. Walker how their constituents could possibly use public services, since rural bus service in many districts has been cut to the bone, and the closing of uneconomic railway lines has left grass-grown tracks and melancholy little deserted Victorian stations, like a child's abandoned toys, scattered throughout England. The supply of foreign hands to punch tickets and sweep platforms and do all the low-paid, unpopular jobs that keep London running has been curtailed by the latest tightening of immigration restrictions. All the same, most people seem to think that oil rationing ought to be introduced as soon as possible. The miners are already flexing their muscles in preparation for their new round of pay claims, not unnaturally feeling that the whirligig of time has taken its strange revenge and put them back in the position of a vitally important industry instead of a superannuated archaic one, as it seemed a while ago. The electrical engineers—key men who stayed at work and kept the power stations ticking over in orderly rotas, so that the country did not freeze up entirely when the rest of the industry staged a go-slow last time—have just announced that they may take action that will result in random power cuts, perhaps beginning this week. This is in protest against the pay proposals contained in the recently unveiled Third Phase of the Government's economic policy. Whichever way they look, people feel apprehensive about the months ahead—anxious over the fragile Middle East peace, and worried at the prospect of new industrial troubles and dwindling oil stocks at home. It does not need the weather forecasters to point out, as they are doing, that after two exceptionally mild winters in England this one is expected to be hard indeed.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN's new opera, "Death in Venice," first seen and rapturously acclaimed at the Aldeburgh Festival last June, has just had its Cov-

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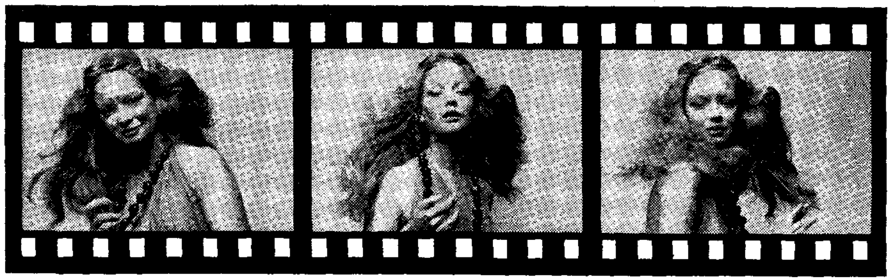
ent Garden opening, in the same week that his "The Turn of the Screw" was revived at Sadler's Wells. The English Opera Group presented both works, making a neat double celebration that looked forward to the composer's sixtieth birthday this month and backward to his particularly close collaboration with the Group ever since it was formed, twenty-six years ago, with the aim of staging chamber opera by modern English composers. Precious few Londoners were able to attend the Covent Garden event, unfortunately, owing to the stingy allotment of only three "Death in Venice" performances, all sellouts. Many of those who did attend felt that it was perhaps Britten's masterpiece. Thomas Mann's strongly autobiographical story of the aging, austere literary great man Gustav von Aschenbach, who wearily comes to Venice to try and renew a petrifying creative spirit and becomes obsessed by the lovely Polish boy Tadzio, has inspired a marvellous score, as many-colored as Venice itself, clanging with the city's great bronze-bell sounds and lapping with its water music. The tremendously long, exacting role of Aschenbach was sung by Peter Pears, who gave the performance of his life. His tall, stiff, Teutonic figure is onstage practically all the time. One of the problems that Britten and his sensitive librettist, Myfanwy Piper, clearly had to get around was that everything in Mann's story takes place inside Aschenbach's feverish, collapsing brain. They have done this by having Aschenbach, between the great lyric passages, deliver stretches of recitative, accompanied by piano only, that serve as a sort of personal journal of his gradual fall from scholarly pursuit of the classic ideal of truth and beauty to abject enslavement by one human form. Another ingenious touch is that Tadzio and his elegant family, who exchange no word with Aschenbach in the story, here dance their roles to the choreography of Frederick Ashton. A young Royal Ballet dancer, Robert Huguenin, looks healthy and attractive in Tadzio's Lido nudity, though falling short of the unearthly perfection of poor Aschenbach's "pale and lovely summoner," who seems finally, to his dying eyes, to be beckoning him out to merge with the vast, murmuring ocean. Possibly John Piper's sets were effective for the scale of the small Aldeburgh Festival theatre. On the vast Covent Garden stage, his sketchy, stylized drops of San Marco and the Lido strand looked disappointingly meagre when the eye longed for rich-



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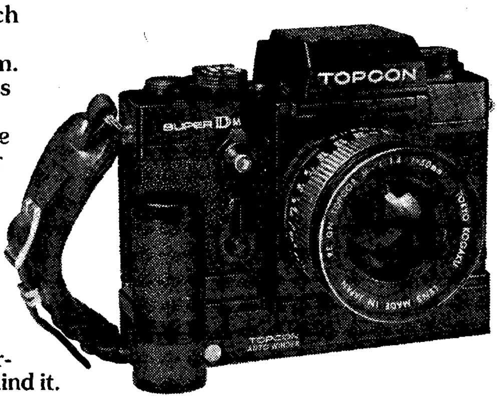

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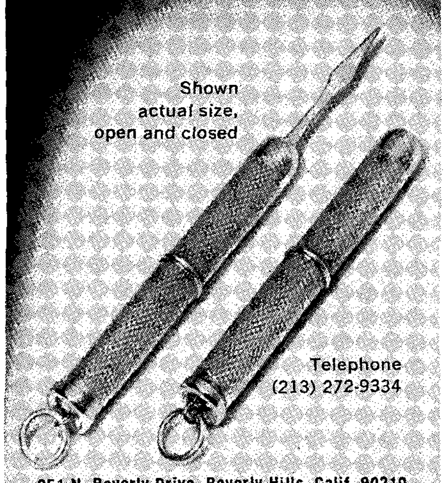

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ness to match the dazzling abundance being offered to the ear.

Peter Shaffer's play "Equus" is one of the big hits of the current National Theatre repertory at the Old Vic. In one way, this is surprising, since it deals with a horrific theme that the English public, often accused by European neighbors of being so sentimental over animals that they would react more furiously to an ill-treated puppy than to a battered baby, might be supposed to shun with repugnance. The playwright tells us in a program note that he first had the compulsive urge to write it after a friend casually mentioned, without supplying any details other than the gruesome synopsis, the case of a mentally disturbed stableboy, devoted to horses, who some years before had unaccountably blinded six of his charges with an iron spike. Why? It was apparently never known. Shaffer tries to supply an answer through the long interviews that Dr. Dysart, a psychiatrist, has with the at first violently uncoöperative youth, Alan, and through swift flashbacks to his childhood and discussions with his parents—an aggressive, down-to-earth printer and his pious wife. It seems that an early religious passion of Alan's, encouraged by his mother, was supplanted by a crazy fixation on horses, completed by a friendly rider who gave the little boy an intoxicating gallop one day along the sands. Out of these twin deities—the Christian and the centaur—he melds a private god he calls Equus, worshipped in secret rites in his room and later in ecstatic midnight communion with the real horses in a stable where he works part time. What has drawn London are the magnificent performances of Alec McCowen as Dysart, a neat professional man who trots off yearly to Greece to dream ineffectually about the dark gods and ends by envying the boy's wild passion, which he will replace with normality, and of Peter Firth, a taut, shock-headed youngster, who is absolutely galvanizing as Alan. John Dexter's production brilliantly saves the horrible climactic deed from being unbearable. The horses are played by young men clad in dark brown, their own faces visible through skeletal silver-wire horses' heads, matched by high metal hooves strapped to their feet. With a very occasional restless stamp or toss of the head, these masked presences standing in the shadows of the stable manage to suggest the eeriness and power of "that terrific equine twilight," as D. H. Lawrence wrote of the old hoofed god.

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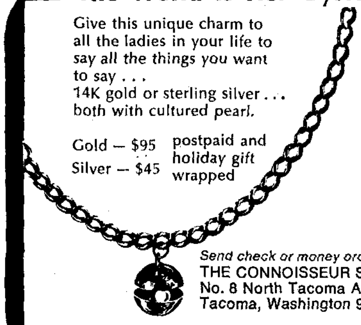

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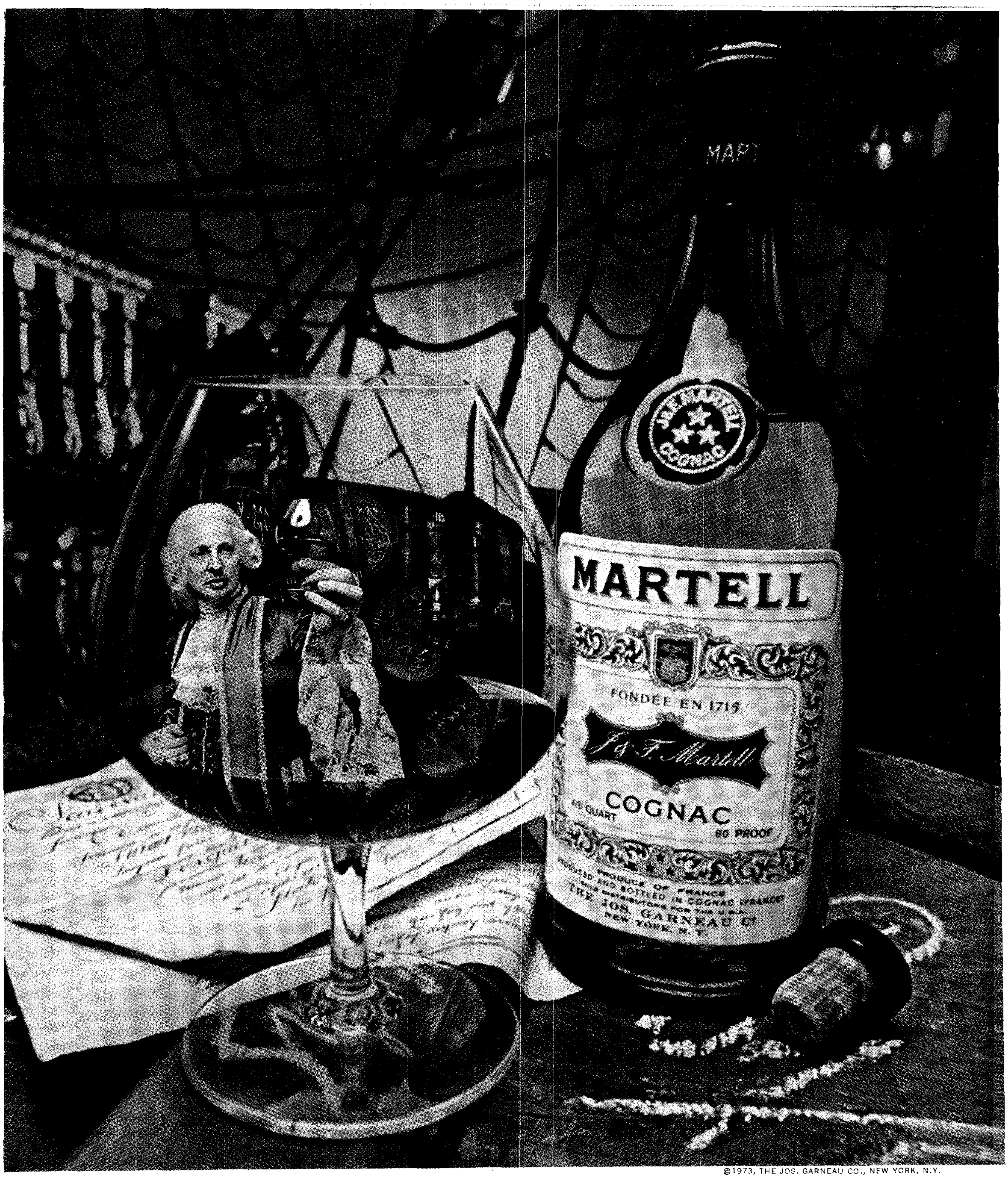
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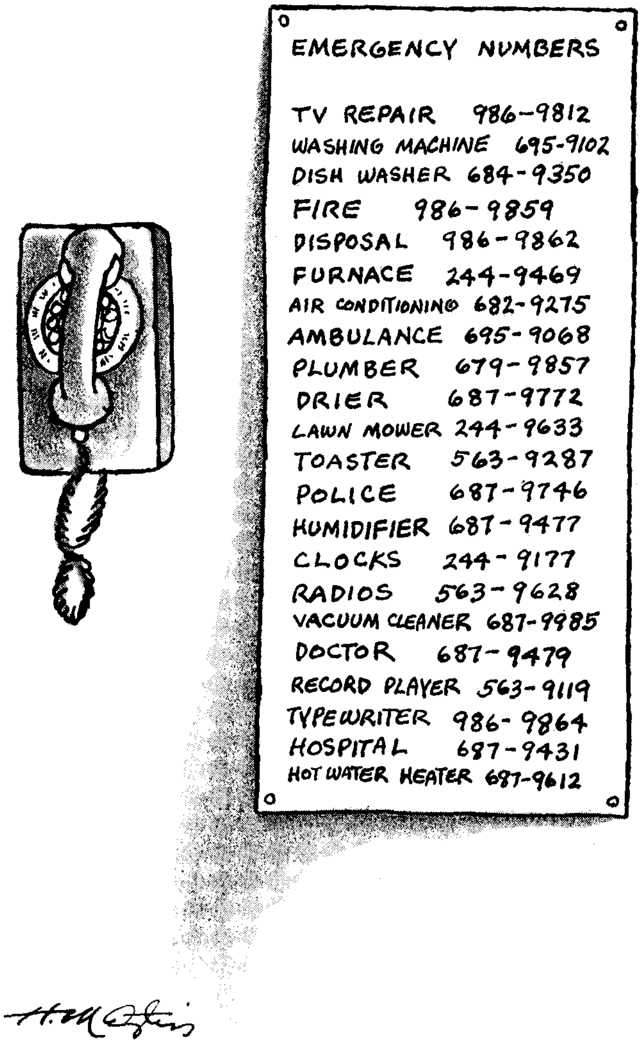
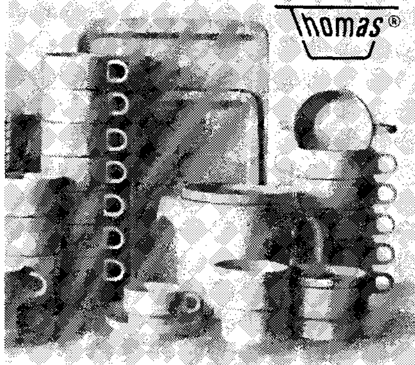
"England Made Me," from the early Graham Greene novel, is far from great, far from original, and it's slight, but it's not a bad film. It has a hushed, becalmed quality that is very pleasing—and peculiar, too, for a film set in Germany during the early thirties. Watching it is rather like seeing the early Nazi period through the paintings of a Manet—the people appearing at their most social, with their prettiest public faces on. You're not quite sure if it's all right to feel this way, but at times you may find yourself thinking, I'd love to be there. The halcyon atmosphere is creepily ambiguous, to say the least. Greene brought out the book in 1935, when he was only thirty-one. It's about a giddy young man, Tony Farrant (Michael York), on the loose in the world of big speculators, to which his beautiful, steadfast sister Kate (Hildegard Neil) has introduced him. Kate, the mistress and business confidante of an international swindler-financier, Krogh (Peter Finch), is ruthlessly worldly, while Tony, with his charming scamp's lies and affectations, is at heart a British schoolboy. The book was set in Sweden; the film (shot in some of the most ravishing parts of Yugoslavia) moves the action to what turned out to be the center of events in that period, and makes the humorless, shady Krogh a German trying to get his money out of the country before Hitler brings everything crashing down.

The change involves the creation of background detail, and the moviemaking team can't bring that up to the level one would expect of Greene (there's an implausible encounter in a night club between Krogh and a Jewish former newspaper owner, and the street with boarded-up Jewish shops looks pictorial-reverential), but the plot and the characters are very close to Greene's original, and the dialogue is nearly verbatim. The lines have almost unerring style, and they're spoken with the snap that good actors bring to good lines, like fish rising to live bait. The most movie-associated of all reputable contemporary writers, Graham Greene has had almost all his novels filmed, has written original scripts, and has adapted his own and other writers' work for the screen. Most of the films he's had a hand in—roughly twenty-five—have had Greene's emblem: the thrill of evil, the allure of damnation. He must be one of the few writers going for whom squalor still has glamour. But the novel "England Made Me" preceded the Graham Greene we know; at times in the film Tony's character and escapades seem closer to Noël Coward than to Graham Greene, though the character of Minty, an abject, mildewed old newspaperman, anticipates Greene's later characters and evokes smiles of recognition. Michael Hordern gives such a marvellously flamboyant seedy performance as Minty that one wants to applaud him. It's the only flamboyance in this film, which is milder and more rarefied than most Greene films, though it's almost totally dependent on his storytelling gift.

The director, Peter Duffell, hasn't tried to make a harrowing melodrama out of the book (one could); he's kept it a character study of a British arrested adolescent who is upset by what he sees around him yet has no means but a schoolboy's tricks for dealing with it. Tony the innocent—callow, fun-loving, bright-eyed—is perhaps the quiet Englishman, an early cousin to Greene's appallingly callow quiet American. Evil offends Tony—he can't believe people are breaking the rules—but he doesn't even have any way of expressing himself beyond a schoolboy's arch slang. This young Englishman who is so amiable he fits in everywhere doesn't really fit in anywhere—certainly not in Nazi Germany, because events have moved past amiability and unflappable good manners. His end, which is perfectly in character, is a bittersweet irony: he greets his own assassin with an affable exclamation of surprise. Low-key and understated, this film is the most affectionate self-satire to come out of contemporary England. Greene clearly intended Tony to be a winsome male ingénue—an unsubstantial man—and that isn't easy to play, but Michael York brings it off with humor and grace. He manages to make Tony spruce and engaging and airily ineffective. From the evidence here, Duffell is a fine director of actors. As a stolid German, Peter Finch has a stronger presence than he has in most of his movies, and Hildegard Neil (wasted as George Segal's wife in "A Touch of Class") makes Kate a tantalizing, passionate riddle—a woman at war with herself. But Duffell's method keeps us at a distance. The picture is without the voluptuous vitality that made "Cabaret" so extraordinary, and without star images like Liza Minnelli's Raggedy Ann painted by Kees van Dongen. It doesn't have audacity, and it doesn't have much energy; the decadence is carefully modulated in pastel tones. Since there aren't very many elements to observe in the scenes, you're highly conscious of how color-coördinated Kate's make-up and dresses are with the rooms and the landscapes (and awareness of planning cancels believability) but grateful for how calmly the leisurely sequences are played





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out. Often, a picture's best qualities work against it even more than its failures do: how could "Death in Venice" be organized after that long virtuoso opening? After that beginning, there was no way to edit the picture which made sense. Here, you sit watching the languidly lovely scenes in the soft pink light and wondering how the movie can ever gather force. Well, it doesn't—the moviemaking remains rather anemic. Yet the sustained remoteness is seductive, even though it's not fully satisfying. I think there's a definite sense of disappointment about the Peter Finch character's not being developed, because Finch makes Krogh's humorlessness so touching that we want more; and Kate, though well-played, is conceived as a series of images, and they never quite come together to form a person.

With the aid of Ray Parslow's cinematography, Duffell seems to distill the romantic beauty of the past: Michael York's flat, slicked-down hair and flashing naughty-nice-boy smile; Finch's weary-lion head and his mixture of stodginess and imperial splendor as he walks to his immaculate 1934 Chrysler in his broad-brimmed hat, his coat worn like a cape; and Hildegard Neil's feline eyes and ultracivilized cool, and the intensity that sets her off from the little blonde (Tessa Wyatt) that Tony falls for—a girl as appealingly, vacuously English as a Noël Coward musical. The tastefully haunting theme music, by John Scott, has the same weakness and charm as the rest of the movie; it sounds familiar the first time you hear it—"original" movie music often does—yet it's lovely in its pleasures-of-reminiscence, Noël Cowardish way. (The score also includes "Mad About the Boy," sung in a night club, and the way the people listening are seen in zonked-out frozen-faced close-ups, as if in a time capsule, struck me as an almost pure Coward touch.) However, when we leave the theatre we're not certain what the mood and the evocativeness were about, really. I think maybe what happens is that the atmosphere soaks up the characters and story, and we're left only with mood. The picture grows so thin it seems to disappear in a mist.

WHY should people go to see "Charley Varrick"? What are we meant to get out of it? It's about another heist, with another twist: the small-time bank robbers, led by Varrick (Walter Matthau), happen to rob a bank that's holding three-quarters of a million dollars in Mafia money, and

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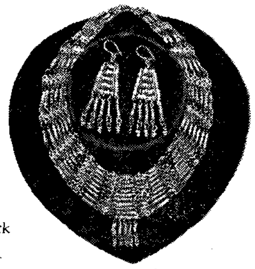

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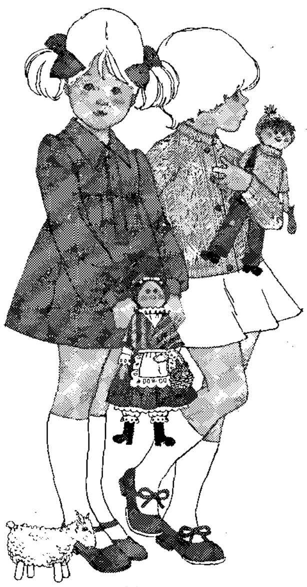
are then tracked by both the police and the Mafia. This sort of thing could conceivably be worth seeing if it were done with great technical skill or if the characterizations had some gleam or gaiety. But “Charley Varrick”—from Universal—doesn’t even look good; the color is blah and runny, the compositions are squat and no more than functional, and the director, Don Siegel, slogs along from scene to scene. This picture’s idea of characterization is to have the Mafia’s investigator (Joe Don Baker) a boorish racist who says “nigra,” and the bland, smooth, Mafia-connected banker (John Vernon) an anti-Semite. Liberalism rears a bedraggled, feeble-minded head in the implicitly illiberal action-film world of “Charley Varrick;” Don Siegel seems to be trying to kid himself that he’s not doing what he’s doing. There’s an aesthetic pleasure one gets from highly developed technique; certain action sequences make you feel exhilarated just because they’re so cleverly done—even if, as in the case of Siegel’s “Dirty Harry,” you’re disgusted by the picture. “Dirty Harry” had a smooth, exciting suspense style that turned the audience on, and its extreme brutality affected the audience viscerally. The film, which was released late in 1971, drew its special force from its overt extreme-right-wing ideology; it “explained” the law-and-order troubles of the cities by blaming them on the liberals—an explanation that Nixon and Agnew, then at the peak of their popularity, had made credible to their followers. “Charley Varrick” is just brutal and tiresome. Even Lalo Schifrin, who wrote the score, falls down on the job. Maybe he got bored producing the musical trickery that makes directors look better than they are, or maybe his contempt for the assignment got out of hand, because he just throws in noise this time. When Siegel’s gruesome sequences need suspense, Schifrin beats your ears.

“Charley Varrick” is merely a gimmick picture: the movie cannot explain what the decent, sagacious Varrick—brainy and with the wisdom of the heart, too—is doing carrying a gun and robbing banks. There’s no correlation between his charming, homely character and his livelihood; we’re asked to cheer for a killer because he doesn’t behave like the other killers—as if it were their personal style that made us object to them. (If only those other killers would learn to say “black” and not make anti-Semitic remarks, maybe we could cheer for them, too?) The gimmick of putting this Mr. Deeds type into the world of crime isn’t even



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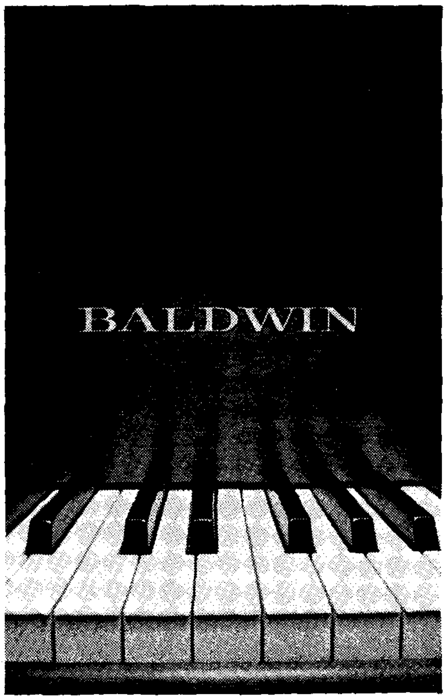

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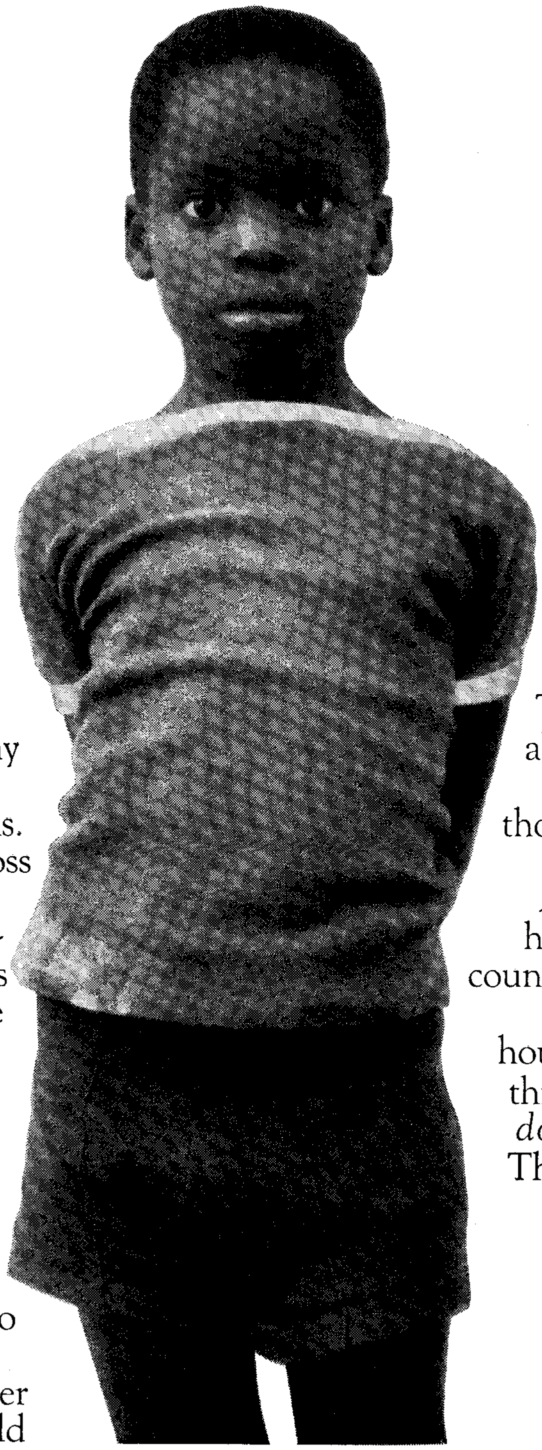

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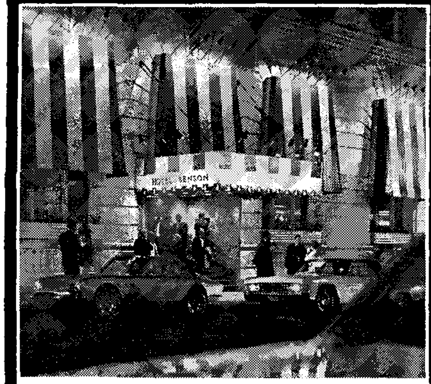
played for parody—that would require writing beyond what Howard Rodman and Dean Riesner, who adapted John Reese's novel "The Looters," supply. We're asked to take it straight. Varrick is presented as an underdog figure, an old-timey hood David against the Mafia Goliaths; he traps everyone who stands in his way to freedom, and gets everyone killed. Walter Matthau is used for whatever chummy identification the audience has with him by now—he tickles some people, I guess, even when he's just walking through a movie like this looking droll—and the script is played for mayhem.

Don Siegel made his reputation with the clean, efficient shooting of low-budget crime pictures in the forties and fifties; his work had little imagination, but it had precision. It wasn't fancy and dull, like many of the higher-budgeted jobs. But his popular 1968 big-city melodrama "Madigan," though told straightforwardly, was marred by Universal's infamous wide-screen process and by its laboratory work, which turned the cityscapes into a blue soft-focus mess, and the plot was based on an archaic, fake parallel: the adulterous affair of the police commissioner (Henry Fonda) was set up as equivalent to the bribe-taking and corruption of his chief inspector (James Whitmore). This is the sort of phony moralistic bookkeeping that movies went in for thirty-five years ago, and no amount of admiration for a director's skill should hide the phoniness from modern viewers. In "Charley Varrick," the numerous violent scenes are cloddishly staged; Siegel's victims drool blood while staring at us, and we're supposed to feel happy because Charley never gets hurt. To answer my question: I don't know any reason for going to see "Charley Varrick." I felt sordid sitting in the theatre watching Varrick's last surviving partner—a drunken, cowardly lout (played by Andy Robinson, the hippie rapist of "Dirty Harry")—slobber while he was being kicked and butchered. And I felt insulted by being asked to get involved with what happens to that foxy Charley Varrick—a good man in bed, in contrast to that Mafia fellow. Racists can't be sexually normal in Hollywood's idiot-liberal bookkeeping—which persists even in corpse-lined heist movies. This line is a holdover from the double-entry forties, when American soldier-heroes could beat up Nazis with an untroubled conscience because the Nazis were shown to be rapists or to be impotent or sexually sadistic, like the Huns before them. This picture turns the Mafia men into



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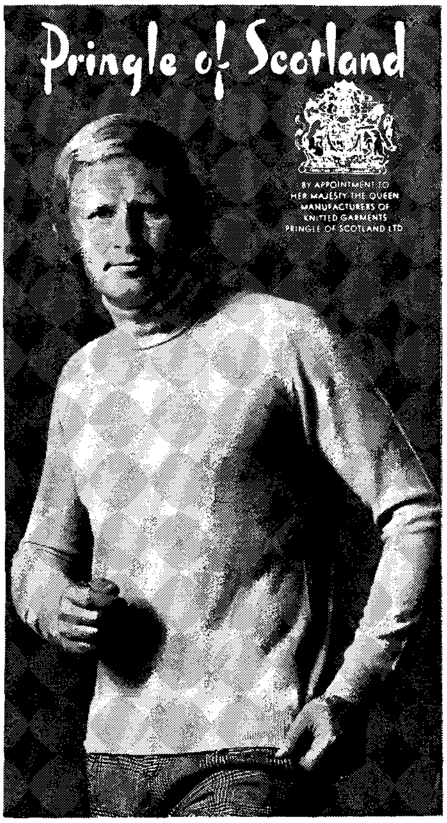
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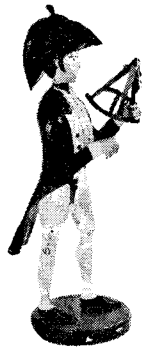

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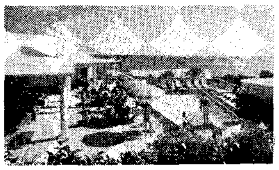

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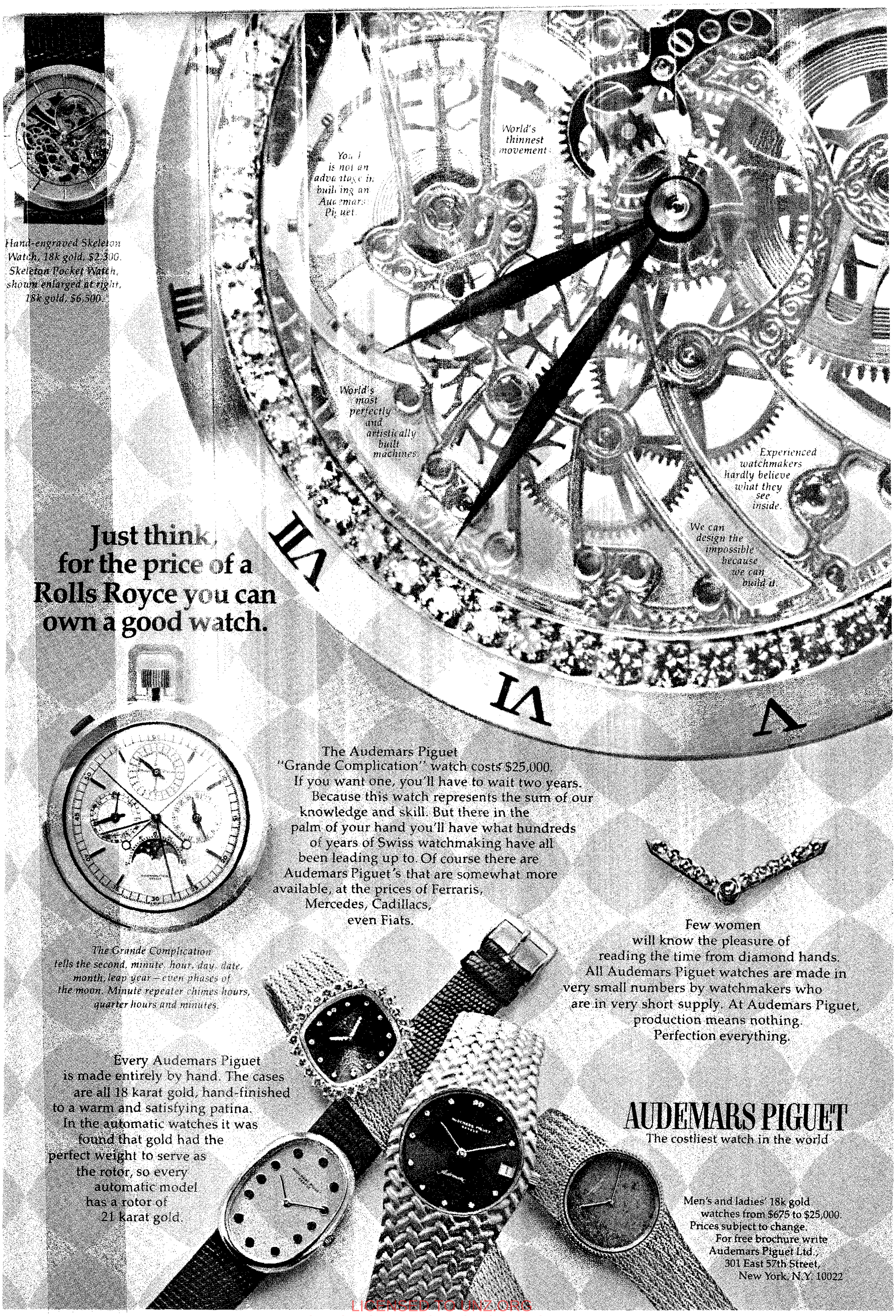
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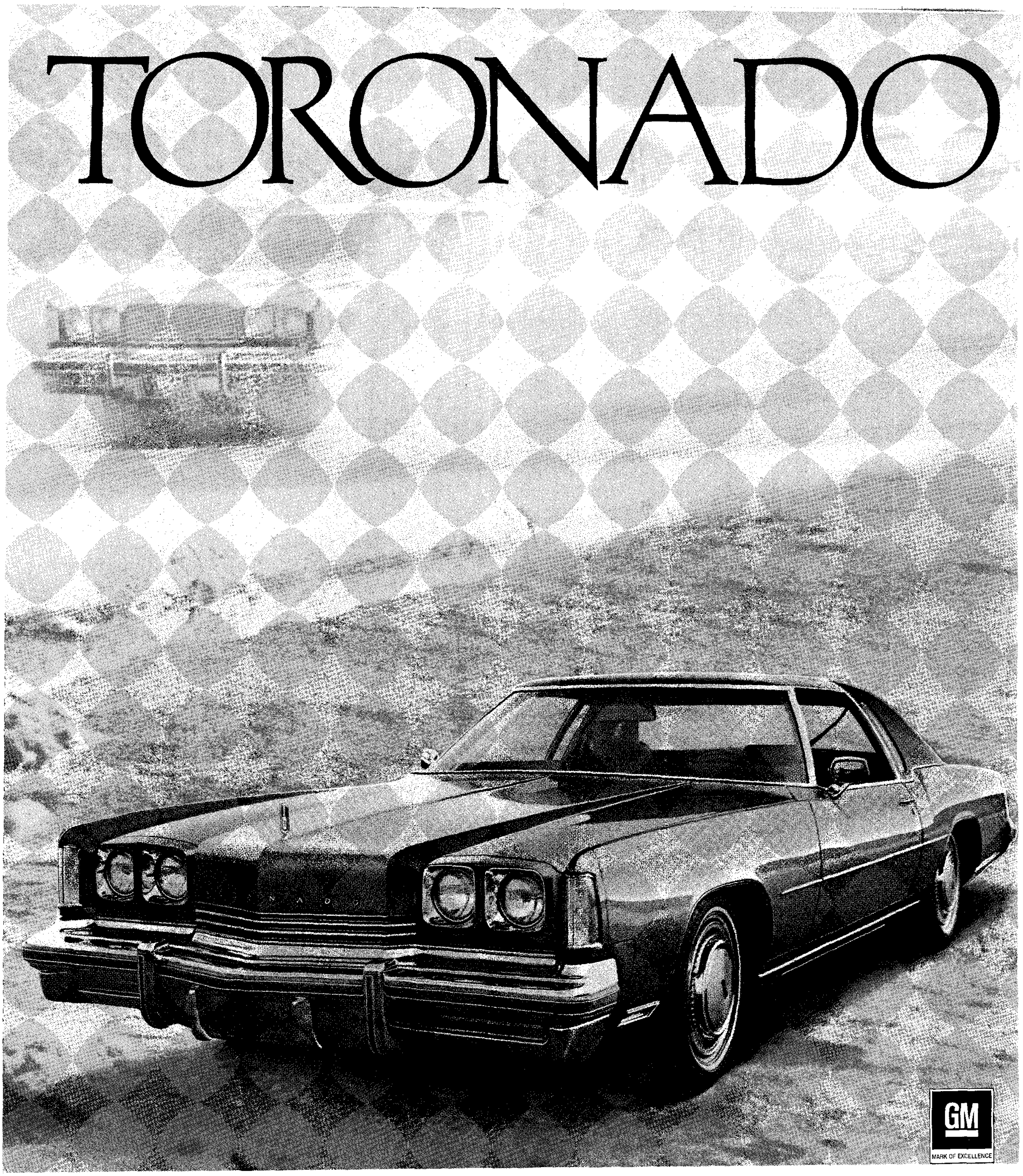

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Huns in order to justify Varrick's brutality. Sentimentality and violence are a rotten mixture; so are childishness and cynicism.

Don Siegel's making a tribute to "the last of the independents"—as Charley Varrick is called—is a royal Hollywood joke. Siegel is one of the last of the contract directors: a hired hand with his skill for sale. I think that even the best of his crime movies are fundamentally thick-skinned; they're the equivalent of yellow journalism—sensational subjects, tricks that work you up, an appeal to your dumbest impulses. Even when the action and suspense held you, it was always movie pulp. You preferred seeing it to seeing a moldy wholesome movie, because at least it wasn't boring, but you knew enough not to expect much. "Charley Varrick" *is* boring, because the one real virtue Siegel had—the speed and economy that came from tight planning—isn't in evidence, and the mind at work is the same. It may be no accident that he made his most successful film and, in terms of craftsmanship, probably his best film—"Dirty Harry"—when he did. It's possible that recent American events have stranded him, and left him, like Charley Varrick at the end of the picture, with blue skies, a lot of loot, and no identity.

—PAULINE KAEL

•

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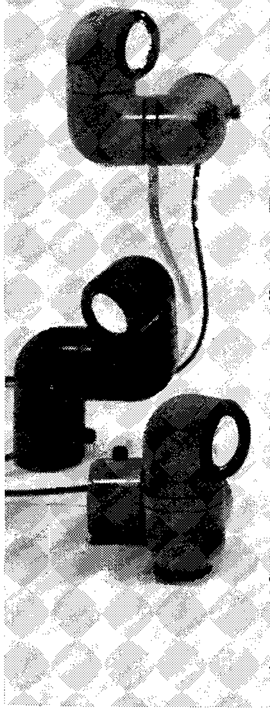

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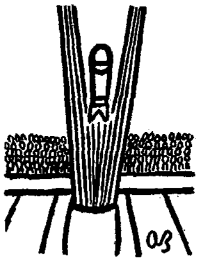
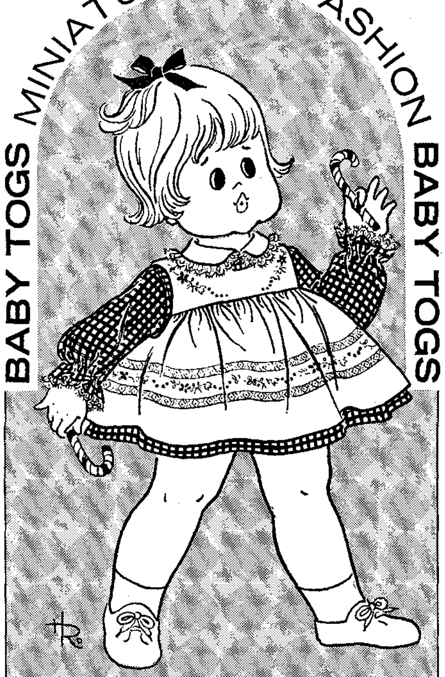


PENN STATE's seasonal parade as cock of the walk out here in the East encountered problems on Saturday last, and being cock of the walk in the Ivy League became an overcrowded profession when Harvard, Dartmouth, and Pennsylvania ended the afternoon in a clinch for the job. Penn State's drama club, which had been putting on a series of might-makes-right melodramas whose dénouement was never in doubt, staged, at last, a novelty for its visit to Maryland, permitting the natives, a hardy lot, and maybe the first really good team it has assailed this fall, to overtake it and to hold the lead for quite a while; then m.m.r. overtook Maryland, and Penn State, whose closing quotation was 44–22, went home happy. But at Franklin Field, in Philadelphia, where Pennsylvania and Harvard were in common cause, absolutely everything was in doubt until only one second of playing time remained. The events leading up to that one second were of a complexity almost too enormous to be followed with clarity, and the lead bounced back and forth, both by design and by accident, as though it were a matter of no consequence. It is not might but slight that motivates the unit Harry Gamble has put together on behalf of Pennsylvania, for Vaughn, who must be one of the best throwing, running, and dissembling quarterbacks ever to show up there, and Bellizeare, who must be one of its fastest as well as cleverest halfbacks, were erected with the utmost economy; so slightly built is Bellizeare in particular that it is first necessary to *find* him before one can overturn him. And Clune, though not very much larger, is already—and this is a simple matter of statistics—the finest offensive end ever for Pennsylvania. Harvard eschews the catapult galloping and tossing styles of Pennsylvania in favor of a precisely executed choreography that explodes into a centrifugal ballet so arcane that only the man actually in possession of the ball can know where it is. Stoeckel is the divining rod who, at quarterback, is pretty much aware of what is going on; Miller is the bludgeon who slams through the enemy amidships; and the magnificently built McInally (all of six foot



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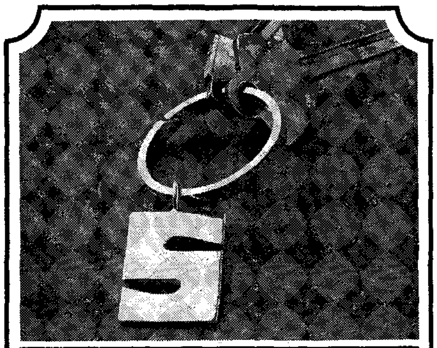

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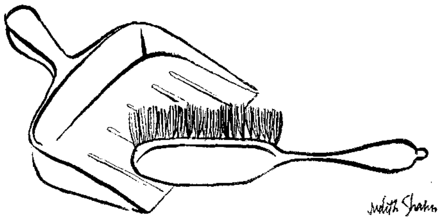
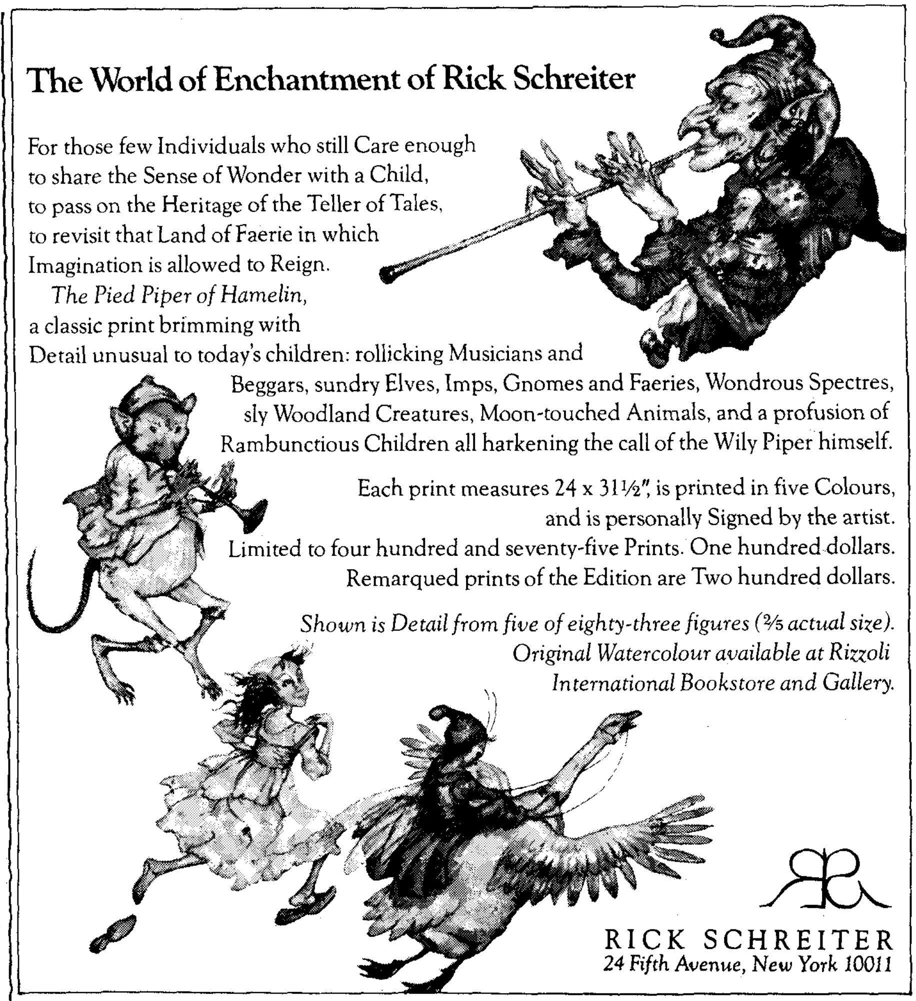
six, and a physical match for Columbia's Telep) is the distant wanderer who gathers in passes, or rejects them, in accord with his inscrutable mood. In the fourth quarter on Saturday, he was in a (shall we say) receptive mood. Toward the end, with Penn on top, 28–27, and Harvard in a bottom, at fourth down and thirteen, Stoeckel flipped a first-down pass to McInally, and five moves later he flipped a much longer one to him. Now it was Harvard 34, Pennsylvania 28. But then it became Vaughn's turn, and, throwing with fearsome accuracy, he worked the ball steadily downfield. His final toss, though, went into a mob scene mostly of Harvards, and one of them, Clarke, got it at the Harvard nine. There was less than a minute to go, and Stoeckel tried to use it up with punches through the line. Three tries got him only eight yards, and on fourth down, instead of punting, he ran a circular pattern worthy of the most professional split end before he was downed in the end zone, at a cost of two points. It was now Harvard 34, Pennsylvania 30, but that one remaining second of playing time was used up by master-of-all-trades McInally's punt to Pennsylvania.

THIS is a Philadelphia year. Pennsylvania has come up in its world, and the Eagles, now with Gabriel at quarterback (this is not the only improvement), have grown saucy enough to knock off, for one, the Cowboys—Hill and Staubach and the rest notwithstanding. Some of the film exposed during that particular frolic has been scanned by these eyes, and they were impressed. And why not, for nearly everything else hereabouts has fallen from glory. On Saturday, Telep got seven passes for a hundred and six yards, but he and his Columbia teammates lost to Cornell, 44–14. Princeton, still in the midst of post-operational therapy, dropped by a count of 7–6 behind Brown, whose most recent quarterback, Coleman, scrambles with the ball in a most dégagé manner. His carefreeness may cost him dear one day, but between now and then he will be fun to watch. Army played its customary good first half (it was 10–10 then, out at Air Force), but gave away





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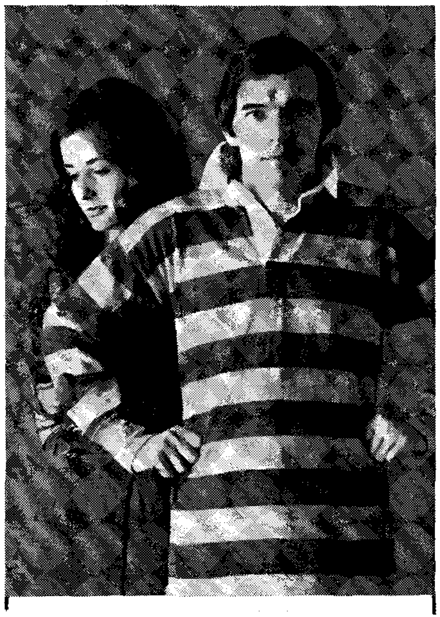

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thirty-three points in the second half. All credit to Penn State, but one wonders how it would have done playing Army's 1973 program. Yale, which represents the Bowl on Saturdays (the Giants do it on Sundays), lost to Dartmouth, 24–13; like Secretariat and Riva Ridge, Doyle, the Yale quarterback, has his off days. And the Jets and the Giants, it has been officially announced, will play out their seasons, since they are under contract to do so; at the moment that appears to be the only reason. —J. W. L.

•

ADDRESS TO AN OLD HORSE

Amanda, you'll be going
to Alpo or to Gaines
when you run out of luck,
the flesh flensed from your bones,
your mammoth rib cage rowing
away to the renderer's
a dry canoe on a truck

while I foresee my corpse
slid feet first into fire
light as the baker's loaf
to make of me at least
a pint of potash spoor.
I'm something to sweeten the crops
when the clock hand stops.

Amanda, we in the woods
miles from home, the ground
upending in yellow flutes
that open but make no sound,
ferns in the mouth of the brute,
chanterelles in the woman's sack,
what do I want for myself
dead center, bareback
on the intricate harp of your spine?
All that I name as mine

with the sure slow oxen of words:
Feed sacks as grainy as boards
that air in the sun. A boy
who is wearing my mother's eyes.
Garlic to crush in the pan.
The family gathering in.
Already in the marsh
the yearling maples bleed
a rich onrush. Time slips
another abacus bead.

Let it not stick in the throat
or rattle a pane in the mind.
May I leave no notes behind,
wishful, banal, or occult,
and you, small thinker in
the immensity of your frame,
may you be caught and crammed
midmouthful of the best grain
when the slaughterer's bullet slams
sidelong into your brain.

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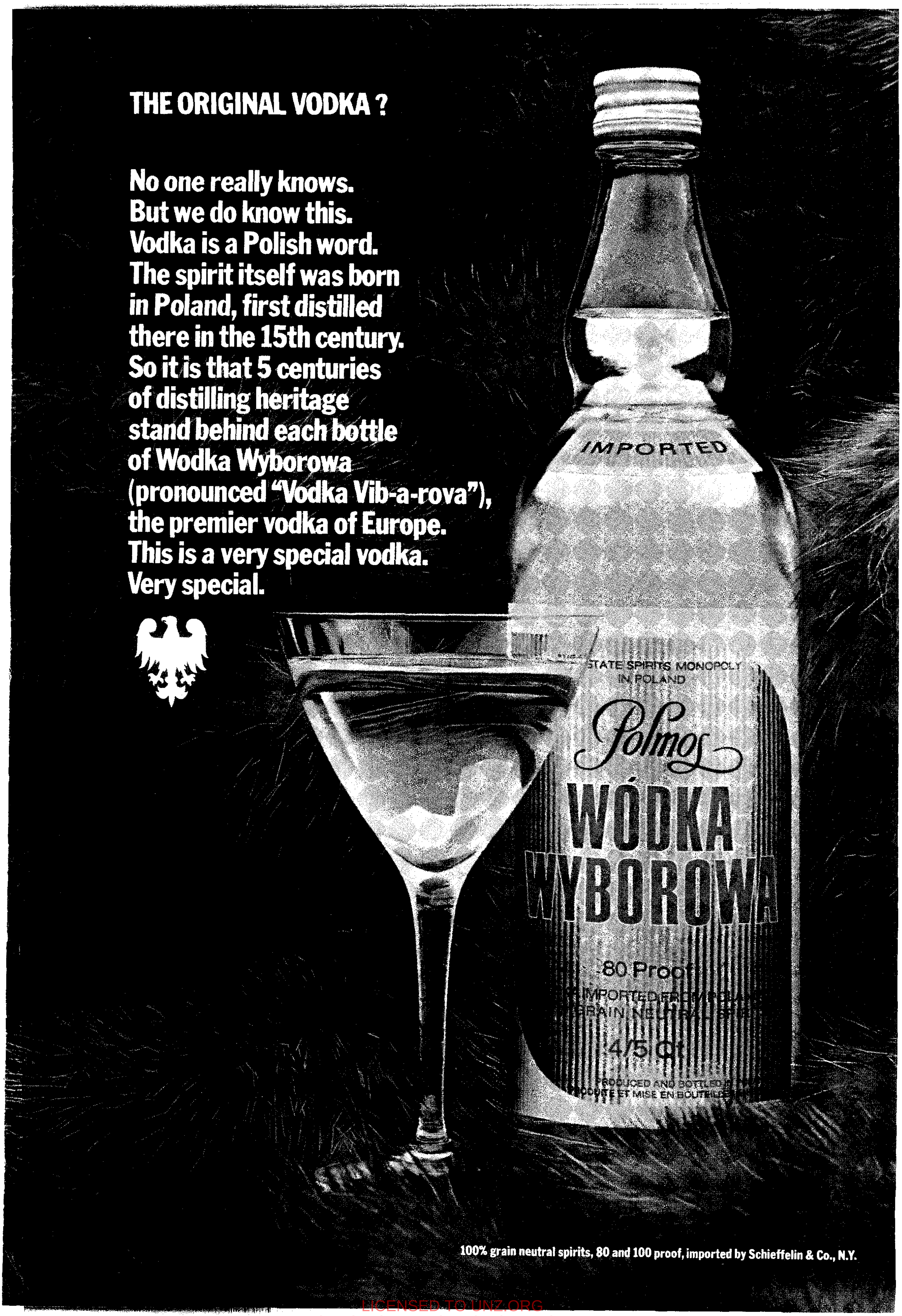

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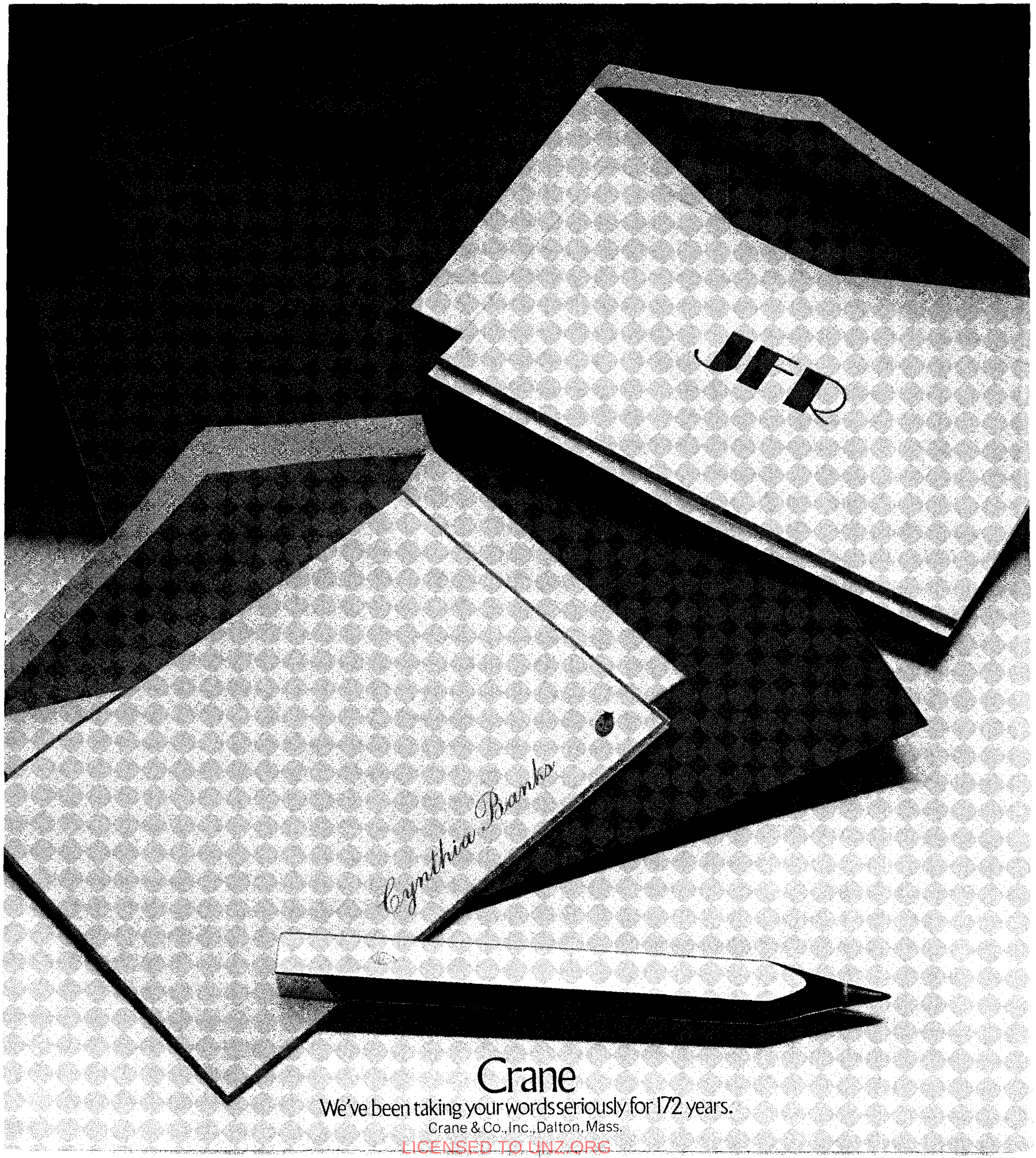

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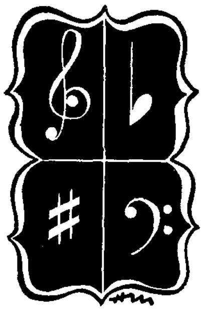
MUSICAL EVENTS

Leningrad in Manhattan

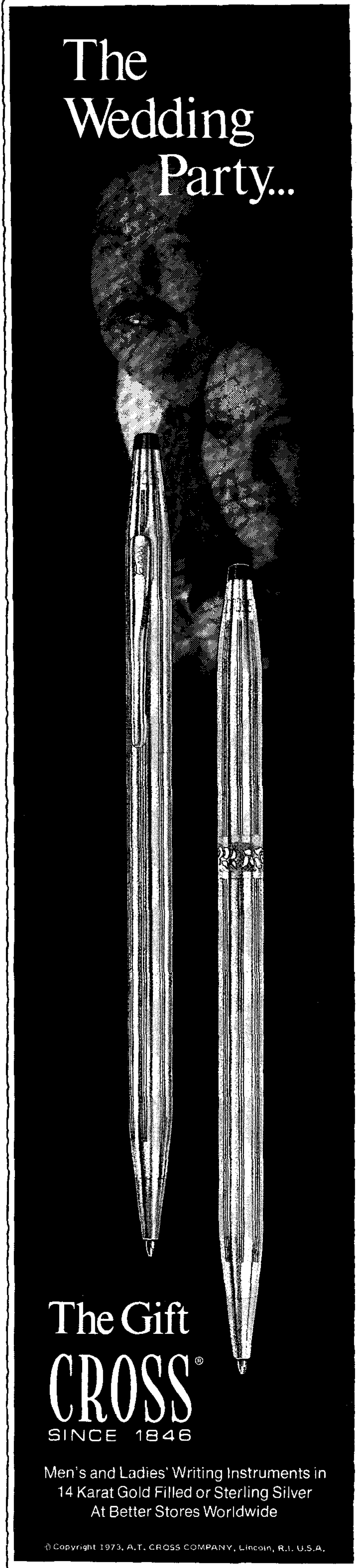
NEW YORK'S normally rich orchestral fare has been much impoverished this autumn by the strike of the Philharmonic (about which a newcomer like myself had better refrain from dogmatizing), and, in addition, by the picketing of all events in Avery Fisher Hall—which really does seem unjustifiable. The Philharmonic Orchestra does not own Philharmonic Hall (as the building was called until the other day); it is only the Hall's most regular tenant. There is no logical reason the Philadelphia Orchestra should have been forced to cancel its appearances there while Buffalo, Detroit, and New Jersey were offering orchestral concerts a few streets away, at Carnegie Hall.



It was a mercy, at all events, that nothing should have prevented the appearance of the Leningrad Philharmonic Orchestra, under Gennady Rozhdestvensky, at Carnegie Hall; I shall count myself lucky if during the coming winter I hear much orchestral playing on the level of their opening concert. Not that *that* event was free from hazards. To begin with, there had been prolonged uncertainty, as so often where the Russians are concerned, about just what was going to be played, and when. Originally, the first concert was announced as an all-Prokofieff program under Ormandy, with Richter on hand to play the Fifth Piano Concerto, a specialty of his. Then Ormandy and Richter withdrew (the latter subsequently cancelled all his New York concerts), and a revised program was announced, consisting of two symphonies—Shostakovich No. 15 and Tchaikovsky No. 5. When I picked up my tickets at the box office on the afternoon of the concert, I was earnestly assured that the Tchaikovsky work had been replaced by the Fifth Symphony of Prokofieff. But in fact the Tchaikovsky was played; and there was merely the fresh complication that a set of program notes had been printed which referred to the all-Prokofieff program of the *following* night—with an apologetic insert to put things right. No sooner had we adjusted ourselves to this further turn of the screw, and the players seated themselves, than a group of protesters invaded the hall and unfurled banners demanding the release of a number of Soviet Jews, while one of them tried to make a speech. After the intruders had been shouted down and escorted out, the conductor appeared, and at last the concert began. It was well worth waiting for.

The Shostakovich symphony, his latest, is the extraordinary work that was introduced to New York last season by Ormandy and the Philadelphians, and was on that occasion fully discussed in these pages by Andrew Porter. Since my own feelings about the symphony come close to his, I can spare the reader a detailed reappraisal. Notwithstanding some puzzling features—the quotations from Rossini and Wagner, for instance, and the curious combination of casualness with purpose, of apparent vagueness with tragic import—it strikes me on closer acquaintance (there have been two recordings and a published score) as an undoubted masterpiece. It was treated as such by the Leningrad men, who, together with their conductor, seemed wholly possessed—indeed, inspired—by the music. The result was a thrilling experience such as comes too rarely to the regular concertgoer.

The first movement—the one in which the famous "William Tell" quickstep flashes rapidly several times across the stage—had, in this performance, a hectic, disembodied brilliance, a desperate yet humorous devil-may-care quality, that seemed wholly in consonance with the composer's thought. The playing of the first flute, who for quite a while has the scene almost to himself, was especially pure, full, and delicate; but the whole orchestra immediately revealed itself as an instrument of the finest temper, alert to every demand made upon it by composer and conductor. The second movement, a kind of elegy or funeral march, showed the sombre power of the Russian brass and the luminous glow of the strings, whether softly massed together or deployed in isolation, as in the wistful passages for solo cello and solo violin. The Scherzo displays—among other qualities—a ghostly, glassy stillness and remoteness that we recognize from other music by this composer; and here again the chamber delicacy of the scoring was perfectly reflected in the quiet intimacy of the playing. With the Finale we reach the nightmare Wagnerian



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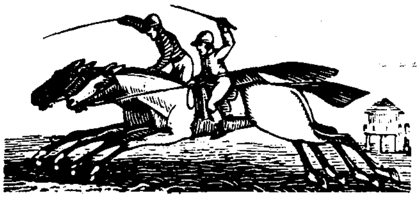

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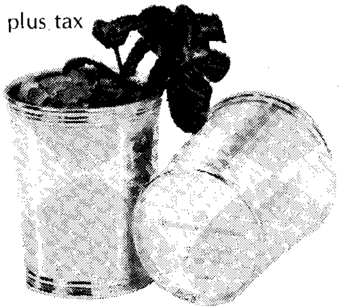

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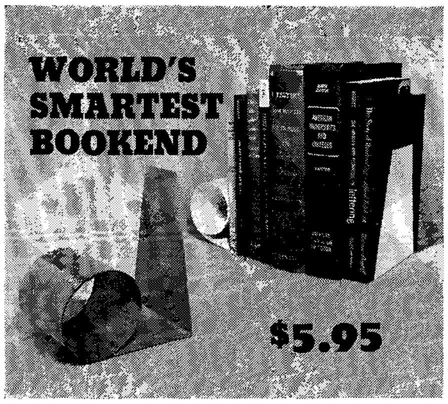

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allusions: a good deal of the "Fate," or "Annunciation of Death," motif, roughly as we know it in "Die Walküre" and "Götterdämmerung," and a wisp from the opening bar of "Tristan" which teasingly turns aside from A minor into a simple-seeming A major and into one of those happy-go-lucky, do-as-you-please tunes that we find so often in the symphonies and quartets of Shostakovich. There are also self-quotations: for example, one from the end of the long despised and long neglected Fourth Symphony, which fades out—to end the present symphony, too—in the manner of Aubrey's ghost, with a most melodious twang (on the celesta).

The meaning of the quotation from the "Ring" is clear enough—it signifies Death, a subject much in the composer's mind of late (he devoted the whole of his Thirteenth Symphony to nothing else)—and the Rossini allusion, while its intention is less obvious, may well be a symbol of childish, clownish, ineffectual protest, either against Authority, as Mr. Porter suggested, or against Death itself, the inescapable. Whatever the psychological meaning of the symphony, in strictly musical terms it moves with the blind certainty of a somnambulist; that is to say, the composer, although in reality at all times in complete control of his material, frequently gives the paradoxical impression of scarcely exerting himself, of letting things happen as they will, sometimes of just whistling in the dark to keep his spirits up. The last pages of the Finale are a kind of fugue, not in the musical but in the Freudian sense: a flight into nothingness. If it is really true that Tikhon Khrennikov, seemingly perpetual chairman of the Soviet Composers' Union, declared the symphony to be "filled with optimism, affirmation of life, and trust in man's inexhaustible strength," that puts him right up in the class of the Red Queen, who with constant practice could believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast.

In such a performance as that given by Mr. Rozhdestvensky and his splendid Leningrad players, however, all such questions of optimism and pessimism soon faded into the background, and we were left with a profound and purely musical experience. This symphony is the work of a complex human being who has succeeded, through long cultivation of a God-given talent, in dissolving the whole of himself into music. Its content is far stronger, far richer, far more truly original, than that of many works by way-out com-

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posers who feel that they can afford to smile at the "naïve" and outdated compositional procedures and idiom of the Russian master.

After the intermission, the performance of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony in E Minor was every bit as fine; and in this familiar music we could more easily identify and relish the individual tang of the players—the succulent, "deep-brown" clarinet, the dry bassoon. In the slow movement, the tone of the solo horn, for all the skill of his phrasing, seemed to our Western ears as unpleasing (saxophonelike, even beery) as that of almost all Russian horn players; but when the ten cellos took over the theme, how our hearts leaped in response! This conductor has an acute feeling for line, for the molding and shading of a phrase; he has a supple sense of rubato, and is finely attentive to those "commas" and imperceptible pauses for breath that give life to a musical discourse. And he is a delight to watch. Some conductors (quite good ones included, though not the best) are highly distracting to an audience because of their exaggerated leaps and bounds and pounces, and because of the general impression they convey of putting as much physical energy into the demand for a simple forte chord as would suffice to launch a rocket. Mr. Rozhdestvensky eschews such prodigal violence of gesture, saving his energies for a few vital moments; but his continually alert and unfailingly expressive movements of hand and body have the secondary consequence of clarifying the music for the listener as well as the primary result of drawing the finest and most precise response from the players. I found that I was not the only person in Carnegie Hall who was reminded of Beecham. Although the musical personalities of the two men are quite different, the Russian conductor shares the Englishman's ability to convey to the orchestra (and, incidentally, to the listeners) not only his wishes but the pleasure given to him at that instant by a delicate piece of playing, or simply by the music itself. This diffusion throughout platform and audience of an aura of shared delight is none too common among conductors; when it comes, it is all the more welcome.

THE all-Prokofieff concert, on the following night, was better attended, but, to my mind, less enjoyable. As a rule, I much admire Prokofieff, and relish the sheer professionalism, facility, and gusto that make him a sort of sardonic modern equivalent of Ros-

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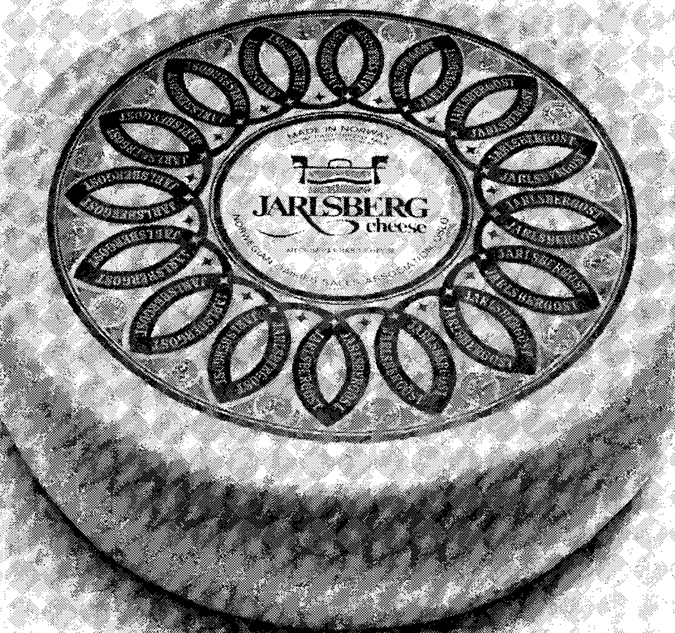

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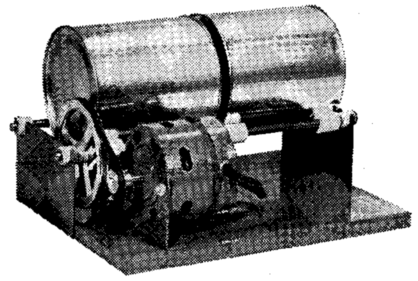

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sini. As in the case of Rossini, however, the result of his facility was a good deal of commonplace work whose only distinction is an unmistakable style. The cantata "Alexander Nevsky," based on the score composed in 1938 for Eisenstein's famous film, is certainly pure Prokofieff; it has always been popular, outside as well as inside Russia. But it is only decent poster art; it does not really survive the transition from cinema to concert hall. (It received a broadly effective performance, with the help of the Russian mezzo-soprano Irina Arkhipova and the Rutgers University Choir.) Nor do I feel that the "Scythian" Suite, "Ala and Lolly," which ended the program, shows the composer at his best; written in 1914, it is too evidently an attempt to emulate the recent success of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring," and though it could never have been mistaken for Stravinsky I am not surprised that Diaghilev should have turned down something that had the air of being second-hand. Thus, the only superior specimen of Prokofieff's genius in the program was the First Violin Concerto in D Major, which received a brilliant rather than poetic reading from the young Soviet fiddler Viktor Tretyakov.

That, however, was not quite all. It is the custom of Russian orchestras, unlike their Western counterparts, to offer encores when warmly applauded; and after both concerts Mr. Rozhdestvensky and his Leningrad men gave us the same thing. It proved to be a real stunner: a piece of orchestral virtuosity that took the breath away and yet was something more than a mere showpiece. They chose the music from Prokofieff's "Romeo and Juliet" ballet which illustrates the street fight and the death of Tybalt. The energy, brilliance, and precision of the wild passage for scurrying strings as played under the conductor's dæmonic drive (this was one of the moments when he released all his latent force) were exceeded only by the impact of the brief and obsessively repeated C-minor phrase for full orchestra which rams home the violent shock of young Tybalt's end. The effect was cataclysmic; and never (not even in Siegfried's "Funeral March") have I heard a piccolo dominate a fortissimo all-out tutti with such a fierce and shrilling fullness of tone. Quite possibly, the performer was the same artist who had delighted us on the previous evening with his cool precision on the flute at the start of the Shostakovich symphony; if so, I salute a superb player.

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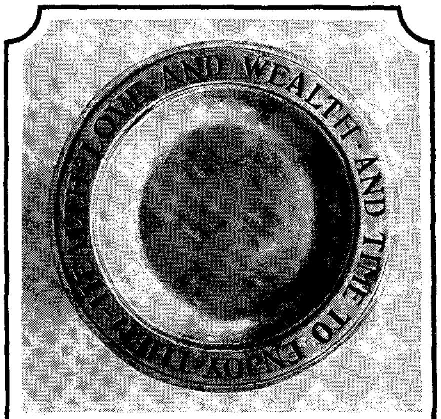

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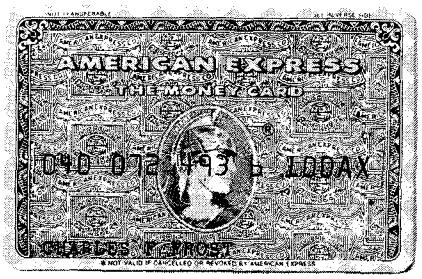

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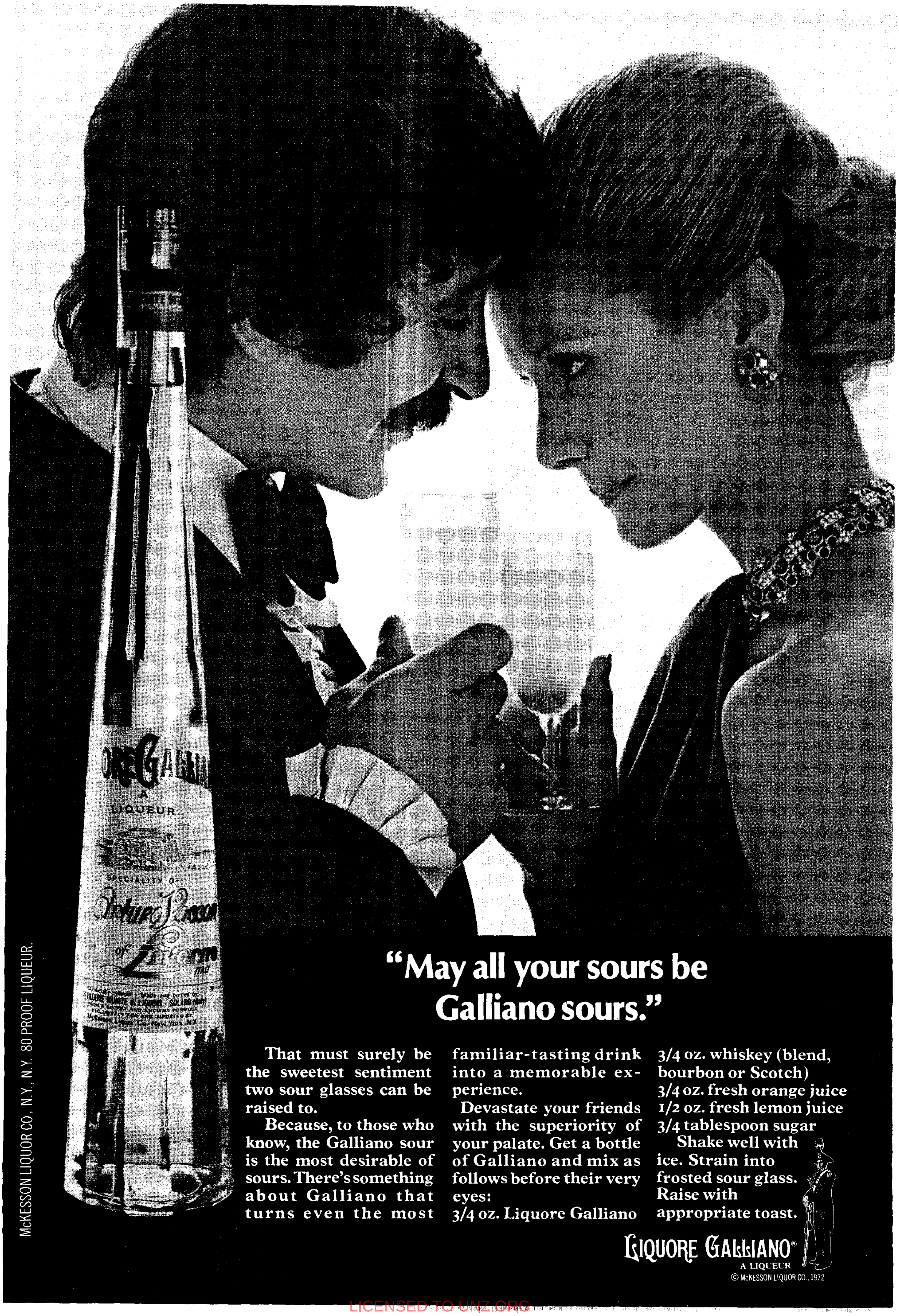

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DANCING

Ballroom Britannia

Arthur Murray, Inc., says that "touch" dancing, or dancing with partners, is coming back. For some people, it has never been away, and among those people are fifty-one highly trained couples whom the Murray organization, as hosts and local sponsors, brought to the Felt Forum last weekend to compete in the 1973 World's Professional Ballroom Dancing Championships. The competitors, who represented twenty-seven countries, included some old-timers (a few smooth imperial rovers, one or two hotcha grandmothers in popcorn curls), but the clear majority of the dancers were in their late twenties to middle thirties—young enough to have started their careers just at the time when the wave of spastic go-go solo dancing was carrying off the youth of all nations. Oddly, the country that provided the international pop-rock phenomenon with its standard of chic—Great Britain—is also the stronghold of traditional ballroom dancing. First prize in the Modern competition on Sunday (Saturday had been devoted to Latin-American dances) was taken by a British couple, Richard and Janet Gleave, who were just nineteen when they began dancing together, in 1963, the year of the Beatles.

Altogether, Britain dominated the weekend, also taking second prize in both Modern and Latin. Its closest competitors were Austria (first prize, Latin) and West Germany, with Japan coming up strong on the outside. An American team, Vernon Brock and Beverly Donahue, of Cherry Hill, New Jersey, was third in Latin, and we also won the Consolation Cha Cha, an event held for the couples who didn't make the semifinals. These were conspicuous victories, but in the wrong contest. The standards that have been set for exhibition Latin dancing don't seem nearly as elegant as those set for exhibition Modern; the whole Saturday competition lacked style, and, in the sense that a New York Latin might understand the word, it lacked class. Surely the two splendid New York Latin bands, Machito's and Tito Puente's, that were among those hired to play for the occasion can seldom have looked down upon a more *jíbaro*—non-hip—scene. That might account for an almost total absence of Latin, and black, contestants. With a whole evening devoted to Latin-American numbers—the cha-cha, the samba, the rumba, and the paso doble—the competition drew not a single entry from South America. (There was one Mexican couple, who didn't make much of a showing.) A publicity fact sheet pointed out that South America has no organized dancing, and organization does seem to be the key to representation. The International Council of Ballroom Dancing, with headquarters in London, runs the World's Championships, on the model of an annual Olympics, and the member countries also hold periodic championship dance-offs, for which contestants may qualify by passing a series of graded examinations set up by another London body, the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing. The average contestant couple are certified professionals—usually dance instructors in their home countries—who have not only mastered the successive stages of the I.S.T.D. syllabus but also studied for some time in London. The pervasive English influence on Latin dancing isn't apparent to the spectator—the dancing doesn't look "Anglo"—but *some* pervasive influence certainly is apparent, and it seems to have resulted in a tasteless domestication of those sensual and volatile elements that make Latin dances appealing. Not that exhibition Latin looks easy to perform; it merely looks difficult in the wrong way—grimly "flamboyant." And it is full of bizarre practices: corny flamenco, night-club-jazz choreography, bits of ballet adagio, and a great many figure-skating exercises. I knew that the judges used the Olympic "skating system" of marking, but I didn't expect to see so much ballroom skating. There were flying-camel lifts, sit spins, slow-circling arabesques penchées performed by men holding on to girls' waists, and stationary penchées performed by girls opposite men in low fondu. Somehow, it all looks better on skates—sexier, too.

More anomalies presented themselves in the arrangement of the programs. The tango, classified as a "modern" dance, appeared in the Modern competition, and something called Boston jive appeared in the Latin competition. "Boston jive" at least ran true to form—the form of ex-

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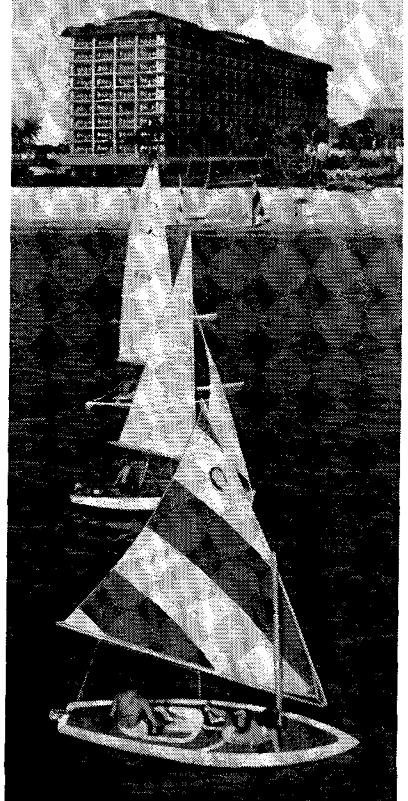

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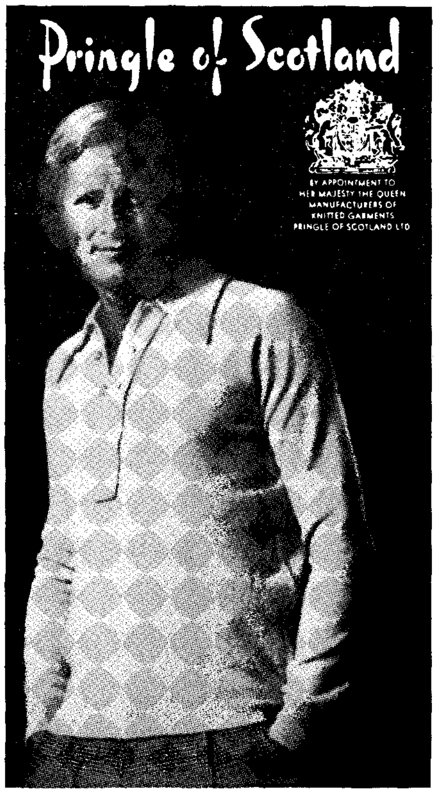
hibition Latin: unstylish show-biz eclecticism, square execution. (Jack Hansen's orchestra, playing in the strict tempo prescribed by the competition, didn't help.) The tango, though, was London tango and nothing else but. I certainly *had* been surprised to read in the program, "Surprisingly, the tango has its origins in country dance of seventeenth-century England." But, with the way things are run at international ballroom-dance meets, who could doubt that the tango had made its way home again? Of the three known varieties the program went on to name—the Argentine, the Continental, and the English—the English, or "International or Competition," tango was the one we got. As it turns out, the English tango is, in its own subdued way, ravishing. There are no slinky postures, no lunges to the knee, no skulls pressed together or swooning-away dips to the floor. The basic step is a foxtrot sink-glide with a slight hesitation as the heads snap-lash in opposite directions. It is hypnotic and only a little bit silly. And it provided the one touch of exoticism in the Modern competition, which otherwise consisted of the waltz (the English or Boston), the slow foxtrot, the fast foxtrot (or quickstep), and the Viennese waltz.

What a marvellous program this Modern competition was! After Saturday's Latin-*cum*-jazz indigestibles, Sunday was like getting to a first-class English restaurant. No more bad, obfuscatory foreign matter; no more ice-skating. On Saturday, it hadn't really been possible to concentrate on the dancers. My eye had been taken by the chaotic and unbecoming things they were doing, and the excellence of the first-prize winners—Hans Peter and Inge Fischer, of Austria—had escaped me. But on Sunday pure-English dancing mastery asserted itself everywhere—not only in the supremacy of individual English couples, like the Gleaves, but in the schooling of all the dancers. London in the nineteen-seventies is to ballroom dancing what St. Petersburg in the eighteen-nineties was to ballet—the last outpost, the largest remaining authoritative professional center. In contrast to Russia, however, whose balletomanes were large in force but small in number, England has a huge ballroom-dance public; the strength of the English professional schooling derives in great part from a national passion that never died, as it did in this country. No American couple has ever won a World's Championship, but this year, with the competition held for the first time in the United



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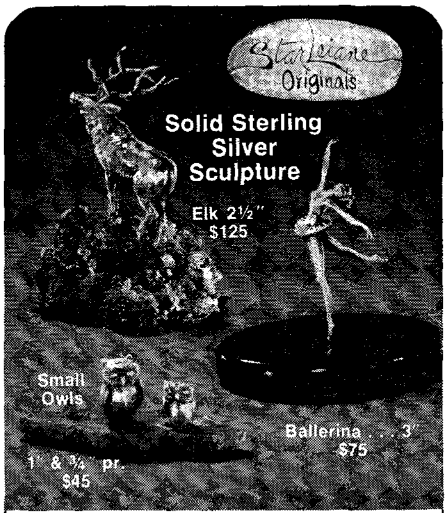

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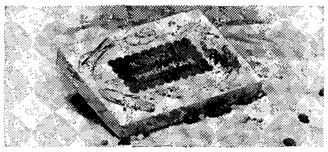

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States, hopes were high for last year's third-place winners in Modern, the Joe Jenkinses, of Washington, D.C. Unfortunately, Mrs. Jenkins had become physically disabled, and they bowed out. To an inexpert American eye—my own—there were no great bets among the American couples that did dance. They lacked the elementary free-breathing togetherness of the British couples—that look of being pinned securely at the breastbone, with the woman's torso handsomely lifted and arched. The mingled élan and restraint of the style eluded them, too. (The Japanese were wonderful at it.) At an unfamiliar spectacle, one gains expertise by watching that part of it one thinks is the best. I watched with great pleasure a bubble-light team from Tokyo, Tetsuo Kezuka and Chieko Yamamoto, until it became evident, even to me, that Miss Yamamoto's footwork wasn't as precise and arrowy as Mrs. Gleave's. Once onto the Gleaves, I never came off. In the slow foxtrot and the waltzes, where the trick is not to stay on the beat but to hang off it as daringly as possible, the dancers all tried for rubato phrasing, but none so successfully as the Gleaves. None were able to achieve such variety in the phrase—such prolonged, world-enough-and-time retards, such imperceptible recoveries and smooth renewals of impetus. In the quickstep, the Gleaves hovered and flew; sometimes their flights ended in a skid down the floor—a full chord pressed to the ground, after innumerable glancing strokes at inch height. Their tango was an absolute diagram of that dance. And in all the dances no other couple on the floor had their divine slow takeoff. It became a thrill to watch for—an independent signature of their style. What the Gleaves alone had is what ballroom dancing is about, and although the judges' scores were not posted after the rounds, no one in the audience seemed surprised when it was announced at the end of the day that the Gleaves had indeed won every dance. A good deal of sentiment was evident, though, for Kezuka and Yamamoto, who really deserved better than fourth place.

There was one area of expertise that I wish I could have possessed beforehand. Until their efficiency in motion became clear to me (and even then it became only somewhat clear), I didn't like the women's stylized balldresses—the tight bodices and extremely wide bouffant skirts, which are like a heavy caricature of ballet tutus. The pointed toes and near-stiletto heels on the shoes

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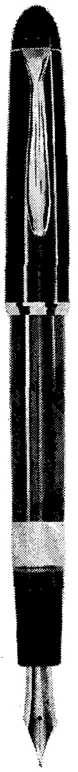

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have a function also—to lend clarity to the footwork—but, like the skirts, they are aesthetically unattractive. (For the Latin dances, women wear the same shoes and cancan skirts with flounces just above the knee.) The effect of the female silhouette is to freeze time in the year 1960, when the World's Championships began. To a European dance aficionado, it may be part of an understood and accepted tradition, but to an American it looks as if someone were trying to turn the clock back. —ARLENE CROCE

•

CLEAR DAYS ON THE PRICE-CONTROL SCENE

[*From a publication of the Bureau of National Affairs*]

(c) Allocation of increased costs—(1) General rule. In computing its ceiling prices and base prices for covered products pursuant to §§150.355(c) and 150.358(g), a refiner may increase its May 15, 1973 selling prices to each class of purchaser on the first day of each month beginning with September 1973 by an amount to reflect the increased costs of imports and increased costs of domestic crude petroleum allowable under paragraphs (d), (e) and (f) of this section, provided that the amount of increased costs used in computing a ceiling price or base price is calculated by use of the general formula set forth in subparagraph (2). If, in any month beginning with September 1973, a firm establishes a base price for any covered product or a ceiling price for No. 2 heating oil which does not include the entire amount of increased costs calculated pursuant to this formula and allowable under paragraphs (d), (e) and (f) of this section for a particular item, the unused portion may be added to the May 15, 1973 selling price to compute the respective base price or ceiling price for a subsequent month.

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(2) General formula.

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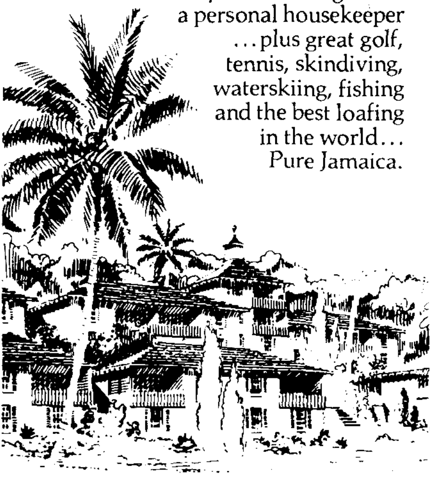

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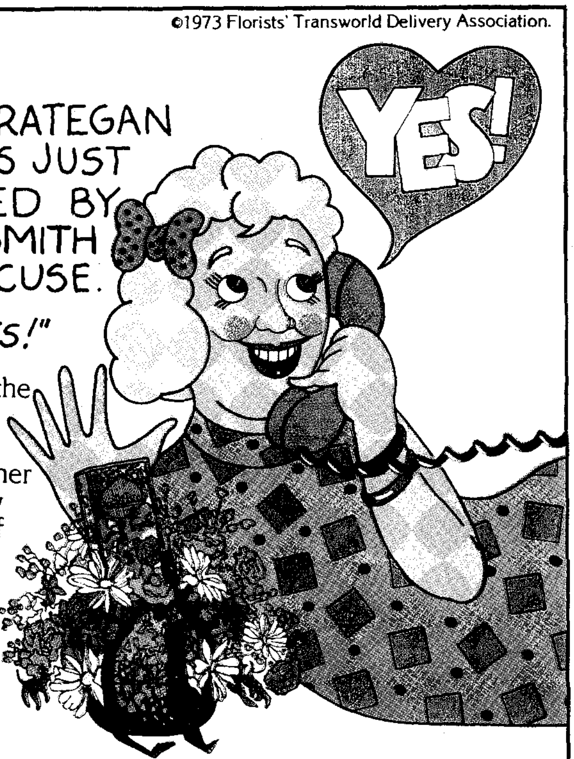

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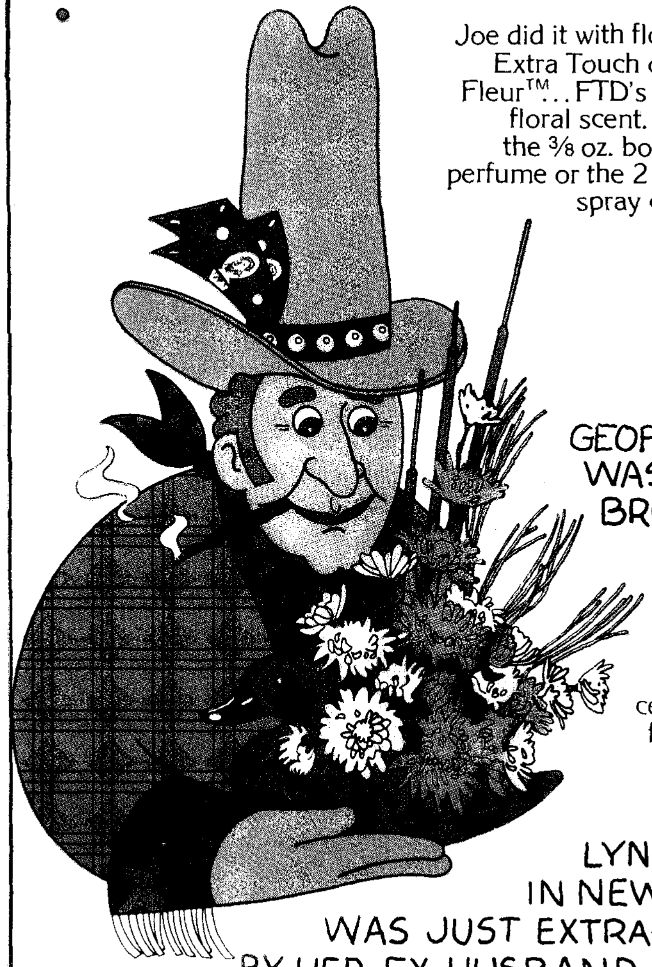

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BOOKS

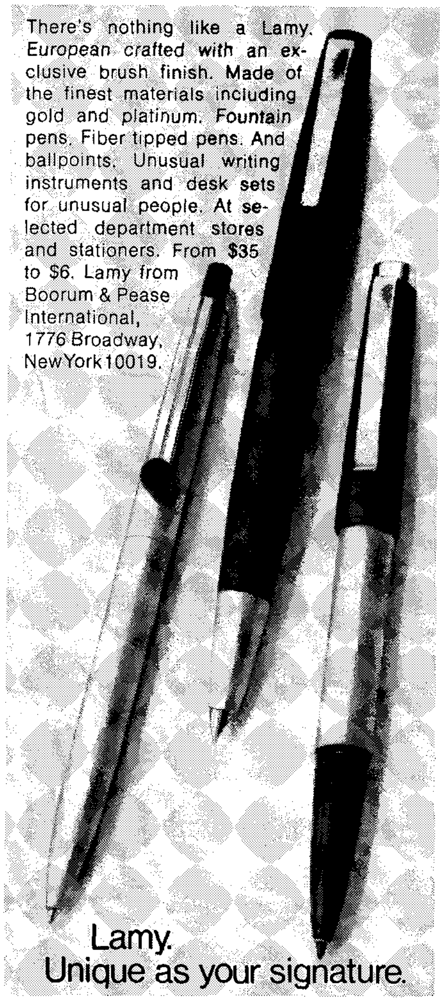
From Abalone to Zimmern, Sir Alfred

BOOK-CLUB selections remain one of the esoteric enigmas of our present culture, but perhaps a secret has at last been betrayed by the published opinion of one of the several judges who sit each month on the decisions—to the effect that as non-books go, such-and-such a book is definitely not a non-book. This almost mystical non-statement can add piquancy to sales, but to appreciate it there must be a general understanding of the term "non-book." My own is indeed general, and it may be synonymous with "vague, blurry, puzzled." I think a non-book is a publication written to order, to fill a gap in the fall or spring list, and usually to make some welcome money for the firm and, by chance, to add some lustre to a dimming or tarnished editorial reputation. Therefore, "Food in History" (Stein & Day), by Reay Tannahill, is not. It is not, that is, a non-book. It is, despite not being non, a surprising and worthy book-club selection.

If a writer is compelled, by no matter what reason, to produce another book about Shakespeare, or even Mrs. Beeton or Mr. Proust, editor and publisher and author should seek a fresh approach to the familiar old theme, a fresh look at the too familiar old facts. This is as true of the history of eating as seen through men and their actions, or vice versa, as it is of the number of lines counted in a First Folio of "King Lear" by five hundred famous quarrelling scholars. Sometimes we readers are patient or gullible enough to want to see what has been decided about any such important question, and to learn what X has to say about late-Roman pickling sauces, perhaps, although we already know what Y, Z, and A, B, and C have said; i.e., the same thing. For some subjects (such as food) are regarded by the book people as infallible sellers, and the main reasons to buy a current publication on an ancient literary saw are curiosity and an undying hope that *this* time the good old data will be served forth with at least a dash of style. Most authoritative books are dull, non-fresh. They are useful for honest research, and should be written, bought, and kept on hand. It is sad that in order to *be* authoritative they must be dull, and the minute they permit anything except footnotes, cross-reference symbols, and impressive bibliographies in their pages they are considered too "light" to be important, much less reviewed thoughtfully. The field of gastronomical histories extends well beyond most established horizons (what I mean is, Senator, that it's beyond my own view, except perhaps in hindsight), but there remains one requisite for sure survival: wit.

There is only one known exception to this rule—"The Deipnosophists" of Athenæus, written in about 200 A.D. Its presence is a prerequisite of any respectable culinary library, and even though it is almost unreadable and has never been dubbed consciously witty, its owners keep it in full view and feel preenish about what edition they display. (Mine is the three-volume Bohn, translated by C. D. Yonge and printed in London in 1854, and although I may open one of its quaint books only once every year or two I like owning it and feeling gently sorry for people who don't—pure biblio-snobbery.) It is an interminable, rambling dialogue between two Greeks about a banquet, and who said what, and why this or that ode was sung or declaimed, as well as curious information about fish, Spartans, other animals, and vegetables, poets, heroes, musical instruments, and ways to induce vomiting between courses of a long, rich banquet. According to Yonge's translation, this astonishing collection includes "ten thousand jokes," but I doubt that any scholar has ever tried to ferret them out, and although I have spent several decades in sporadic enjoyment of "The Deipnosophists," I cannot remember a single rib-tickler. The book is deathless, however, in its very length and innately dull variety, if not its wit. (At this moment I have discovered four uncut pages in Volume I of my supposedly well-used edition, and I have remedied the surprising situation by spending a good half hour reading hungrily, as if I had been cheating myself: one king trying to impress another with parades that Cecil B. De Mille never dreamed of—a thousand golden boys, ten thousand horses in silver armor, twenty

"That's it, Abe! Hold it! That's really Lincolnesque!"



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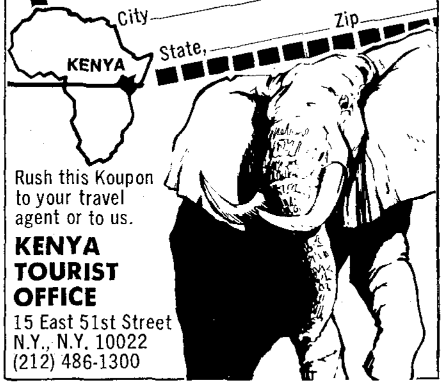

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thousand athletes wearing gold crowns, on and on, and all these succeeded by eighty women magnificently apparelled, borne on palanquins with golden feet, and five hundred borne on palanquins with silver feet. And all this is fun. But it is not one of the promised ten thousand jokes, and certainly it does not qualify as wit, unless unconsciously.)

Perhaps what I think of as wit in gastronomical history is not that at all but froth and flippancy—to amuse me without any formal announcement of academic worth. It shows up in many books I own and enjoy, most of them unmentioned in serious publications like the Tannahill "Food in History," described as a "pioneering work which draws on the findings of archeology, anthropology, biology, economics, and many other disciplines." (I could quibble at some length about the "pioneering." It is in the dubious class of "only" and "unique," often used by enthusiastic but careless blurb writers.) Miss Tannahill, for instance, does not mention a book that has entertained me ever since it was published, in 1964—"Kitchen & Table," by Colin Clair (Abelard-Schuman). It is subtitled, with candor, "A Bedside History of Eating in the Western World," and thus labels itself as scholastically unimportant, if only in its location in the reader's library. But it is fun to read, partly because it seems to have been written with enjoyment. Another such pet of mine is "The Delectable Past," by Esther B. Aresty (Simon & Schuster; also 1964). Again, it has been written with obvious pleasure and with taste, and it discusses "the joys of the table" in such a casual way that anyone can follow the progress of gastronomy without frowning and making notes. It is elegantly illustrated, but it cannot compete with "Food in History" (more than a hundred and fifty pictures), just as Clair's pretty cuts (twenty-seven) cannot with Mrs. Aresty's (fifty).

In contrast to the British and American upper-bourgeois panache of these book friends is something big and rowdy and still thoroughly scholastic, like James Trager's "Enriched, Fortified, Concentrated, Country-Fresh, Lip-Smacking, Finger-Licking, International, Unexpurgated Foodbook" (Grossman; 1970). It is rambling, especially compared to Miss Tannahill's impeccably tight presentation ("moving freely across the usual disciplinary lines," Mr. Trager's blurb writers prefer to put it), but, emulating her almost scary erudition, he also "touches on . . .

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anthropology, archeology, biology, ecology, etymology, and sociology." In spite of this, the book stays refreshingly loose-jointed, and it is often amusing and even witty, thanks to its liberal and selective use of quotations. There are, naturally, countless reference books that are heavily serious in tone, like "Cooking Through the Centuries" (not in the Tannahill bibliography, either!), by J. R. Ainsworth-Davis, "M.A. (Trin. Coll., Camb.), M.Sc. (Bristol), Hon. F.G.I. Formerly a Professor in the Universities of Wales and Bristol; Principal of the Royal Agricultural College, and Lecturer in Biology in the Middlesex Hospital Medical School" (Dent, London; 1931). Once more, we can amble amiably, or trot with brisk efficiency, from the Stone Age to "Food and Cookery in the Twentieth Century," even though wit loses to wisdom, except accidentally, on almost every page. About "lip-smackings, gurglings, food shovelling, and liquor gulping," for instance, the Professor remarks, with a possible twinkle, "Even today some members of the Nordic race have still something to learn." This may not be hilarious even as social comment, but it is quaint, which sometimes is even better.

There are many books now, in our almost weird spate of belly-interest, that I can dismiss immediately as trash, but there are likewise some that are worth more than a second look, at least for amusement, although any pretense of wit is taken over by lascivious wordplay in even the best of them. A good, readable example is "Consuming Passions," by Philippa Pullar (Little, Brown; 1970), one more fairly well-documented book souped up with a sexy come-on approach, or so its title promises. At its end there is a seemingly learned appendix on aphrodisiacs through the ages, mentioning such teasers as "satyrion, mandrake, hippomane," and even cantharides and good old oysters. This can hardly be called a witty or even smiling dissertation, but it serves in its own ways to decide that Limeys and Yanks eat too much for their own sexual good—an unamusing conclusion.

THE new "Food in History," which is almost as funny as Athenæus, refers often to his "Deipnosophists" and calls him a polymath. This fairly unfamiliar word is indicative of the academic prose style of the book, which does have one little joke in it (rather like the one I wish had been made by calling the old Greek a

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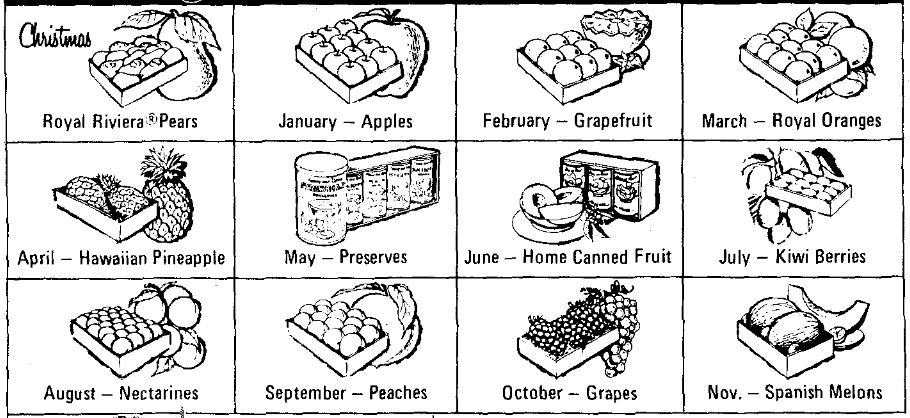

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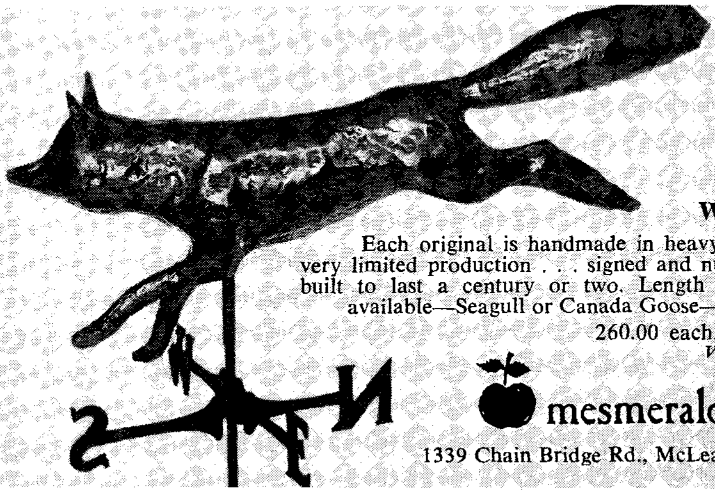

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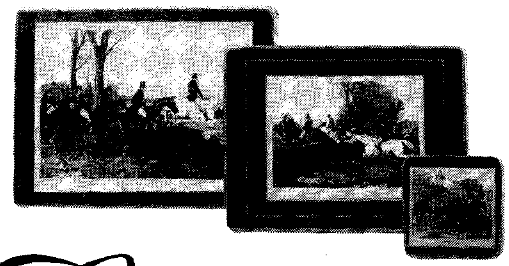

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polymath with logorrhea—a little "in" quip in the halls of Academe, perhaps). On page 280 Miss Tannahill writes, "The history of pasta is not easy to disentangle." Oh, I *say! Jolly* good. Aside from that, and the once-over-not-so-lightly account of the past thirty million years of the act if not the art of eating—in only four hundred and forty-eight pages—the book includes a bibliography of more than four hundred references to other books, from one by Fredrick Accum (1820) to one by F. E. Zeuner (1964), and the predictable nods to Apicius, the Upanishads, et al. The text solemnly explains that "only works of immediate relevance" are included and that cookbooks after 1500 A.D. are not listed, nor are brochures, etc. Then there is a list of the hundred and fifty illustrations, giving the source of each. There is also a comparative handful—ten or twelve of "Text Acknowledgments." There are then over six hundred notes on other sources (most of my favorite books are not mentioned), and an occasional flash of what in any other tome might be suspected of humor, if not wit, is discoverable; i.e., on Brillat-Savarin's "Physiology of Taste": "Valuable on the early nineteenth century, but the author's views on history and chemistry must be treated with discretion." (My friend Jean-Anthelme B.-S. would chuckle over that, in Paris in about 1828, or now.) Then there are two pages of "Metric Equivalents of Measures Used in the Text," followed, finally, by eleven pages of index in very small print. They start with Abalone and end with Zimmern, Sir Alfred. (Miss Tannahill is critical of Sir Alfred's "unduly severe" definition of Attic dinners—two courses, one of porridge and the other of porridge. Myself, I think that is amusing. But he said it, not she.) And we can touch (never lightly) on Black Death, Marzipan, on then to Sewage, to Twain, Mark. To Vanilla. To Yin and Yang.

Any reader with a normally curious nose will either gulp or ignore an index—take it or leave it—and I take Miss Tannahill's, with an admiring nod to her assistants in this eminently serious if not "pioneering" work. The whole book has been compiled more for reference shelves than for coffee tables, but even so it is handsome and the pictures are aptly chosen—often rare, and much less sober than the solidly documented text. I would still rather read about food in history in flimsier exposés, but then I prefer a frothy pudding sauce, if there must be pudding at all. And there *is* that tiny joke about

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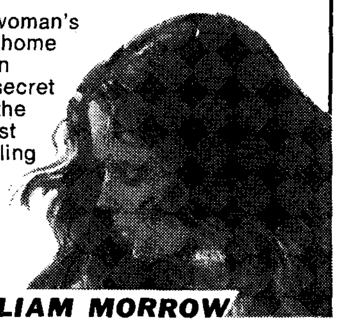

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pasta, or was it really unconscious? I may have missed nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine other jokes, as promised in Athenæus. Hopefully, I shall turn back to page 3 of his three-volume banquet. —M. F. K. FISHER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

EAGLE EYE, by Hortense Calisher (Arbor House). A strangely dead, uninvolving book that strains and strains to be lively and provocative. Despite the packed, intense dialogue and vividly drawn characters of this disturbing family epic about a rich New York businessman, his high-strung, unhappy wife, and their mercurial twenty-one-year-old son (the book's narrator), the book is impossible to focus on. For one thing, every bit of information spooned out about the Bronsteins—how the Jewish father subtly tyrannizes his Irish ex-secretary wife, how the wife hysterically tries to stave off her depressions with "gormay" sprees, how their son becomes obsessed with computers—is given equal intensity and weight. For another, the book's language is too often agonizingly vague or precious. Even Miss Calisher's rather touching perceptions about growing up bourgeois in New York (the moves, the doormen, the friends left behind) are diminished by the constant intrusion of phrases like "porcelain never believes its own expression" and "his father's linear reality."

THE PRINCESS BRIDE, by William Goldman (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Another oppressively adorable adult fairy tale, about a girl named Buttercup who lived in the fictitious land of Florin, which "was set between where Sweden and Germany would eventually settle." In an introductory chapter, we are offered a *cinéma-vérité* glimpse of the burdensome real world of William Goldman, Famous Author, and the broad hint that it was the tedium of this world that all but forced him to take refuge in unbridled fantasy.

GENERAL

MALCOLM LOWRY, by Douglas Day (Oxford). Lowry (1909-57) was the very image of a literary artist in the romantic modern mode—a multi-afflicted man (alcoholic, impotent, pathologically shy, accident-prone, guilt-ridden, emotionally infantile) whose subject was himself and whose view of life was demonic. His

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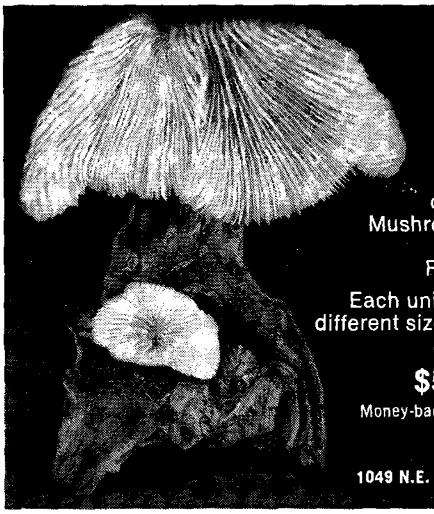

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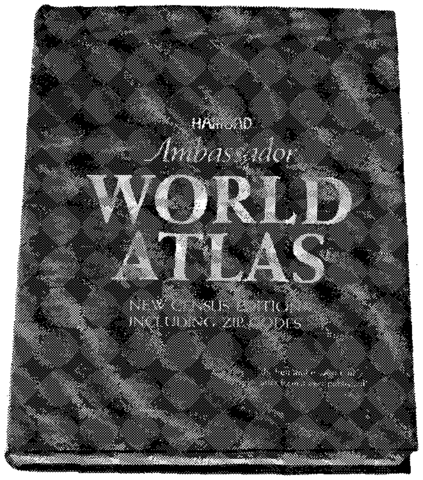

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biographer, a professor of English at the University of Virginia, distinguishes, however, between the nature of the man and the quality of his work. That is to say, he stands with Jung rather than with Freud: psychoneuroses do not feed the artist's work, they debilitate the artist. Mr. Day sees Lowry as an emotional cripple (dependent upon a rich, unsympathetic father) and his life as almost wholly a nightmare. He takes us through the long, bleary, falling-down, excruciating story step by faltering step, bottle by everlasting bottle, from Cambridge to London to Paris to New York (and Bellevue), to Mexico to British Columbia to New York to Italy to London again, and, finally, to death (from acute barbiturate and alcohol poisoning) in a Sussex village. But Mr. Day is constantly aware, and never lets us forget, that he is describing the life not of a common drunk but of a genius, and he examines from Cambridge onward the various influences, the many books, and the consistent outpouring of writing that prepared Lowry for the eventual agonized creation of his one and only memorable book, "Under the Volcano." To Mr. Day (as to many others), "Under the Volcano" is a masterpiece. He calls it "the greatest religious novel of this century," but he recognizes the existence of a differing view. "There is what we might call the aesthetic of profusion, whereby beauty is created through proliferation of symbols," he observes. "In this aesthetic, Lowry is a paradigm. If one prefers, however, the aesthetic of exclusion, whereby beauty is created through spareness of effect, then Lowry is not one's man." It should be added that although this book had its beginning in notes collected by the late Conrad Knickerbocker (who died, a suicide, in 1966), the achievement—and it is a definitive one—belongs entirely to Mr. Day. Illustrated with many snapshots; Lowry seems always to have had a camera handy. Ten dollars.

ORPHEUS IN THE NEW WORLD: THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AS AN AMERICAN CULTURAL INSTITUTION, by Philip Hart (Norton). A readable, inclusive, informative book about the past, present, and future of an American invention. (As Mr. Hart explains, the first European symphony orchestras were the orchestras of already existing opera houses, whereas the first American

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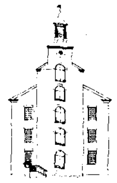

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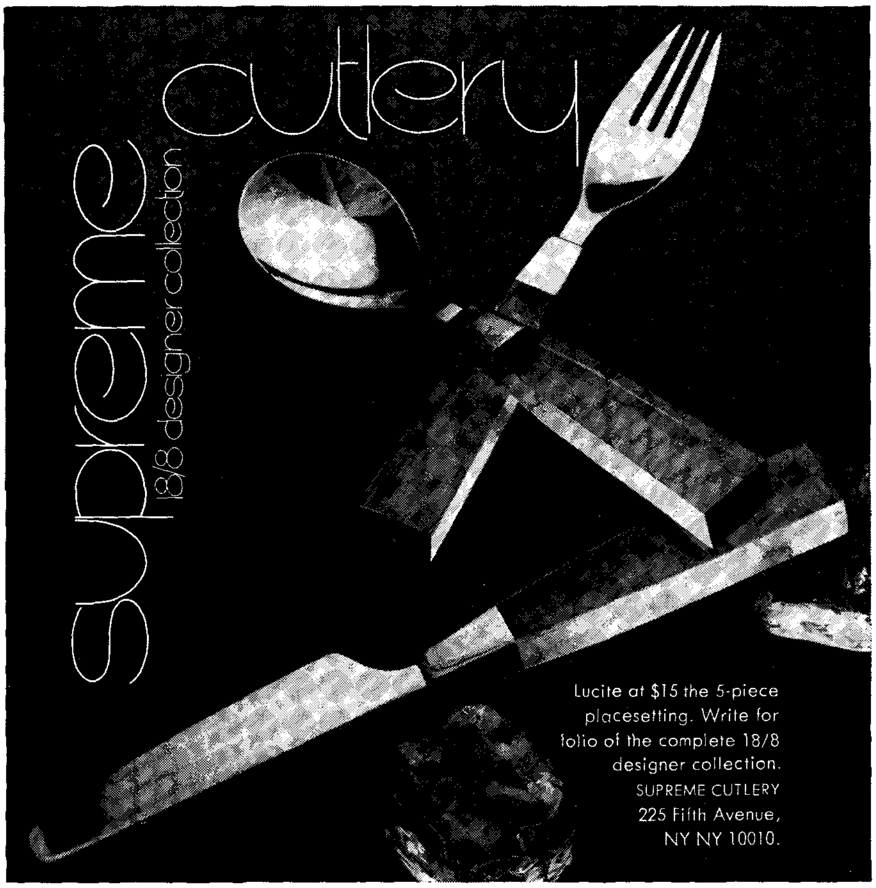
orchestras came into being before there were any American opera houses.) There always seems to have been a thirst for music in the United States, along with a shortage of personnel, which was remedied by the German immigration of the nineteenth century. Mr. Hart describes how our oldest orchestras took shape, and then studies, in considerable detail, six orchestras as they are today. In the nineteenth century, a serious conductor (Theodore Thomas is Hart's heroic example) had trouble assembling and keeping a full-time, permanent orchestra; in the twentieth century serious orchestras must often settle for part-time conductors or "musical directors"—charismatic virtuosi fly all over the globe nowadays and lead several musical organizations simultaneously. The problem, then and now, is money. Art is expensive, and Mr. Hart, along with many other knowledgeable people who figure in his book, believes that federal subsidies are the only answer. He writes frankly about all aspects of his subject—the bitterness of many orchestra players, the exclusiveness of some symphony boards, the rivalries among musical institutions, and the attempts, both crude and refined, to broaden the taste for concert music by giving free performances in parks and schools.

WHAT THE WOMAN LIVED: SELECTED LETTERS OF LOUISE BOGAN, 1920-70, edited by Ruth Limmer (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). The range of these letters is all the way from persons and places, which are seen very much as the angels must see them ("Villefranche is built on the side of a rocky hill; it is full of cats and of people who look like cats. The inhabitants fish and raise carnations"), through aesthetic appraisals put down at the moment of their forming (". . . the terrible part of that line, in the French, is the word *calme*—both as to sound and as to meaning. That *l* and that *a* and that *me*, and the thought of peace—the thought of poor Baudelaire looking for peace, between the *luxe* and the *volupté*"), to the weather in the soul ("It is when one lights the lamps at 4 o'clock that the dark is hard to bear. But . . . an hexagonal universe would be even more depressing"). Miss Bogan could be terribly funny about writers she did not admire, and even more so about those she did, often her friends. That not all the people she said were her enemies were in fact



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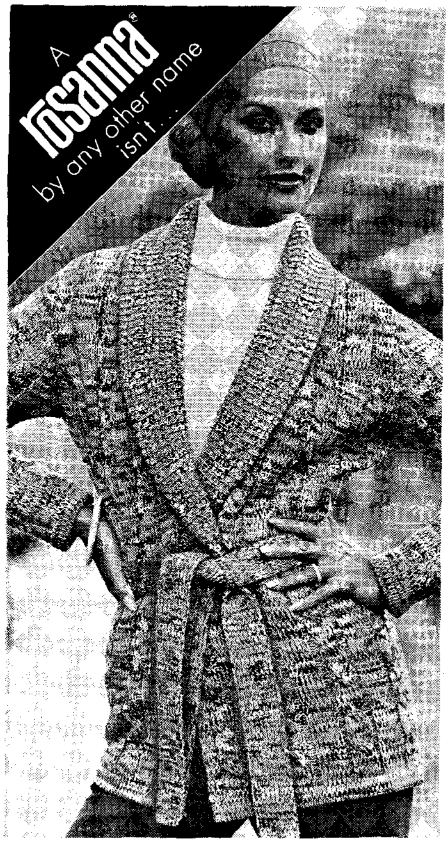

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IMPRESSIONISM, by the editors of *Réalités* (Putnam). Despite its boring text, steep price (thirty-five dollars), and monumentally inane captions ("In the trembling of these faces are the first crises of the human figure"), this book would be welcomed by any lover of French Impressionist painting, because of the extraordinary quality of its reproductions. The Gauguins gleam, the van Goghs almost jump off the page, the Renoir women glow with a voluptuousness rarely seen in reproductions of his work, and in the Monet painting of the Rue Montorgueil you can practically feel the wind fluttering the flags. Five hundred illustrations, three hundred and sixty-four in color.

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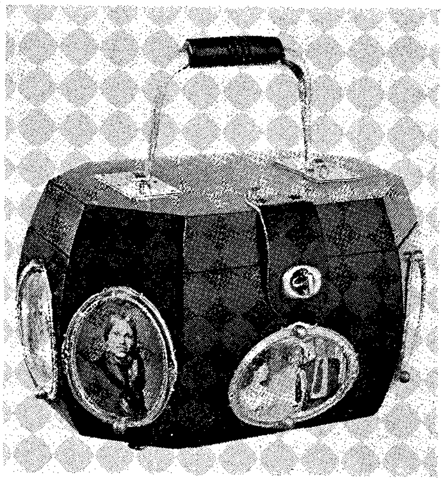

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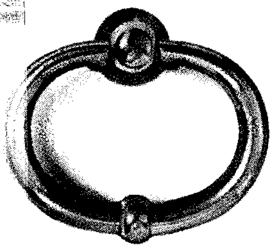

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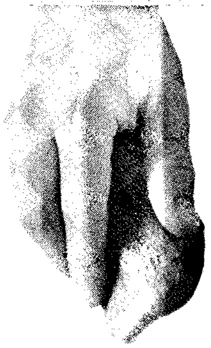

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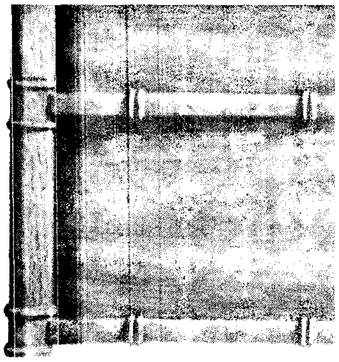

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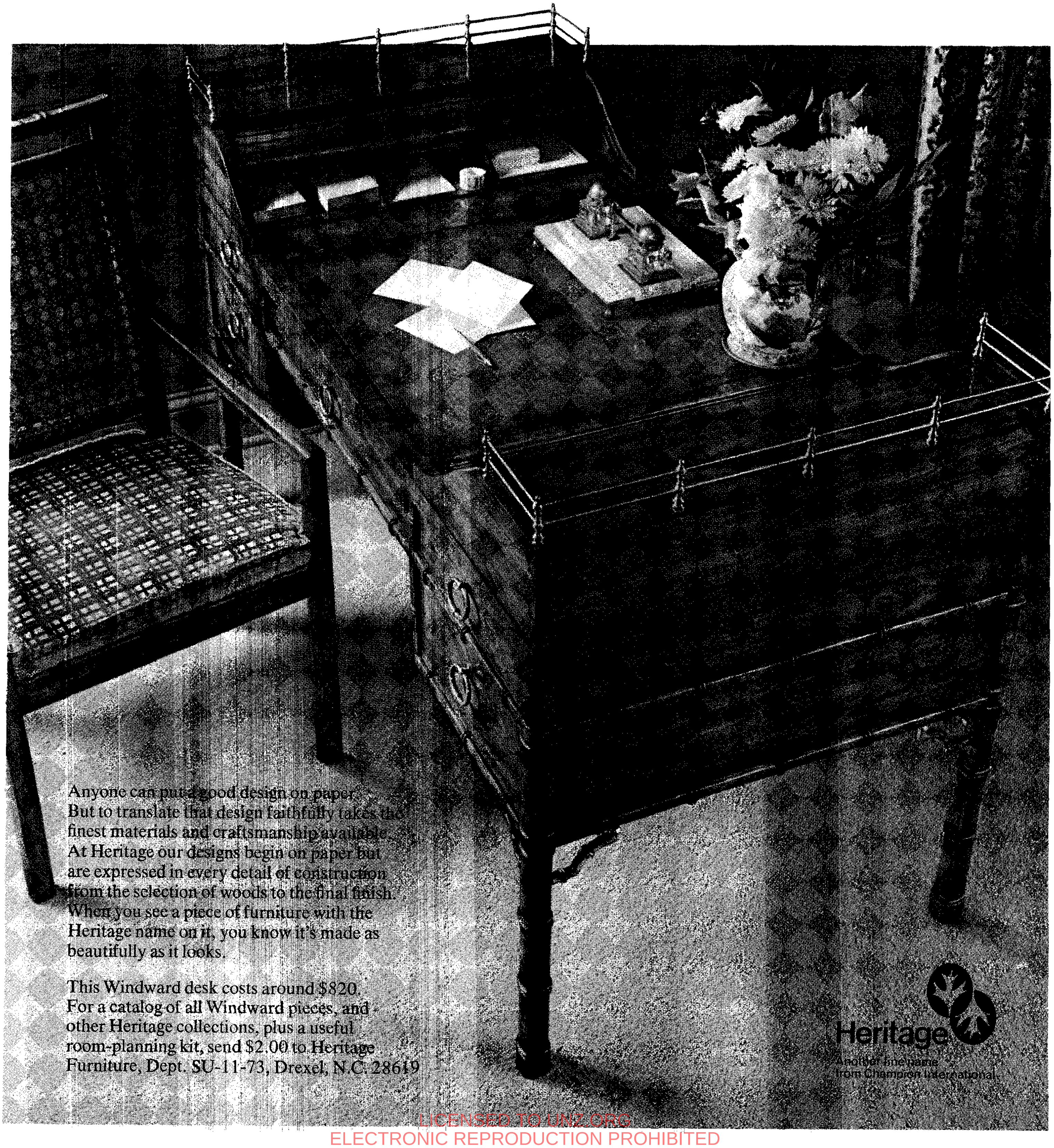

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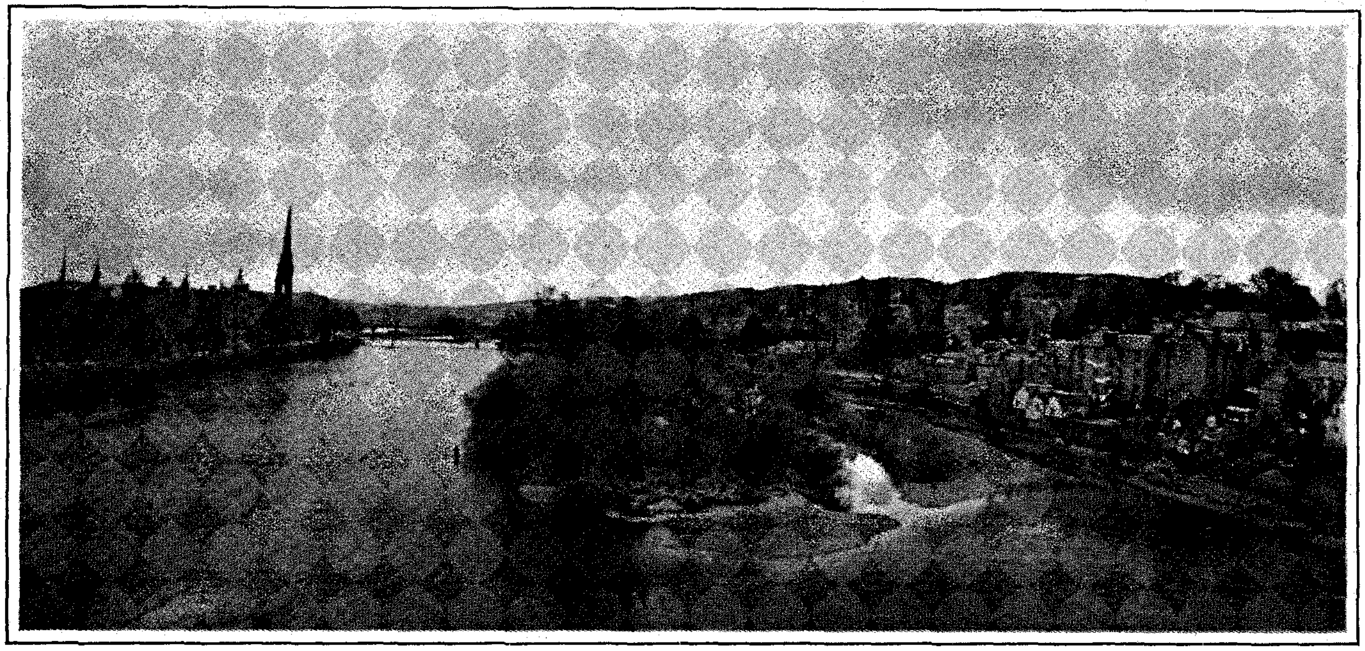

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